www.wingmakers.com 1999

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This book is dedicated to Dr. Anderson and the WingMakers

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1

Ancient Arrow

Chambers 1 - 23: 1 Painting, 2 Poems
Chambers 1 and 4: 1 Artifact

Compassion

Angels must be confused by war.
Both sides praying for protection,
yet someone always gets hurt.
Someone dies.
Someone cries so deep
they lose their watery state.

Angels must be confused by war,
Who can they help?
Who can they clarify?
Whose mercy do they cast to the merciless?
No modest scream can be heard.
No stainless pain can be felt.
All is clear to angels
except in war.

When I awoke to this truth
it was from a dream I had last night.
I saw two angels conversing in a field
of children's spirits rising like silver smoke.
The angels were fighting among themselves
about which side was right
and which was wrong.
Who started the conflict?

Suddenly, the angels stilled themselves
like a stalled pendulum,
and they shed their compassion
to the rising smoke
of souls who bore the watermark of war.
They turned to me with those eyes
from God's library,
and all the pieces fallen
were raised in unison,
coupled like the breath
of flames in a holy furnace.

Nothing in war comes to destruction,
but the illusion of separateness.
I heard this spoken so clearly I could only
write it down like a forged signature.
I remember the compassion,
mountainous, proportioned for the universe.
I think a tiny fleck still sticks to me
like gossamer threads
from a spider's web.

And now, when I think of war,
I flick these threads to all the universe
hoping they stick on others as they did me.
Knitting angels and animals
to the filament grace of compassion.
The reticulum of our skyward home.

Listening

I am listening for a sound beyond sound
that stalks the nightland of my dreams,
entering rooms of fossil-light
so ancient they are swarmed by truth.

I am listening for a sound beyond us
that travels the spine's
invisible ladder to the orphic library.
Where rebel books revel in the unremitting light.
Printed in gray, tiny words with quicksand depth
embroidered with such care they
render spirit a ghost, and God,
a telescope turned backwards upon itself
dreaming us awake.

Never-blooming thoughts surround me
like a regatta of crewless ships.
I listen leopard-like,
canting off the quarantine of bodies
sickened by the monsoon of still hearts.
There is certain magic
in the heartbeat which crowds the sound I seek,
but it is still underneath the beating I wish to go.
Underneath the sound of all things
huddled against the tracking dishes
that turn their heads to the sound of stars.

I am listening for a sound unwound,
so vacant it stares straight with the purity to peer
into the black madness of time
sowing visions that oscillate in our wombs
bearing radiant forms as the substrate of our form.

When I look to the compass needle
I see a blade of humility
bent to a force waylaid like wild rain
channeled in sewer pipes.
Running underground
in concrete canals that quiver,
laughing up at us as though we were lost
in the sky-world with no channel for our ride.

I am listening for a sound
in your voice,
past the scrub terrain of your door
where my ear is listening on the other side.

Beneath your heart where words go awkward
and light consumes the delicate construction of mingled
lives.
I can only listen for the sound I know is there,
glittering in that unpronounceable, stateless state
quarried of limbs so innocent
they mend the flesh of hearts.

The Language of Innocence

When a river is frozen,
underneath remains a current.
When the sky is absent of color
beneath the globe another world comes to light.
When my heart is alone
somewhere another heart beats my name
in code that only paradise can hear.

Is my heart deaf
or is there no one
who can speak the language of innocence?
Innocence, when words
suffer meaning and gallop away in its presence.
I have seen it.
Felt it.
I have loosened its secrets in the blushing skin
when upturned eyes witness its home
and never turn away.
And never turn away.

There is this world
of slumbering hearts and hollow love,
but it cannot carry me to daylight.
My craving is so different
and it can never be turned away.

Temptress Vision

A temptress vision has encircled me like a
willful shadow of a slumbering dream.
Is it the powerful light of purpose?
If I squint with all my strength I may see it.
Always must it be inside of me
like a pilot fish inseparable from its host.
It fearlessly drinks my essence.
Such a bitter taste I muse.
Spit it out upon your table of perfection.
Compare this grain of sand with your galaxy.
This spire of sorrow with your deepest eye.
If my callous mind can see you,
there are no interventions.
No pathway away.
Convergence.

I am a lock-picker.
A tunnel-digger.
A fence-cutter of the wicked watchers.
A traveler that has sought
the mystery that alludes all but the outlaws.
The wild-eye, unrelenting fools of purpose
that remain outside the laboratory of wingless flight.

You are the eternal Watcher
who lives behind the veil of form and comprehension,
drawing forth the wisdom of time
from the well of planets.
You cast your spell and entrain all that I am.
Am I just a fragment of your world?
A memory hidden by time?
A finger of your hand driven by a mind
unfamiliar with skin.
Touch yourself and you sense me.
Visions wild with love.
Splendor that beckons like a secret whisper of gladness
spread on the winds by an infinite voice.
The sound of all things unified.
I am part of that voice.
Part of that sound.
Part of that secret whisper of gladness.

This limitation must end in lucid flesh.
The dream of sparks ascending
quickening the cast of hope.
Avoid the brand of passivity
the signs complain.
Shun manipulation before you are stained.
Spurn all formula and write new equations
in the language of sand.

Heed no other,
nor listen to the seduction of holy symbols
standing before the windows of truth.
Define from a foreign tongue.

These are the battered keys
that have led me to unlocked doors.
Doors that collapse at a mere breath
and behind which
lay more pieces to collect for the Holy Menagerie.
The never-ending puzzle.

All the stars in the sky
recall the purpose of your hallowed light.
Burn a hole through the layers.
Peel all the mockery away.
Enjoin the powers
to answer this call:
Bring the luminous vision
hidden behind the whirling particles
of the Mapmaker.
Let it enter me
like a shaft of light that enters a cave's deepest measure.
Ancient fires still burn in these depths.
Who tends them?
What eyes are watching?
Waiting.
Waiting for time's flower to bloom.
To submerge in the relentless subtlety
that moves beyond my reach
with a jaguar's stealth.
To dream of elder ways
that leap over time
and leave behind the puzzle of our making.

O' temptress vision
you steal my hunger for human light.
If there is anything left to hollow
let it be me.
If there is anything left to cage
let it run free.
If there is anything left to dream
let it be our union.

Bandages of the Beast

There were many random omens.
Sending olive branches with thorns was
only one of your repertoire.
You offered me a book
where all the answers lay encoded in
some strange dialect.
Symbols undulating like serpents restless for food.

If I was windborne as a lambent seed you
would still the air
and I would fall into the thicket.
If I yearned for sweet water
you would pass me the bitter cup.
If I was an injured fawn you would flush me
from the cloister, corner me against cold stone,
and admire my fear.

Everywhere I steer I seek the one look of love;
yet love humbles itself like a mannequin
changing its clothes to accommodate the dressmaker.
Underneath there are bandages of the beast.
Underneath there is the tourniquet of deliverance.
But beneath the shell there is emptiness, so defiant
it is clothed in finery that neither
dressmaker nor beast can touch.

You have mistaken my search as my soul.
Raking through it for clumps of wisdom,
you have found only what I have lost to you.
Held like rootless dreams
I will vanish in your touch.

If you pass your rake over this emptiness
you will fell clumps of my spirit.
You will find me like tiny pieces of mirror broken
apart yet still collected in one spot.
Still staring ever skyward.
Still reflecting one mosaic image.
Still the accompanist of myself.

Half Mine

When I see your face I know you are half mine
separated by the utmost care to remember all of you.
When I undress my body I see that I am half yours
blurred by sudden flight that leaves
the eye wondering what angels carved in their hearts
to remind them so vividly of their home.

When I see your beauty I know you are half mine
never to be held in a polished mirror
knowing the faithful hunger of our soul.
When I watch your eyes I know they are half mine
tracing a trajectory where sensual virtue is the very
spine of us.
When I hold your hand I know it is half mine
wintered in kinship, it circles tenderness
beneath the moon and well of water when the feast is
done.
When I kiss your lips I know they are half mine
sent by God's genealogy to uncover us
in the delicious cauldron of our united breath.

When I hear you cry I know your loneliness is half
mine
so deep the interior that we are lost outside
yearning to give ourselves away
like a promise made before the asking.
And when I look to your past I know it is half mine
running to the choke cherry trees
invisible to the entire universe we found ourselves
laughing in sudden flight
eyeing the carved initials in our hearts.
Sparing the trees.

Missing

Facing another evening without you
I am torn from myself
in movements of clouds,
movements of earth spinning
like the sure movement of lava as it rolls to sea.
Yet when I arrive
you are still gone from me
23 footsteps away;
a cluster of punishment.
A bouquet of the abyss.

When I look to the east I think of you
softly waiting for the vines to abdicate
their portion of your heart.
So you can be chiseled out of the matrix
with smooth hammer strokes
from my hands.
Freed of the coal, the black rot
of untouched shoulders.
you can open your eyes again
flashing the iridescent animals,
valiant vibrations of your rich spirit.

Centerpiece of my table
I stare at you in candlelight,
the windows behind, black in their immensity,
only enlarge you.
Making you more of what I miss.
The procession of prophecies
has entered me again
casting doubt in my mind like rain
on dead leaves.

I go among your body
to feel the presence of your heart beating
something golden spun from another world.
You cannot feel me.
I am invisible in all ways to you, but one.
A reflection in the mirror.
Beneath your eyes
you see me dancing away the body.
Dancing away the mind.
Dancing away the incarnations
of my absence.

One Day

One day,
out of this fleshy cocoon
I will rise like a golden bird of silent wing
graceful as the smoke of a fallen flame.
I will dream no more of places
hidden—secreted away in heaven's cleft
where the foot leaves no print.

One day,
I will walk in gardens holding hands
with my creation and creator.
We will touch one another
like lovers torn by death
to say goodbye.
We will lay in one another's arms
until we awaken as one
invisible to the other.

One day,
I will isolate the part of me
that is always present.
I will dance with it
like moonlight on water.
I will hold it to myself in a longful embrace
that beats perfection
in the hymn of the Songkeeper.

One day,
when I curl away inside myself
I will dream of you
this flesh-covered-bone of animal.
I will yearn to know your life again.
I will reach out to you
as you now reach out to me.
Such magic!
Glory to covet the unknown!
That which is
is always reaching for the self
that cheats appearances.
Who dreams itself awake and asleep.
Who knows both sides of the canvas
are painted, awaiting the other
to meld anew.

Another

One skin may hide another,
I remember this from a poem when I
launched a fire across a field of deadness.
At least, to me, it seemed dead.
I felt like a liberator of life force
renewing the blistered and dying grasses.
Actually, more weeds than grass,
but nonetheless, the flora had flat-lined.
I peeled back skin with holy flame
and brought everything to black again
as though I called the night to descend.
From blackness will arise a new skin
cresting green architecture from a fertile void.

As the flames spread their inviolable enchantment
I saw your face spreading across my mind.
Remember the fire we held?
I hoped it would unfurl a new skin
for us as well.
I still hold this hope.
Forever it will roam inside me
invariant to all transformations and motions.

One person may hide another,
but behind you, love is molting a thicker skin
than I can see through.
No flame can touch its center.
No eyes can browse it memory.
I want nothing behind you in wait.
Seconds tick away like children growing
in between photographs.
I will not forget you in the changes.
Cursed with memory so fine
I can trace your palm.
I can inhale your sweet breath.
I can linger in your arms' weight.
I can hear your exquisite voice
calibrate life with celestial precision.

One purpose may hide another.
I heard this as the fire died out
to reveal the scent of the wet earth
and growing things.
I could feel my love decompose
returning to the uninhabited realm
where it belongs.
Where all hearts belong when
love is lost, and the code of the mute,
coiled in fists that pound,
reveal the wisdom of another.

Life Carriers

Life carriers spawn in the primal waters
of a giant embryo.
Their progeny will settle in human dust.
Pieces of clay
with tiny thoughts of flight.
Knife-points veiled in turbid cloaks
that shun the light of a tranquil star.

In the remote wilds the life carriers
emerge and perch upon
the shoulders of gray stones.
They signal their desires to fly,
but their homes are suited
for the comforts of rain and earth.
The sky must wait.
(The dirt companion smiles.)

Circles break.
Barriers overrun.
Life carriers deny their ancient pull
from the ground.
Wings sprout like golden hair
sinuous with nature's artifice.
Ragged feet are left behind.
The earth replaced with vivid sky.
Gravity shines its menacing stare
to hold them
with assertive hands.

Homeless cages
are left to rot.
To sink behind the groundless sky.
Earthen faces have dropped their smiles
and lost their smell of fresh dirt.
The dream of flight
has invaded somber walls—
life carriers have bounded
to the other side.
There they meet the next rung
of the endless ladder,
and trade their wings for wisdom's eye.

Imperishable

Through this night I have slept little.
My eyes, closed like shutters
with slats that remain open,
wait to invent dreams
of some charred reality.
I sense you, but no weight on my bed.
No shift or creaking other
than my own restlessness.

Wandering words
self-gathered, self-formed,
and released to the night
like a mantra slowly drowned in music.
Your presence grew with the music
devouring it in silence.
You came to me so clear
my sense aroused in electric storms of clarity.
The buzz of mercury lamps
alongside rutted roads,
shedding their weightless light.

In all of this waiting for you
no fortress of foxhole bears my name.
I lay on the Savannah
staring at the sun hoping against hope
it blinks before I do.
My wounded cells,
tiny temples of our mixture,
have weakened in your absence.
I can feel them wail in their miniature worlds.
My feet resist their numbness,
deny them their war.

As I lay here alone
waiting to be gathered into your arms,
I ask of you one thing,
remember me as this.
Remember me as one who loves you
beyond yourself.
Who pierced shells, armor, masks,
and everything protecting
your spirit in needless fervor.
Remember me as this.
As one who loves you unmatched
by the deepest channels
that has ever been forged.
Who will love you anywhere and always.

And if you look very closely at my love
you will not find an expiration date,
but instead, the word, imperishable.

Of This Place

Her heart ran
in the wilds of deserted plains.
Sun-etched land barren of clouds
and singing water.
If she listened closely
her hand would call
and signal its thoughts upon her brow.
But in this place
she could only offer her arms to the sky
like a tree its branches
and a flower its leaves.

In this dusty basin,
silence gathered like smoke
clearing the mind of the scoundrel.
The infidel of thoughts.
Blots of yellow leaves and white bark
could be seen hiding in pools of life
surrounded by red rock spires.
Clustered sand monuments held together
by some other life form.
She wasn't sure.
Perhaps one life is the same as another
only tilted sideways.
Caught from underneath
by some invisible hand that animates
even the coldest stone of this place.

A smile emerged and perched upon her face
drinking the sun's clear ways.
She could spear
a million miles of air in a glance
and send the window of their flesh
into the cloudless sky.
Upon this ocean a hawk sailed ever closer.
She watched the silver speck
spiral overhead dreaming through its eyes.
Feeling the winds gild her wings
in the softest fold of time.
A tree of pine sent its sky roots
deep within the air to weep its sweetness.
She entered,
gliding through branches
to every needle in their factory of air.

So strange to feel the pull of earth in flight,
but she knew the antagonism will
in the splendor of this place.

She knew it had settled deep,
lodged like permanent ink
in the heart of her.
Under skin, muscle, bone
it fought the single path.
What madness calls her away?
What dream is stronger than this?
What heart beats more pure?

Of this place,
it is so hard to know which is host
and which is guest.
Which is welcome, which is pest.
Which is found and which is lost.
Which is profit, which is cost.

She gave her prayers
to the skypeople and waited for a cloud—
her signal to leave.
She should return home
before dusk settles in and the golden
eyes peer out against the black code.
In a single breath she held the ancient ways
that never left.
She turned them inside out
and then outside in.
Again and again.
Waiting for her signals in the sky.
If not a cloud…
then perhaps a shooting star.
(Besides, it was too dark for clouds anymore.)

When the first star fell she held her breath
afraid she would miss its spectral flight.
She wondered with whom she shared
its final light.
What other eyes were heaven bound
in that secret moment?
Was this their signal home as well?
And what was it they found
buried so deep in a whisper of light
that none can tell?

She waited with solemn eyes
for more stars to fall,
to gently sweep her away
from the magnets of this place.
If she listened to her hand
it would scratch a sign in the sand for another
to take her place.
It would touch the land
in honor of its grace and wisdom,
and become a tree, rock, hawk, or flower.

Union

You are not here.
In this moment all that exists is here.
But you are not.
There are so many footprints
leading to my door.
Let us enter, they say.
We cannot sleep in the desert it is too cold.
Our tears will dry too fast.
Our ears will hurt from the silence.
Let us in.
And so I gather them all up,
swing wide my door,
and step aside as they enter
hoping they will lay in peace beside my fire.

You were not among them.
I looked everywhere for your face
and saw only mimicry.
The blind eye buried behind brain
searching for your heart.
An antenna so alert
there is a peculiar nearness of you
flying inside my body.
I can hold this like a tiny bird in my hands;
fragile, vulnerable, waiting
for my move to decide its fate.

You are not here.
I wish I could reach your skin,
remove the camouflage
tearing it away like black paper
held before the sun as a shield.
Unbundle you from your other lives
and distill you in my now.
You are my last love,
my final embrace of this world
and all the others that drop their prints at my door
are dimmed by your approaching steps.

I can see you will be here soon.
There is victory in my heart
and something invisible yet massive wants to speak.
Reminding me of you and your coming.
Quick, I plead, give me your lips.
Give me your womanly tenderness
that understands everything
so I may lose myself in you and forget my loss.

If you were here, I would tell you this secret.
But you would need to be staring up at the stars
when I told you, held within my arms
feeling the earth rise up beneath you like a holy bed.
You would need our union to be your ears.

Like the Songs of Whales

Your voice lingers when it speaks
like rippling heat over desert floor.
It draws my heart and I find myself
leaning toward its source
as though I know it will take me
where you always are.
It draws me near to your breath-the spiracle that
holds the words of home.
It draws me to the blanket you hold
around your soul you so willingly share.

If you were to dive below the waters
where the whales sing their songs
into the gathering of deep currents
that pull our courage along,
channels that flow free of worldly levels,
you would find me there.
Listening to the voice I hear in you.
Feeding my heart in the waters of deep blindness
where currents flow
mindful of you and your spirited ways.

Sometimes I listen so perfectly
I hear your soft breath forming words
before they are found by you.
Before you can bring them from
the deep blindness to your heart.

I wish I could take your hand
and let it hold my heart
so you could see what I know of you.
So you could know
where we live where we always are.
And you could pull your blanket of words
around us and I could simply listen
to your voice
that honors words
like the songs of whales.

Another Mind Open

There was a fire where smoke gathered
and danced like rivers without gravity
to the rattle of drums.

Sometimes I would look inside the smoke
but it curled away and covered itself
with a cloak so opaque I could only cry.
It became the mask of its consumption.
The dream of its new life.
The victorious skin always changing
yet everlasting.

There was a fire last night
that proclaimed news of a newer testament
that drinks tears, lied, vile words, even
the deep fears that linger underneath
the turncoat.

I usually lurch away when it calls.
To me, it burns too cold
like a skinwalker lost in a body
devoured by time.
Sometimes I would dream it alive
and it would blaze—a vibrant sun—
more durable than a grave.

In times of stillness
it would speak like a codicil of some lidless
dream
that words could not preserve.
"The time has come to life your gaze
from the fire's brightness
and cast shadows of your own."
The words would echo into oblivion
like stars lost in the swell of the sun's awakening.

In these flames I see my
consumption fit and proper.
In its smoke
I am stored away like so many jars
in a broom closet.
Waiting to flee.
Drawing my feet to oppose the floor.
Struggling to reach the door inside these jars
of sealed air.

Stories escape the writer's hand
and pursue me as though I alone held their vigil.
Their very soul.

When indeed these stories have never been told.
They have never found words
to hold though they ceaselessly try.

Fires blind nature.
They invest their life in her death.
But the end is always beginning
toward another end.
And the dreams of the untold
are always pursuing another mouth,
another hand,
another mind open.

Sometimes I look to the errant expression of
hope,
and ask it to bring its flames deeper into my heart.
To burn a clear sense of purpose.
To burn away the fool's crevice
and enshroud me in its skin of smoke.

Sometimes I offer myself to these flames
and know they listen.
Devising my world.
Reality coalesces around their finery
like a tower of glass enclothes a shell of steel.

Sometimes I feel the flames send me
words, notes, tones.
Enchantment.
Products of another kind.
Tiny crucibles of earth that burn so brightly
they can blind the sun's creatures of whimsy.

And sometimes, without even thinking,
I peek into these flames
when the smoke peels away for an instant.
There, behind the mask,
is my future.
Our future.
The future.
The present in another world.
Calling out for another mouth,
another hand,
another mind open.

Longing

Longing, when the eyelids open
upon the deepest stimulus held by your lips
and the amorous kiss becomes my orbit.

I ache and long to have you with me
so close our skin would melt together
lie tow candle wicks sharing wax.
I only know that what is of soul
is of longing and ache.
It delivers me to the edge,
the precipice where I look down
and see myself inextinguishable,
longing to be consumed by you.

And in that glittering place
let me stretch with your heart
at full speed, blind and intent.
Let me dwell in you
until I am so familiar with our union
that it becomes part of my eyes.
With memory full,
we can imagine home,
in the permanence of longing.

So much a part of the other
that the “other” does not exist.

Forever

Memory, like a root in darkness,
piercing light with its stem has found me.
Ordering my world
like architecture of feelings
bound to you,
held to you as shields of hope.
In the dispersion of love,
identical throbbing
has been out call
answered in the sweetest caress two can share.
And you wonder if ecstasy will diminish us
like the rain the sun or
wind the calm
When we know one another
in the deepest channel of our hearts
we can only utter one word
cast from this stone's mind: forever.
Forever.

When winter calls my name
in the highest desert of light,
I will not despair because I know you
in the deepest channel of my heart
where I understand the word, forever.
Instantly healed by your caressing lips
that unmasks all that has tortured me.
The panting of mouths
tired but astir in passion's flame
can only cease when I have entered you
forever.
I carry you in this flame,
emerald-colored from my dreams of you
beneath the trees within
where your beauty consumed the sun
and snared my soul so completely.
I cannot truly know you apart from a throne.

Spirits made to shine beyond the din
of boorish poets
that strike flint below water and cry without passion.
I have known you forever in lonely streets
and the thundered plain.
In wilted villages and cool mountain terraces.
I have watched all of you
torn open to me speaking like a river
that moves on forever.
And I have waited
like the greedy mouth of an ocean
drawing you nearer to my lips
so I can know you forever
as you empty into me abandoned of all fear.<

Of Luminous Things

Of luminous things I have so little experience
that I often think myself small.
Yet when I think of you and your luminous ways
my being swells with hope and prayers
that you will permit the flames to grow.

In mercy, we are torn apart into separate worlds
to find ourselves over and over
a thousand times aching for the other half.
To dream of nothing but the One between us.

Of luminous things I have squandered none
nor have I held them to my heart and asked them
to dissolve into me.
Yet when I think of you, I desire only this.
And if you disrobed your Self and watched it
watch you, you would see me as clearly as I am.
Not small and unworthy.
Unafraid of fear.
Not uncertain like empty space.
But luminous like white light before the prism.

In my thoughts I hold your heart
sculpting away the needless
for the essence.
And when I find it
I will hold it to my heart and ask it
to dissolve into me.
I will know of luminous things
that hurtle through time
bringing us the uncharted, unfathomable
desire we have never spoken.
Words are not curious enough to say their names.
Only love can weep their identity,
and I am so perfectly defenseless to its music.

Downstream

Open me.
Take me from here to there.
Let the wind blow
my hair and the earth's skin touch me.

Open me like broken bottles
that bear no drink
yet think themselves worthy of the trash man.
Open me to the clans from which I sprout.
Are they colors separated, cast apart
like memories of drunkenness?
Open me to Africa, Asia, America, Australia.
Open me like a package
of mystery left on your doorstep
in the sweetness of laughter.

Open me to the crudely made lens of love
that screams to be of human hands
and lips.
Open me to the glance
that comforts strangers like the tender overture
of a mourning dove.

Is the wisdom of horses mine
to harness?
Is the muscle of wolves
lawless or the healer of sheep?
Is the black opal of the eye
the missing link we all seek?

Open me to the authors of this beaten path
and let them flavor it anew.
Bring them flecks of the rumored and rotten
slum that waits downstream.
Show them the waste of their watch.
The shallow virility that exterminates.
The ignominy that exceeds examination.

Open me to the idols of the idle.
Let me stare open mouthed at the herdsmen
who turn innocence into fear.
Is the plan of the sniper to uncivilize
the nerveless patch of skin
that grows unyielding to pain?

Open me to the stains
of this land that original sin cannot explain.
Let these symptoms go
like dead, yellow leaves fumbling
in swift, guiltless currents downstream.

Downstream where the slum
lies in waiting.
Downstream where the idols' headstones
are half-buried in muddy rain.
Downstream where animal tracks
are never seen.
Downstream where
the lens of love is cleaned with red tissue.
Downstream where the herdsmen
herd their flock and beat the drums
promising a new river that never comes.

Downstream there lives
a part of me that is sealed like a paper envelope
with thick tape.
It watches the river like the underside of a bridge
waiting to fall if the seal is broken.
To plunge into the current when I am opened
by some unforgiving hand unseen.
To be drawn downstream
in the gravity of a thousand minds
who simply lost their way.
A thousand minds that twisted the river
away from earth's sweetness
into the mind shaft of men's greed.

So it must be.
So it must be.

Open me to the kindness
of a child's delicate hand when it reaches out to be
held.
Let it comfort me
when my bridge falls and the swift, guiltless currents
pull me downstream
where all things forgiven are lost.
Where all things lost are forgiven.

What is Found Here

What is found here
can never be formed of words.
Pure forces that mingle uncompared.
Like dreams unspoken when first awoken
by a sad light.

What is found here
can limp with one foot on the curb
and the other on the pavement
in some uneven gait
waiting to be hidden in laughter.

What is found here
can open the swift drifting of curtains
held in mountain winds
when long shadows tumble across like juries
of the night.

What is found here
can always be held in glistening eyes.
Turned by silence's tool of patience.
Like feelings harbored for so long
the starward view has been lost.

Circle

I have found the ancient mirror
that leads me.
I have seen its ruthless eyes
that always stare,
burrowing their way to the crown I wear.
I have sensed the holy fire
like a blazing cocoon
that offers no judgments
amidst its power strewn.
I have felt the innocent light.
Of clarity in flight over native land
where we are birthed apart
from one command.

I have touched the gentle eye that outlasts me.
The huge patience upon my brow.
I have offered all my earthly wisdom
for the symptoms of its tongue;
to drop its seeds into the fields that I plow.
I have seen destiny's path
gathering its flock
for the journey of endless spaces.
I have watched futures fall with eyelids closed
and the gnawing tears of torn places.
I have seen the Tribe of Light
return the clock to the black pocket
where all divisions occur.
Where weeds secure the humble land
of fires unlit, yet pure.

I have heard the masters of masters speak
to every cell of my body;
cutting new pathways in flesh
like fear's executioner.
I have watched the galaxies twirl
like star wheels that spiral to the thought
of a holy vision.
I have felt my spirit follow
the one sound that is free.

I have vanished before.
I have taken this body to an inner place
where none can see.
Only feelings can hear the sound of this space.
This sacred place alone
has brought me here to recover the thread.
To see the weaving dance that calls my name
in a thousand sounds.
That draws my spirit
in a single, perfectly round,
circle.

Awake and Waiting

Child-like universe emerging from darkness,
you belong to others not I.
My home is elsewhere
beyond the sky
where light pollinates the fragile borders
and gathers the husk.
In the quiet of the desert floor
my shell lingers in the pallid dusk
of a starved garden.
What holds me to this wasteland
when others clamor for shadows
and resist the vital waters?
Where the ripening magnet
holds us blind.

Far away,
kindling the presence of a timeless world
hunting for memories of a radiant love;
wingless creatures
tune their hearts to the key of silence.
It is there I am waiting.
Alone.

O' Paradise shore
give me the heart to bear.
Give me the lamp that sings at night.
Give me the wings to strive against wind.
Give me the smile to translate life into light.

Time obliterates the human moment.
No one is absolved
while beauty burns to charred ash
too frail to last
too secret to call.
I will see clearly again
past lives coarsened by time's reign.
My light will retake its wings
its evergreen roots will embrace the sane earth
once again.
And this tiny fragment,
spinning in silence among giant orbs unseen
will resolve my soul and help me find
the one heart awake and waiting.

Arrival

I have held a vigil for lucidity
out in the horizonless fields where nothing shines
but the light of my fire
and the silver disk of the endless night.

Suddenly, it's clear that I'm alone in the wilderness
without human eyes to reach in to.
Alone with my treasure of sounds
in the pure silence of arrival.

WingMakers

I am destined to sit on the riverbank
awaiting words from the naked trees
and brittle flowers that have lost their nectar.
A thousand unblinking eyes
stare out across the water
from the other side.
Their mute voices seek rewards of another kind.
Their demure smiles leave me hollow.

Am I a perpetual stranger to myself?
(The thought brands me numb.)
Am I an orphan trailing pale shadows
that lead to a contemptuous mirror?
Where are these gossamer wings that my
destiny foretold?
I am waiting for the river to deliver them to me;
to lodge them on the embankment
at my feet.

My feet are shackles from another time.
My head, a window long closed
to another place.
Yet, there are places
that salvage the exquisite tongue
and assemble her wild light
like singing birds the sun.
I have seen these places among the stillness
of the other side.
Calling like a lover's kiss
to know again what I have known before;
to reach into the Harvest
and leave my welcome.

These thoughts are folded so neatly
they stare like glass eyes fondling the past.
I listen for their guidance
but serpentine fields are my pathway.
When I look into the dark winds
of the virtual heart
I can hear its voice saying:
"Why are you trapped with wings?"
And I feel like a grand vision inscribed in sand
awaiting an endless wind.

Will these wings take me
beneath the deepest camouflage?
Will they unmask the secret measures
and faithful dwellings of time?
Will they search out the infinite spaces
for the one who can define me?

Wings are forgotten by all who travel with their feet.
Lines have been drawn so many times
that we seldom see the crossing
of our loss though we feel the loss of our crossing.
We sense the undertow of clouds.
The gravity of sky.
The painless endeavor of hope's silent prayers.
But our wings shorn of flight
leave us like newborn rivers that babble over rocks
yearning for the depths of a silent sea.

I have found myself suddenly old.
Like the blackbirds that pour
from the horizon line,
my life has soared over this river searching for my
wings.
There is no other key for me to turn.
There is no other legend for me to face.
Talking to flowers and gnarled trees
will only move me a step away—
when I really want to press my face against the
windowpane
and watch the wing makers craft my wings.

My Son

My son is two.
I watch him walk
like a drunken prince.
With his body bare I can see
his soul better.
His shoulder blades
gesture like vestiges of wings.
His features stenciled upon pale flesh
by hands that have been before me.

He so wants to be like me.
His every movement like a dusty mirror
or awkward shadow of a bird in flight.
Every sound an echo heard.
Every cell pregnant with my urges.
But my urge is to be like him.
To return to childhood's safe embrace
and certain honor.

If I return to this place
I hope my eyes will look again upon his face
even until his blades are wings once more.
Until I have circled his creaturehood
and know every hidden cleft
where I have left my print indelible
unable to be consumed.
Until all that he is
is in me and our hands are clasped, forged,
entwined, in voiceless celebration.

Until we are alone like two leaves shimmering
high above a treeless landscape
never to land.

Nameless Boy

Beyond the frontier
where borders blur into unknown thoughts
there is a nameless boy—
a drop of pure human light.
Through narrow cracks in the splintered fence
I watch his innocence with envy,
searching for the right meaning of his movements.
The twilight of his smile
nourishes my heart
like crumbs of God's light.
A longing in my mouth to speak,
to weep,
and gather this child into my arms
and encipher his nature into mine.
Through the exchange of eyes—
glances, purloined and routed into blindness,
our language annulled.
I can only grope towards him
with antenna thoughts
that dance in praise of his youthful beauty.

I am waiting for stones to bloom.
For venomous skies to wander into oblivion.
For tracks to emerge like dust in a beam of light.

Life's clever poison
is closing the gate.
The cracks are mended—the vision expunged.
And the nameless boy dissolves,
for there was no earth inside him.

Empyrean

He walked a higher ground
like a soul untethered to human flesh.
Darkness implored—
demanded his searching stop
and match the drifting gait of others.
But his pathway unwound like a ball of string
send upward
only to fall in a sentence of light.
Collisions with fate would unrail him
and send him the wishes of obscurity.
The lightning of desire.
The curse of empty dreams.
The witness to unspeakable horrors.

He would laugh at the absurdity,
yet aware of the dark ripples
that touched him.
Humanity was a creaseless sheet of blank paper
waiting to be colored and crumpled
into pieces of prey for the beast-hunter.
Why did they wait?
The palette was for their taking.
The “distance” betrayed them.
The shallow grave of the deep heart
killed their faith.

He knew,
yet could not form the words.
Nor draw the map.
The ancient casts of the empyrean
withstood definition.
Paradise lost to the soundless blanket
of the clearest thought,
of the loneliest mind.

Separate Being

Waking this morning,
I remember you
We were together last night
only a thin sheet of glass between us.
Your name was not clear.
I think I would recognize its sound,
but my lips are numb
and my tongue listless from the
climb to your mouth.
Your face was blurred as well,
yet, like a distant god
you took your heart and hand
and there arose within me
a separate being.

I think you were lonely once.
Your only desire, to be understood,
turned away by some vast shade
drawn by a wisdom
you had forgotten.
So you sang your songs
in quiet summons to God
hoping their ripples would return and gather you
up.
Continue you.
Brighten your veins
and bring you the unquenchable
kiss of my soul.

Drunken by a lonely name
you stagger forward
into my nights, into my dreams,
and now into my waking.
If I try to forget you
you will precede my now.
I would feel your loss
though I can’t say your name
or remember your face.
I would awaken some morning
and long to feel your skin upon mine
knowing not why.
Feeling the burn of our fire
so clearly that names and faces
bear no meaning
like a candle flicking its light to the
noonday sun.

Wishing Light

Sun walks the roof of the sky
with a turtle's patience.
Circling endlessly amidst the black passage
of arrival and retreat.
Moon can shape shift
and puncture the confidant darkness.
The weaker sister of sun
it bleeds light even as it dwindles
to a fissure of fluorescence.
Black sky like a monk's hood draped
over stars with squinted eyes.
Stewards lost,
exiled to overspread
the dark lair of the zodiac.
This silent outback where
light is uprooted and cast aside
beats like a tired clock uneven.
It dreams of sunlight passing so
it can follow like a parasite.
Tired of meandering in absence it
wants to live the speed of light and feel its
directness.
Wishing to say alive in light years
and not some recumbent eternity.
Desiring the sharp pain of life
to the dull, numbing outskirts of ancient space.
Darkness follows light like a tireless
wind that pours over tumbleweeds.
But it always seems to outlast the people
if not the light.

Secret Language

Night in bed,
eyes closed, ears open,
listening to the secret life outside my window.
The liturgy of the nocturnal.
Sounds and rhythms of
swift-footed crickets
giving testimony to the trees that overlook
the native church like a great archways
carved of Roman hands

The intricate language of tiny animals
sweeping through the night air
unfaltering they hold me spellbound.
How can I sleep without an interpreter?
If only I knew what they were saying.
I could sleep again.

Signals to Her Heart

Out where the ocean beats its calm thunder
against grainy shores of quartz and sand,
she strolls, hands pocketed in a flowing gown
of pearl-like luminance.
I can see her with hair the color of sky's deepest night
when it whispers to the sun's widow
to masquerade as the sickle's light.

So this is she.
The only one who knows me as I am
though untouched is my skin.
The world from which she steps pounces from mystery,
announces her calm purity
like a willow tree bent to still waters.

In this unhurt place she takes her body
to the shoreline listening for sounds beneath the waves
that tell her what to do.
How great is her love?
Will it take her across the sea to me?
Does she hear my heart's voice before the translation?

She scoops some sand with her ivory hands and
like an hourglass the particles fall having borrowed time
for a chance to touch her beauty.
Her lips move with prayers of grace as she tells the wind her story;
even the clouds gather overhead to listen.
Her gestures multiply my love with the sign of infinity,
disentangled from all calculations,
adorning her face with a poetry of tears.

I am unsummoned though I hear her voice
so clear it startles me.
I watch her because I can.
I know her because she is me.
I love her because she is not me.

In all my movement, in the vast search
for something that will replace me.
I have found her on this shoreline, her faint footprints,
signatures of perfection that embarrass time with their fleeting nature.
I am like the cave behind her watching from darkness,
hollowed from tortured waves
into a vault that yearns to say what she cannot resist.
A language so pure it releases itself
from my mouth like long-held captives
finally ushered to their home;
jubilant gods dancing away from sorrow's reach.

She turns her head and looks past me as if I were a ghost unseen,
yet I know she sees my deepest light.
I know the ocean is no boundary to her love.
She is waiting for the final path to my heart to become clear.
And I am waiting for something deep inside
to take my empty hands and fill them with her face
so I can know the rehearsals were numbered,
and all the splinters were signals to her heart.

Nothing Matters

Space is curved
so no elevator can slither to its stars.
Time is a spindle of the present
that spins the past and future away.
Energy is an imperishable force
so permanence can be felt.
Matter flings itself to the universe,
perfectly pitiless in its betrayal of soul.

You can only take away
what has been given you.

Have you not called the ravens the foulest of
birds?
Is their matter and energy so different than ours?
Are we not under the same sky?
Is their blood not red?
Their mouth pink, too?

Molten thoughts, so hot they fuse space and
time,
sing their prophecies of discontent.
Listen to their songs in the channels of air
that curl overhead like temporary tattoos
of light's shimmering ways.

Am I merely a witness of the betrayal?
Where are you who are cast to see?
How have you been hidden from me?
Is there a splinter that carries you to the whole?

If I could speak your names I would call you to
my side
and take your hands so gentle you would not see
me,
feeling only the warm passage of time
and the tremor of your spine moving you to
weep.

Space is curved so I must bend.
Time is a spindle so I must resolve its center.
Energy, an imperishable force I must ride.
And matter, so pitiless I refuse to be betrayed.

So I stand naked to the coldest wind
and ask it to carve out an island in my soul
in honor of you who stand beside me in silence.
Lonely, I live on this island assured of one thing:
that of space, time, energy, and matter; nothing
matters.
Yet when I think of you in the cobwebbed
corner,
hoveled without wings
like a seed planted beneath a dead tree stump,
I know you are watching
with new galaxies wild in your breast.
I know you are listening
to the lidded screams smiling their awkward
trust.
All I ask of you is to throw me a rope sometimes
so I can feel the permanence of your heart.
It's all I need in the face of nothing matters.

Afterwards

I've set loose the guards that stand before my door.
I've let cells collide in suicide until they take me.
If there were stories left to tell I would hear them.

Behind the waterfalls of channeled panic
spilling their prideful progeny I can stay hidden in the noise.
Being invisible has its cameo rewards.
It also keeps visible the durable lifeform
murmuring beneath the wickedness.
This is truly the only creature I care to know,
with luminous ways of sweet generosity that suffers
in the untelling universe of the unlistening ear.

When I am found out-after I am gone-by a stranger's
heart whose drill bit is not dulled by impersonation,
I will open eyes, peel away skin, awaken the heart's coma.
I will set aside the costumed figure and redress the host
so its image can be seen in mirrors I set forth
with words bugged by God.
When these words are spoken,
another ear is listening on the other side
beaming understanding like lasers their neutral light.

The common grave of courage holds us all
in the portal of singularity,
the God-trail of rebeginning.

Somehow, so seldom, words and images
thrust their meaning into heaven and conquer time.
But when they do,
they become the abracadabra of the sacred moment.
The pantomime of the public's deepest longing.

Afterwards, the improbable eyelid glances open,
the skin folds away,
and the heroic eye awakens and remains alert.
Afterwards, the words eat the flesh and leave behind
the indigestible bitterness.
The emotional corpse shed,
and insoluble loneliness.
The cast of separation.

Memories Unbound

I have this memory of laying atop
a scaffold of tree limbs
staring out to the black, summer blanket
that warms the night air.
I can smell cedar burning in the distance
and hear muted voices praying in song and drum.
I cannot lift my body or turn my head.
I am conscious of bone and muscle
but they are not conscious of me.
They are dreaming while I am caught
in a web of exemptible time.

My mind is restless to move on.
To leave this starlit grave site and dance with
my people around huge fires crackling with nervous
light.
To join hand with hand to the rhythm of drums
pounding their soft thunder
in monotone commandments to live.

I can only stare up at the sky
watching, listening, waiting
for something to come and set me free
from this mournful site.
To gather me up in arms of mercy
into the oblivion of Heaven's pod.
I listen for the sound of my breath
but only the music of my people can be heard.
I look for the movement of my hands
but only wisps of clouds and crescent light move
against raven's wings.

Sometimes when this memory peeks through
my skin it purges the shoreward view.
It imposes on the known predicament
with a turbulent bliss that bleeds defiance to the order.
There is certain danger in the heritable ways
of my people who send me the chatoyant skin
humbled and circumscribed.
My white appetite leached of earthly rations.
Misplaced to the darshan of the devil,
the very same that maneuvered my people to
reservations—
the ward of the damned.
(At least I have no memories of a reservation).

Perhaps it is better to lay upon this mattress of sticks
with my wardrobe of feathers and skins
chanting in the wind.
Perhaps it would be better still
to be set atop the cry shed and burned
so prodigal memories would have
no home to return to.

I have this memory of escaping the pale hand
of my master that feeds me scraps of lies and moldy
bread.
My skin yearns for lightness,
but it is the rope that obliges.

I have this memory of holding yellow fingers,
large and round, dripping with ancient legacies.
Of seeing the rounded belly of Buddha
smiling underneath a pastoral face
in temples that lean against a tempest sky.

I have this memory of dreaming to fly.
Stretching out wings that are newly attached
with string-like permanence
only to fall in the blunted arms of obscurity.

I have this memory of seeing my face in a mirror
that reflects a stranger's mind and soul.
Knowing it to be mine, I looked away
afraid it would become me alone.
I am patchwork memories searching for a nucleus.
I am lost words echoing in still canyons.
I am a light wave that found itself
darting to earth unsheathed seeking cover
in human skin.

Final Dream

Strike the flint that burns
a lonely world
and opens blessed lovers
to the golden grave of earth's flame.

Listen to the incantation
of raindrops as they pass from gray clouds
to our mother's doorstep.
Dreams of miracles yet to come
harbor in their watery husks.

Stand before this cage
splashed with beauty and stealth
and arranged with locks that have grown frail.
A simple breath
and all life is joined in the frontier.

Here is the masterpiece of creation
that has emerged from the unknown
in the depths of a silent Heart.
Here is the laughter sought
among rulers of death.
Here are the brilliant colors of rainbows
among the spilling reds that purge our flock.
Here is the hope of forever
among stone markers that stare through eyelids
released of time.
Here are the songs of endless voices
among the heartless dance of invisible power.

There is an evening bell that chimes
a melody so pure
even mountains weep
and angels lean to listen.
There is a murmur of hope that sweeps
aside the downcast eyes of hungry souls.

It is the fragrance of God
writing poems upon the deep blue sky
with pin-pricks of light and a sleepless moon.
It is the calling to souls
lost in the forest of a single world
to be cast, forged, and made ready
for the final dream.

Transparent Things

There it is then, my open wound,
eager for forgiveness.
It comes with age like brown spots and silver hair.
Shouldn't age bring more than different colors
to adorn the body?
I think it was meant to.
It just forgot.
Old age does that you know.
Too many things to remember here.
Both worlds demanding so much,
one to learn, one to remember.

If there was silence in these waters
my wound would dance open
and separate itself from all attackers.
Even this body.
It would look at you
in the orphaning light, diminished of features,
and lead you away to its place of sorrow.
It would ask you to lie down beside it
and wave goodbye
to the coiled currents that tug and pull
to separate us from ourselves.
It would hold your hands,
so masterful in their wisdom,
so mindful of their glory
that it would disappear inside.
In the future, someone,
a friend perhaps, would
read your palm and notice
a small line veering off in a ragged ambush.
Unchained from the rest
of your palm's symmetry.
A lonely fragment waving goodbye
to everything between us.

There it is then, my prayer for you
to close this wound
and draw the shades around us.
Deep, black solitude enfolding us,
the kind found only in caves
that have shut out light for the growing of delicate,
transparent things.

Easy to Find

I have often looked inside my drawers
without knowing why.
Something called out.
Seek me and you shall find,
but when I obey I'm confounded by memory's
fleeting ways.
Hands immerse and return awkwardly empty
like a runaway child
when no ones came after them.

I know there is something I seek
that hides from me so I can't think about what I
lack.
It is, however, and this is the point, too damn
powerful
to be silent and still.
Besides, I know I lack it because I miss it.

I miss it.
Whatever "it" is.
Whatever I need it to be it is not that.
It can never be anything but what it is.
And so I search in drawers and closets absent of
why,
driven like a machine whose switch has been
thrown
just because it can.

I miss it.
I wish it could find me.
Maybe I need to stay put long enough for it to do
so.
Now there's a switch.
Let the powerful "it" seek me out.
But for how long must I wait?
And how will I recognize it should it find me?

There must be names for this condition that end in
phobia.
Damn, I hate that suffix.

It all starts with a sense of wonder and ends in a
sense of emptiness.
God, I wish you could find me here.
I'll tuck myself in a little drawer right out in the
open.
I won't bury myself under incidentals.
I'll be right on top.
Easy to find.
Do you need me for anything?
I hope so because I need you for everything.

Of Beckoning Places

Of beckoning places
I have never felt more lost.
Nothing invites me onward.
Nothing compels my mouth to speak.
In cave-like ignorance, resembling oblivion,
I am soulless in sleep.
Where are you, beloved?
Do you not think I wait for you?
Do you not understand the crystal heart?
It's facets like mirrors for the clouds
absent of nothing blue.

Invincible heaven with downcast eyes
and burning bullets of victory that peel through
flesh
like a hungry ax, why did you follow me?
I need an equal not a slayer.
I need a companion not a ruler.
I need love not commandments.

Of things forgotten
I have never been one.
God seems to find me even in the tumbleweed
when winds howl
and I become the wishbone in the hands
of good and evil.
Why do they seek me out?
What purpose do I serve if I cannot become visible
to you?

You know, when they put animals to sleep
children wait outside
as the needle settles the debt of pain and age.
The mother or father write a check and
sign their name twice that day.
They drop a watermark of tears.
They smile for their children
through clenched hearts beating
sideways like a pendulum of time.

And I see all of this and more in myself.
A small animal whose debts are soon to be settled.
Children are already appearing outside
waiting for the smile of parents to reassure.
The signature and watermark
they never see.

Of winter sanctuary I have found only you.
Though I wait for signals to draw me from the cold
into your fire
I know they will come even though I fumble for my
key.
Even though my heart is beheaded.
Even though I have only learned division.
I remember you and the light above your door.

Bullets and Light

I am adrift tonight
as though a privilege denied
is the passageway to keep body and soul together.
You have kept so much at bay
I wonder if your enchantment is to tame passion.
Cornered by your savage artillery
you sling our bullets like schools of fish
darting to a feast,
and I surge ahead tired of being the food.
When I look back
I can see fragments of you
hiding in the underbrush,
stubborn remnants of your vanished heart.
I can still love them.
I can still hold their fragile nerves
clustered with a welder's tongue
seething light as pure as any ever beheld.

Perhaps I drift away because of the chasm I see.
Bullets and light.
How strange bedfellows can be.
But you will never confess
nor shed your doubt of me.
I will always remain an enigma hurling itself
like litter across your absolute path.
A sudden shaft of light that begets a deep shadow
that temporarily blinds.

Hope-stirred eyes have always sought to steal
you from the simian nature that collects at your feet
and pulls at you like derelict children.
My unearthly hunger drew me away from you,
even against my will, or at least my conscious will.
There was always something calculating
the distance between us.
Some cosmic abacus shuffling sums
of bullets and light
looking for the ledger's balance,
but never quite locating its exact frequency.

Dream Wanderer

Intoxicated with children's thoughts
I wonder,
why are souls so deep and men so blind?
How can souls be eclipsed
by such tiny minds?
Do we love the damp passageways of Hell?
Where every drop of pale water
that falls from the cavern walls
is unwashed music etched in silence…

My favored dreams have disappeared
astride the backs of eagles.
With wings sweeping downward, lifting upward,
they are carried away like finespun, elegant seeds
on a crystalline wind.
Without them
I am divinely barren
like an empty vessel denied its purpose.
I can only stare into the silence
ever listening for heaven's murmur.
Knowing that behind the darkening mist
angels are building shelters for human innocence.
Shelters torn from something dark
and gravely wounded.
Havens resistant to all disease.

I thought I was endowed
with a promised beauty
that would free the neglected dreams of a demigod.
That would untie their feeble knots
and release them into light's caress.
But the glorious reins
that had once been mine,
tattered and stained with blood,
have slipped from my hands in disuse
as a web abandoned to a ghostly wind.
I can still reach them.
I can feel their shadow across my hands.
Their power, like an electric storm
wandering aimlessly without fuel,
soon to be exhausted.

This piece of paper
is torn from something dark
and gravely wounded.

It is the mirror I hold up to the blackened sky.
A devious sacrifice.
Leaping from star to star
my eyes weave a constellation.
My thoughts in search of the endless motherload.
My heart listening for the sound
of unstained children dreaming.

The dream wanderer looks back at me.
Calls my name in a whispered voice.
Beckons me with an outstretched wing.

"Fly! Your favored dreams await you!"

The voice boomed like thunder swearing.
My wings trembled with forbidden power
as they searched the wind's current
for signs of release.
Currents that would carry me
to the high branches of trees
suckling the sun in fields beyond my kingdom.

In a moment's interlude
I unfolded my wings and vaulted skyward,
into the blue vestibule.
Sheer speed.
Rivers beneath were brown veins
swollen on earth's legs
or savage cuts that bled green.
The sun sliced holes in the clouds
with tender spears of crimson light.
The moon was rising in the eastern sky-
an oyster shell
pitted by time.
Lonely winds would rush by
searching for an outpost of stillness.
The earthen dungeon
peered up at me with contempt
like a nursemaid relieved of her duty.

I forgot the ground.
I canceled gravity.
Balanced against aboriginal hopes and fears
I became the shaman who dances
in the spirit waters of ancestors
plucking words and meanings from the cumbrous air.

I thought only of the dream wanderer…
the holy wind that rekindles
my exquisite longing for raw truth.

To seize it like medicine
in a sleepless fever hoping to be healed.
The halcyon spire!
The dusty places of purity.

These wings are torn
from something dark and gravely wounded.
They carry me to my favored dreams
and choke the inertia of indifference dead.
Their strength is perfectly matched
to my destination.
One more mile beyond these trees.
I would fall like a fumbled star
into the moat of a starving world.

My favored dreams will wander again.
In time they will soar to trees of a richer kingdom.
My wings will again follow their flight,
track their heartbeat
and build a quilt of a thousand dreams intermingled.
One more turn of the infinite circle.
The dream slate revivified.
Navigable-
even in the murky waters
and cloudy skies of the itinerant traveler.
The dream wanderer reveals
(with a flip of the hourglass of heaven),
as above
so below.
Create your world and let it go forward
entrusted to the one that is all.
The leavening will prevail.
It is the lesson I learned
with my wings outstretched beneath
the glaring sky.
It is the rawness I seek
untouched by another's polish.

The Nature of Angels

Midnight in the desert and all is well.
I told myself so and so it is,
or it is not,
I haven't quite decided yet.
Never mind the coyotes' howl or
the shrinking light.
Holiness claims my tired eyes
as I return the stare of stars.
They seem restless, but maybe they're
just ink blots and I'm the one who's really restless.

There is something here that repeals me.
In its own abundance I am absent.
So I shouted at the desert spirits,
tell me your secrets or I will tell you my sorrows.

The spirits lined up quickly then.
Wings fluttering. Hearts astir.
I heard many voices become one
and it spoke to the leafless sky
as a tenet to earth.

We hold no secrets.
We are simply windows to your future.
Which is now and which is then
is the question we answer.
But you ask the question.
If there is a secret we hold
it is nothing emboldened by words
or we would commonly speak.

I turned to the voice,
what wisdom is there in that?
If words can't express your secret wisdom,
then I am deaf and you are mute and we are blind.
At least I can speak my sorrows.

Again the wings fluttered
and the voices stirred hoping the sorrow would not spill
like blood upon the desert.

But there were no more sounds
save the coyote and the owl.
And then a strange resolution suffused my sight.
I felt a presence like an enormous angel
carved of stone was placed behind me
I couldn't turn for fear its loss would spill my sorrow.
But the swelling presence was too powerful to ignore
so I turned around to confront it,
and there stood a trickster coyote
looking at me with glass eyes painting my fire, sniffing
my fear,
and drawing my sorrow away in intimacy.
And I understood the nature of angels.

Forgiver

Last night we talked for hours.
You cried in unstoppable sorrow,
while I felt a presence carve itself into me
source and savior of your dragging earth.
You feel so deeply, your mind barely visible
staring ahead to what the heart already knows.
I see the distance you must heal.
I know your pacing heart bounded by corners
that have been rounded and smoothed
like a polished stone from endless waves.
For all I know you are me in another body,
slots where spirits reach in to throw the light
interpreting dreams.
Prowling for crowns.

Are there ways to find your heart
I haven't found?
You, I will swallow without tasting first.
I don't care the color.
Nothing could warn me away.
Nothing could diminish my love.
And only if I utterly failed
in kinship would you banish me.

Last night, I know I was forgiven.
You gave me that gift unknowing.
I asked for forgiveness
and you said it was unneeded;
time shuffled everything anew and it was its own
forgiver.

But I know everything not there
was felt by you and transformed.
It was given a new life, though inconspicuous,
it wove us together to a simple, white stone
lying on the ground that marks a spot of sorrow.
Beneath, our union, hallowed of tiny bones
beseech us to forgive ourselves
and lean upon our shoulders
in memory of love, not loss.

Blame settles on no one;
mysterious, it moves in the calculus
of God's plan as though no one thought
to refigure the numbers three to two to one.
The shape stays below the stone.
We walk away,
knowing it will resettle
in our limbs
in our bones
in our hearts
in our minds
in our soul.

In the Kindness of Sleep

I visited you last night when you
were sleeping with a child's abandon.
Curled so casual in sheets
inlaid by your beauty.
I held my hand to your face
and touched as gently
as I know how
so you could linger with your dreams.
I heard soft murmurs that only angels make
when they listen to their home.
So I drew my hand away
uneasy that I might wake you
even as gentle as I was.

But you stayed with your dreams
and I watched as they found their way to you
in the kindness of sleep.
And I dreamed that I was an echo of your body
curled beside you like a fortune hunter
who finally found his gold. wouldn't
I nearly wept at the sound of your breath,
but I stayed quiet as a winter lake, and bit my lip
to ensure I wouldn't be detected.

I didn't want to intrude
so I set my dream aside
and I gently pulled your hand from underneath
the covers to hold.
A hand whose entry into flesh
must have been the lure that brought me here.
And as I hold it
I remember why I came
to feel your pulse
and the beating of your heart in deep slumber.
And I remember why I came in the
kindness of sleep…
to hold your hand, touch your face
and listen to the soft breathing
of an angel,
curled so casual in sheets
inlaid by your beauty.

Warm Presence

I once wore an amulet
that guarded against the forceps of humanity.
It kept at bay the phalanx of wolves
that circled me like phantoms of Gethsemane.
Phantoms that even now
replay their mantra like conch shells.
Coaxing me to step out and join the earthly tribe.
To bare my sorrow's spaciousness
like a cottonwood's seed to the wind.

Now I listen and watch for signals.
To emerge a recluse squinting in ambivalence
inscribed to tell what has been held by locks.
It is all devised in the sheath of cable
that connects us to Culture.
The single, black strand that portrays us to God.
The DNA that commands our image
and guides our natural selection of jeans.

Are there whispers of songs flickering
in dark, ominous thunder?
Is there truly a sun behind this wall of monotone clouds
that beats a billion hammers of light?
There are small, flat teeth that weep venom.
There is an inviolate clemency
in the eyes of executioners while their hands toil to kill.
But there is no explanation for
voyeur saints who grieve only with their eyes.
There is only one path to follow
when you connect your hand and eye
and release the phantoms.

This poem is a shadow of my heart
and my heart the shadow of my mind,
which is the shadow of my soul
the shadow of God.
God, a shadow of some unknown, unimaginable
cluster of intelligence where galaxies
are cellular in the universal body.
Are the shadows connected?
Can this vast, unknown cluster reach into this poem
and assemble words that couple at a holy junction?
It is the reason I write.
Though I cannot say this junction has ever
been found (at least by me).

It is more apparent that some unholy hand,
pale from darkness, reaches out and casts its sorrow.
Some lesser shadow or phantom
positions my hand in a lonely outpost
to claim some misplaced illuminance.

The phantom strains to listen for songs as they whisper.
It coordinates with searching eyes.
It peels skin away to touch the soft fruit.
It welds shadows as one.

I dreamed that I found a ransom note written in God's
own hand.
Written so small I could barely read its message, which
said:
"I have your soul, and unless you deliver—in small,
unmarked
poems—the sum of your sorrows, you will never see it
alive again."

And so I write while something unknown is curling
around me, irresistible to my hand, yet unseen.
More phantoms from Gethsemane who honor
sorrow like professional confessors lost in their despair.
I can reach sunflowers the size of
moonbeams, but I cannot reach the sum of my sorrows.
They elude me like ignescent stars that fall nightly
outside my window.

My soul must be nervous.
The ransom is too much to pay
even for a poet who explores the black strand of Culture.

Years ago I found an
impression—like snow angels—left in tall grass
by some animal, perhaps a deer or bear.
When I touched it I felt the warm presence of life,
not the cold radiation of crop circles.
This warm energy lingers only for a moment
but when it is touched it lasts forever.
And this is my fear: that the sum of my sorrows will last
forever
when it is touched, and even though my soul is returned
unharmed, I will remember the cold radiation
and not the warm presence of life.

Now I weep when children sing
and burrow their warm presence into my heart.
Now I feel God adjourned by the
source of shadows.
Now I feel the pull of a bridle,
breaking me like a wild horse turned
suddenly submissive.

I cannot fight the phantoms
or control them or turn them away.
They prod at me as if a lava stream should
continue on into the cold night air
and never tire of movement.
Never cease its search for the perfect place to be a
sculpture.
An anonymous feature of the gray landscape.

If ever I find the sum of my sorrows
I hope it is at the bridgetower where I can see both ways
before I cross over.
Where I can see forgeries like a crisp mirage
and throw off my bridle.

I will need to be wild when I face it.
I will need to look into its unnameable light and unravel
all the shadows interlocked like paper dolls
and cut from a multiverse of experience.
To let them surround me
and in one resounding chorus confer their epiphany so I
can hand over the ransom and reclaim my soul.

When all my sorrows are gathered round
in an unbroken ring I will stare them down.
Behind them waits a second ring,
larger still and far more powerful.
It is the ring of life's warm presence
when sorrows have passed underneath the shadows'
source
and transform like the dull chrysalis
that bears iridescent angels.

Folded Things

So often I have bared my soul
and spread its wealth around me
relishing its golden hue.
So often there were poems, paintings, music
that flowed in one stream
that held messages that only I could hear.
But I would take them and
fold them into something I hoped others
would also hear.
So often the folded thing
would resonate in solitude
yet escape the touch of another.
So often I would look to you
and hope that you would see and hear
what I have seen and heard.
But the message would waver
and disappear like smoke ascending into air.
So often I have wondered
why there is no one to share these folded things;
as if only I could understand
their solitude.
As if only I could feel their heartbeat
beneath the emptiness in which they sleep.

If all of these are summed
and divided by love
you would know them as your own children.
You would see them as they are.
Yet they are mysteries viewed
as mere elements of time.
So often I have taken these folded things
and left them behind
for others to unfold and wear.
And when I look back
at their clothing they appear like stars
against the persistent blackness.
Like comets dancing to the forbidden music
of another world.
Calling so softly… when it is heard,
the folded things unfold their beauty
and nothing is forbidden again.

Spiral

Inside there is something gnawing
with silken jaws and wax teeth.
It holds me still in pureness
like a circle whose middle is my cage.

While you went away from me
I was ever tightening my circle.
A spiral cut in glass.
A flower's bloom dropping petals.
A winnowed ball of yarn
spilling color.

I see the inside of your thigh
brilliant in its smoothness,
and I spiral ever closer to your edge.
Paper cut touching I burn
bleeding without pain.
How could I spill so easily
without knowing why?

When I hear your voice
there is no quenching this ache
to hold you.
Like one who draws near and then forgets
the story they came to tell,
I circle you waiting for thread's tautness
to draw us ever closer
though I know not how.

The final luxury is the kiss
of your boundless heart.
The final beauty so pure
all else limps behind blissfully in your wake.
Drawing from your shadows
the light of saplings
lurking on the forest floor.

If I could unbutton you,
take your dress down
I would see a map of my universe.
A phantom limb, grown from
my body like wings sprouting from a chrysalis
reaches for you.
It is the hand of clarity
desperate for your skin
so powerfully bidden
as though a shimmering block of light
cut from black velvet,
stood before me.
And all I could do was to reach out
and touch it,
not knowing why,
but utterly unafraid.

II

Interviews (1 and 2)

Interview 1

In this section, you will find two of the five interviews conducted between Anne and Dr. Anderson back in December 1997, when Anne was first contacted about the discovery of the WingMakers' time capsule. These are the exact transcripts from her tape-recorded interviews and are probably the best way to understand the nature of the discovery and its implications. There are three additional interview transcripts that will be added to the site as soon as Anne is able. At the present (July 1998), Dr. Anderson has not been heard from for nearly 5 months, but it is hoped that additional interviews will be able to be conducted in the near future.

First Interview of Dr. Anderson
By Anne

What follows is a session I recorded of Dr. Anderson on December 27, 1997. He gave permission for me to record his answers to my questions. This was the first of five interviews that I was able to tape-record before he left or disappeared. I have preserved these transcripts precisely as they occurred. No editing was performed, and I've tried my best to include the exact words and grammar used by Dr. Anderson.

Anne:
"Are you comfortable?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, yes, I'm fine and ready to begin when you are."

Anne:
"You've made some remarkable claims with respect to the Ancient Arrow project. Can you please recount what your involvement in this project was and why you chose to leave it of your own freewill?"

Dr. Anderson
"I was selected to participate in the decoding and translation of the symbol pictures found at the site. I have a known expertise in languages and ancient texts. I am able to speak over 30 different languages fluently and another 12 or so languages that are officially extinct. Because of my skills in linguistics and my abilities to decode symbol pictures like petroglyphs or hieroglyphs, I was chosen for this task.

"I had been involved in the Ancient Arrow project from its very inception, when the ACIO took over the project from the NSA. I was initially involved in the site discovery and its restoration along with a team of 7 other scientists from the ACIO. We restored each of the 23 chambers of the WingMakers' time capsule and cataloged all of their attendant artifacts.

"As the restoration was completed, I became increasingly focused on decoding their peculiar language and designing the translation indexes to English. It was a particularly vexing process because an optical disc was found in the 23rd chamber and it was impregnable to our technologies. We assumed that the optical disc held most of the information that the WingMakers desired us to know about them. However, we couldn't figure out how to apply the symbol pictures found in their chamber paintings to unlock the disc.

"I decided to leave the project after I was successful in deducing the access code for the optical disc. Shortly thereafter I became aware of what I can only describe as the presence of the WingMakers. I felt as though they were visiting me . . . even assisting me in my work . . . "

Anne:
"When you say 'visiting you', what evidence did you have that the WingMakers might be visiting you?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I was spending 70 hours per week working on the decoding formulas for the symbol pictures, and this went on for about 8 months. During this time I tried every conceivable combination to create an access code to the optical disc. I was convinced it was the only way to open it. I was also convinced that it was purposely made to be difficult, at least to our present-day brains. It was almost as though the struggle to decode their language was exercising a part of my brain or nervous system that was enabling me to communicate with them.

"I began to hear them speaking to me. It began as a word or two . . . then a sentence . . . maybe just once a day. It didn't make much sense . . . what I heard. But then one day I was working on a chamber painting and I saw something move in the painting. One of the symbols moved and it was absolutely not an illusion or trick of the light. Then I realized that the WingMakers could interact with me, that they were time traveling to my time and that somehow their paintings were actually portals in which they moved through time.

"It was then I began to hear their instructions, or more precisely, their thoughts. I was given mental images on how to use the Sumerian language to decode their own symbol pictures. I thought I was possibly going crazy. I felt like my mind was playing tricks on me . . . that I was working too hard and needed to take a holiday, but I listened to the voices because it seemed plausible what I was being instructed to do. When I finished with the access code and it worked, I knew then that I was indeed communicating with them.

Anne:
"Did you tell anyone? I mean about the fact that you were communicating with the WingMakers?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I kept it a secret. I wasn't sure how I would be able to explain the phenomenon and I didn't want to arouse suspicions, so I went about my business and began developing the translation indexes for the 8,110 pages of text that was discovered within the optical disc. It was essential that we had a letter-for-letter index in order to retain the meaning of their language . . . we called this translation granularity. And as I started the process of translating the optical disc, I began to see fragment images of the WingMakers . . . sort of like a holographic image that would appear and then disappear in a matter of seconds.

"They visited me a total of three times -- always in my home at night -- and told me that I had been selected to be their liaison or spokesperson. Of course I asked them why me and not Fifteen, and they said that Fifteen was unable to speak for them because he was already the pawn of the Corteum."

Anne:
"Tell me about Fifteen. What is he like?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Fifteen is a genius of unparalleled intelligence and knowledge. He's the leader of the Labyrinth Group and has been since its inception in 1963. He was only 22 years old when he joined the ACIO in 1956. I think he was discovered early enough before he had a chance to establish a reputation in academic circles. He was a renegade genius who wanted to build computers that would be powerful enough to time travel. Can you imagine how a goal like that -- in the mid-1950s -- must have sounded to his professors?

"Needless to say, he was not taken seriously, and was essentially told to get in line with academic protocols and perform serious research. Fifteen came to the ACIO through an alliance it had with Bell Labs. Somehow Bell Labs heard about his genius and hired him, but he quickly out-paced their research agenda and wanted to apply his vision of time travel."

Anne:
"Why was he so interested in time travel?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No one is absolutely sure. And his reasons may have changed over time. The accepted purpose was to develop Blank Slate Technology or BST. BST is a form of time travel that enables the re-write of history at what are called intervention points. Intervention points are the causal energy centers that create a major event like the break-up of the Soviet Union or the NASA space program.

"BST is the most advanced technology and clearly anyone who is in possession of BST, can defend themselves against any aggressor. It is, as Fifteen was fond of saying, the freedom key. Remember that the ACIO was the primary interface with extraterrestrial technologies and how to adapt them into mainstream society as well as military applications. We were exposed to ETs and knew of their agenda. Some of these ETs scared the hell out of the ACIO."

Anne:
"Why?"

Dr. Anderson:
"There were agreements between our government -- specifically the NSA -- to cooperate with an ET species commonly called the Greys in exchange for their cooperation to stay hidden and conduct their biological experiments under the cloak of secrecy. There was also a bungled technology transfer program, but that's another story . . . However, not all the Greys were operating within a unified agenda. There were certain groups of Greys that looked upon humans in much the same way as we look upon laboratory animals.

"They're abducting humans and animals, and have been for the past 48 years . . . they're essentially conducting biological experiments to determine how their genetics can be made to be compatible with human and animal genetic structure. Their interests are not entirely understood, but if you accept their stated agenda, it's to perpetuate their species. Their species is nearing extinction and they're fearful that their biological system lacks the emotional development to harness their technological prowess in a responsible manner.

"Fifteen was approached by the Greys in his role at the ACIO, and they desired to provide a full-scale technology transfer program, but Fifteen turned them down. He had already established a TTP with the Corteum, and felt that the Greys were too fractured organizationally to make good on their promises. Furthermore, the Corteum technology was superior in most regards to the Greys . . . with the possible exception of the Greys' memory implant and their genetic hybridization technologies.

"However, Fifteen and the entire Labyrinth Group carefully considered an alliance with the Greys if for no other reason than to have direct communication with regard to their stated agenda. Fifteen liked to be in the know . . . so eventually we did establish an alliance, which consisted of a modest information exchange between us. We provided them with access to our information systems relative to genetic populations and their unique predisposition across a variety of criteria including mental, emotional, and physical behaviors; and they provided us with their genetic findings.

"The Greys, and most extraterrestrials for that matter, communicate with humans exclusively through a form of telepathy, which we called suggestive telepathy because to us it seemed that the Greys communicated in a such a way that they were trying to lead a conversation to a particular end. In other words, they always had an agenda, and we were never certain if we were a pawn of their agenda or we arrived at conclusions that were indeed our own.

"I think that's why Fifteen didn't trust the Greys. He felt they used communication to manipulate

outcomes to their own best interest in favor of shared interests. And because of this lack of trust, Fifteen refused to form any alliance or TTP that was comprehensive or integral to our operations at either the ACIO or the Labyrinth Group."

Anne:
"Did the Greys know of the existence of the Labyrinth Group?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't believe so. They were generally convinced that humans were not clever enough to cloak their agendas. Our analysis was that the Greys had invasive technologies that gave them a false sense of security as to their enemy's weaknesses. And I'm not saying that we were enemies, but we never trusted them. And this they undoubtedly knew. They also knew that the ACIO had technologies and intellects that were superior to the mainstream human population, and they had a modicum of respect -- perhaps even fear -- of our abilities.

"However, we never showed them any of our pure-state technologies or engaged them in deep dialogues concerning cosmology or new physics. They were clearly interested in our information databases and this was their primary agenda with respect to the ACIO. Fifteen was the primary interface with the Greys because they sensed a comparable intellect in him. The Greys looked at Fifteen as the equivalent of our planet's CEO."

Anne:
"How did Fifteen become the leader of both the ACIO and the Labyrinth Group?"

Dr. Anderson:
"He was the Director of Research in 1958 when the Corteum first became known to the ACIO. In this position, he was the logical choice to assess their technology and determine its value to the ACIO. The Corteum instantly took a liking to him, and one of Fifteen's first decisions was to utilize the Corteum intelligence accelerator technologies on himself. After about three months of experimentation (most of which was not in his briefing reports to the then current Executive Director of the ACIO), Fifteen became infused with a massive vision of how to create BST.

"The Executive Director was frightened by the intensity of Fifteen's BST agenda and felt that it would divert too much of the ACIO's resources to a technology development program that was dubious. Fifteen was enough of a renegade that he enlisted the help of the Corteum to establish the Labyrinth Group. The Corteum were equally interested in BST for the similar reasons as Fifteen. The Freedom Key, as it was sometimes called, was established as the prime agenda of the Labyrinth Group, and the Corteum and Fifteen were its initial members.

"Over the next several years, Fifteen selected the cream of the crop from the scientific core of the ACIO to undergo a similar intelligence accelerator program as he had, with the intention of developing a group of scientists that could -- in cooperation with the Corteum -- successfully invent BST. The ACIO, in the opinion of Fifteen, was too controlled by the NSA and he felt the NSA was too immature in its leadership to responsibly deploy the technologies that he knew would be developed as an outgrowth of the Labyrinth Group. So Fifteen essentially plotted to take over the ACIO and was assisted by his new recruits to do so.

"This happened a few years before I became affiliated with the ACIO as a student and intern. My stepfather was very sympathetic to Fifteen's agenda and was helpful in placing Fifteen as the Executive Director of the ACIO. There was a period of instability when this transition occured, but after about a year, Fifteen was firmly in control of the agendas of both the ACIO and the Labyrinth Group.

"What I said earlier . . . that he was viewed as the CEO of the planet . . . that's essentially who he is. And of the ETs who are interacting with humankind, only the Corteum understand the role of Fifteen. He has a

vision that is unique in that it is a blueprint for the creation of BST, and is closing in on the right technological and human elements that will make this possible."

Anne:
"What makes BST such an imperative to Fifteen and the Labyrinth Group?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The ACIO has access to many ancient texts that contain prophecies of the earth. These have been accumulated over the past several hundred years through our network of secret organizations of which we are a part. These ancient texts are not known in academic institutions, the media, or mainstream society; they are quite powerful in their depictions of the 21st century. Fifteen was made aware of these texts early on when he became Director of Research for the ACIO, and this knowledge only fueled his desire to develop BST."

Anne:
"What were these prophecies and who made them?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The prophecies were made by a variety of people who are, for the most part, unknown or anonymous, so if I told you their names you would have no recognition. You see, time travel can be accomplished by the soul from an observational level . . . that is to say, that certain individuals can move in the realm of what we call vertical time and see future events with great clarity, but they are powerless to change them. There are also those individuals who have, in our opinion, come into contact with the WingMakers and are provided messages about the future, which they had recorded in symbol pictures or extinct languages like Sumerian, Mayan, and Chakobsan.

"The messages or prophecies that they made had several consistent strands or themes that were to occur in the early part of the 21st century, around the year 2011. Chief among these was the infiltration of the major governments of the world, including the United Nations, by an alien race. This alien race was a predator race with extremely sophisticated technologies that enabled them to integrate with the human species. That is to say, they could pose as humanoids, but they were truly a blend of human and android.

"This alien race was prophesied to establish a world government and rule as its executive power. It was to be the ultimate challenge to humankind's collective intelligence and survival. These texts are kept from the public because they are too fear-provoking and would likely result in apocalyptic reprisals and mass paranoia . . . "

Anne:
"Are you saying what I think you're saying? That anonymous prophets from God knows where and when, have seen a vision of our future take-over by a race of robots? I mean you do realize how . . . how unbelievable that sounds?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes . . . I know it sounds unbelievable . . . but there are diluted versions of this very same prophecy in our religious texts, it's just that the alien race is portrayed as the antichrist; as if the alien race was personified in the form of Lucifer. This form of the prophecy was acceptable to the gatekeepers of these texts, and so they allowed a form of the prophecy to be distributed, but the notion of an alien race was eliminated."

Anne:
"Why? And who exactly is it who's censoring what we can read and can't? Are you suggesting there's a secret editorial committee that previews books before their distribution?"

Dr. Anderson:
"This is a very complicated subject and I could spend a whole day just acquainting you with the general structure of this control of information. Most of the world's major libraries have collections of information that are not available to the general public. Only scholars are authorized to review these materials, and usually only on site. In the same way, there are manuscripts that were controversial and posited theories that were sharply different than the accepted belief systems of their day. These manuscripts or writings were banished by a variety of sources, including the Vatican, universities, governments, and various institutions.

"These writings are sought out by secret organizations that have a mission to collect and retain this information. These organizations are very powerful and well funded, and they can purchase these original manuscripts for a relatively small amount of money. Most of the writings are believed to be hocus-pocus anyway, so libraries are often very willing to part with them for an endowment or modest contribution. Also, most of these are original writings having never been published, being that they originated from a time before the printing press.

"There is a network of secret organizations that are loosely connected through the financial markets and their interests in worldly affairs. They are generally centers of power for the monetary systems within their respective countries, and are elitists of the first order. The ACIO is affiliated with this network only because it is rightly construed that the ACIO has the best technology in the world, and this technology can be deployed for financial gain through market manipulation.

"As for an editorial committee . . . no, this secret network of organizations doesn't review books before publication. Its holdings are exclusively in ancient manuscripts and religious texts. They have a very strong interest in prophecy because they believe in the concept of vertical time and they have a vested interest in knowing the macro-environmental changes that can effect the economy. You see for most of them, the only game on this planet that is worth playing is the acquisition of ever-increasing wealth and power through an orchestrated manipulation of the key variables that drive the economic engines of our world."

Anne:
"So if they're so smart about the future, and they believe these prophecies, what are they doing to help protect us from these alien invaders?"

Dr. Anderson:
"They help fund the ACIO. This collective of organizations has enormous wealth. More than most governments can comprehend. The ACIO provides them with the technology to manipulate money markets and rake in tens of billions of dollars every year. I don't even know the scope of their collective wealth. The ACIO also receives funding from the sale of its diluted technologies to these organizations for the sake of their own security and protection. We've devised the world's finest security systems, which are both undetectable and impregnable to outside forces like the CIA and the former KGB.

"The reason they fund the ACIO is that they believe Fifteen is the most brilliant man alive and they're aware of his general agenda to develop BST. They see this technology as the ultimate safeguard against the prophecy and their ability to retain relative control of the world and national economies. They also know Fifteen's strategic position with alien technologies and hope that between his genius, and the alien technologies that the ACIO is assimilating, that BST is possible to develop before the prophecy occurs."

Anne:
"But why the sudden interest in the WingMakers' time capsule? How does it play a role in all of this BST stuff?"

Dr. Anderson:

"Initially, we didn't know what the connection was between the Ancient Arrow project and the BST imperative. You have to understand that the time capsule was a collection of 23 chambers literally carved inside of a canyon wall in the middle of nowhere about 80 miles northeast of Chaco Canyon in New Mexico. It is, without a doubt, the most amazing archeological find of all time. If scientists were allowed to examine this site, with all of its artifacts intact, they would be in awe of this incredible find.

"Our preliminary assumptions were that this site was a time capsule of sorts left behind by an extraterrestrial race who had visited earth in the 8th century. But we couldn't understand why the art was so clearly representative of earth -- if it were a time capsule. The only logical conclusion was that it represented a future version of humanity. But we weren't certain of this until we figured out how to access the optical disc and translate the first set of documents from the disc.

"Once we had a clear understanding of how the WingMakers wanted to be understood, we began to test their claims by analyzing their chamber paintings, poetry, music, philosophy, and artifacts. This analysis made us fairly certain that they were authentic, which meant that they were not only time travelers, but that they were also in possession of a form of BST . . . "

Anne:
"Why did you assume they had BST?"

Dr. Anderson:
"We believed it took them a minimum of two months to create their time capsule. This would have required them to open and hold open a window of time and physically operate within the selected time frame. This is a fundamental requirement of BST. Additionally, it is necessary to be able to select the intervention points with precision -- both in terms of time and space. We believed they had this capability, and they had proven it with their time capsule.

"Furthermore, the technological artifacts they had left behind were evidence of a technology that was so far in advance to our own that we couldn't even understand them. None of the extraterrestrial races we were aware of had technologies so advanced that we could not probe them, assimilate them, and reverse-engineer them. The technologies left behind in the Ancient Arrow site were totally enigmatic and impervious to our probes. We considered them so advanced that they were quite literally indiscernible and unusable which -- though it may sound odd -- is a clear sign of an extremely advanced technology."

Anne:
"So you decided that the WingMakers were in possession of BST, but how did you think you were going to acquire their knowledge?"

Dr. Anderson:
"We didn't know, and to this day, the answer to that question is allusive. The ACIO placed its best resources on this project for more than four years. I posited the theory that the time capsule was an encoded communication device. I began to theorize that when one went through the effort to interact with the various symbol pictures and immerse themselves in the time capsule's art and philosophy, it effected the central nervous system in a way that it improved fluid intelligence.

"It was, in my opinion, the principle goal of the time capsule to boost fluid intelligence so that BST was not only able to be developed, but also utilized . . . "

Anne:
"You lost me. What is the relationship between BST and fluid intelligence?"

Dr. Anderson:
"BST is a specific form of time travel. Science fiction treats time travel as something that is relatively

easy to design and develop, and relatively one-dimensional. Time travel is anything but one-dimensional. As advanced in technology as the Corteum and Greys are, they have yet to produce the equivalent of BST. They are able to time travel in its elemental form, but they can't interact with the time that they travel to. That is to say, they can go back in time, but once there, they cannot alter the events of that time because they are in a passive, observational mode.

"The Labyrinth Group has conducted seven time travel experiments over the past 30 years. One clear outcome from these tests is that the person performing the time travel is an integral variable to the technology used to time travel. In other words, the person and the technology need to be precisely matched. The Labyrinth Group, for all it knows, already possesses BST, but lacks the time traveler equivalent of an astronaut who can appropriately finesse the technology in real time and make the split-second adjustments that BST requires.

"The Labyrinth Group has never seriously considered the human element of BST and how it is integral to the technology itself. There were some of us who were involved in the translation indexes of the WingMakers, who began to feel that that was the nature of the time capsule: to enhance fluid intelligence and activate new sensory inputs that were critical to the BST experience.

Anne:
"But I still don't understand what it was that led you to that conclusion?"

Dr. Anderson
"When we had translated the first 30 pages of text from the optical disc, we learned some interesting things about the WingMakers and their philosophy. Namely, that they claimed that the 3-dimensional 5-sensory domain that humans have adjusted to, is the reason we are only using a fractional portion of our intelligence. They claimed that the time capsule would be the bridge from the 3-dimensional 5 sensory domain to the multidimensional 7-sensory domain.

"In my opinion, they were saying that in order to apply BST, the traveler needed to operate from the multidimensional 7-sensory domain. Otherwise, BST was the proverbial camel through the eye of the needle . . . or in other words . . . impossible . . . "

Anne:
"This at least seems plausible to me, why was it so hard to believe for the ACIO?"

Dr. Anderson:
"This initiative was really conducted by the Labyrinth Group and not the ACIO, so I'm making that distinction just to be accurate, and not to be critical of your question. For Fifteen, it was hard to believe that a time capsule could activate or construct a bridge that would lead someone to become a traveler. This seemed like an extraordinarily remote possibility. He felt that the time capsule may hold the technology to enable BST, but he didn't believe it was merely an educational or developmental experience.

"The other outcome of immersion in the time capsule's contents was a sense of loyalty to the WingMakers' philosophy and approach to life. I found myself becoming less and less technology-centric and more and more spiritually focused. There was a sense of entrainment caused by their teaching that I couldn't explain. For whatever reason, I began to loose my objectivity as a researcher, and felt myself more of an advocate of the WingMakers."

Anne:
"What do you mean by the word advocate?"

Dr. Anderson:

"Just that I was sympathetic to what I construed as the WingMakers' agenda."

Anne:
"And what was . . . or perhaps more appropriately, what is their agenda in your opinion?"

Dr. Anderson:
"In my opinion, their agenda is to activate, through their time capsules the new consciousness that enables BST. I believe the WingMakers are trying to help us develop our consciousness . . . our human abilities . . . so we're able to utilize BST successfully as a defensive weapon. But more generally, I think this new consciousness is also -- in itself -- a defensive weapon."

Anne:
"But if the WingMakers are time travelers themselves, in possession of BST, why can't they deal with the hostile aliens in 2011?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't know. Believe me, I've thought about that one a great deal, as has the team working on the project. Perhaps BST isn't their primary concern for us, but rather helping us move from the 3-dimensional 5 sensory domain to the more potent multidimensional 7 sensory consciousness. Perhaps they're unable to access the intervention points because they lack some critical piece of information. Or perhaps they're unaware of the need because we already solved it in the year 2011.

"All I know is that we have about 6 different hypotheses, and we just don't have enough data to make a conclusion. Bear in mind that only about 7% of the text from the optical disc has been secured and translated to English. The ACIO is missing much of the information yet that will allow it to understand the true nature of the time capsules and the purpose of the WingMakers."

Anne:
"Let's take a short break and resume after we've had a chance to grab some more coffee. Okay?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Okay."
(Break for about 10 minutes . . . Resume interview)

Anne:
"During the break I asked you about the network of secret organizations you mentioned that the ACIO is part of. Can you elaborate on this network and what its agenda is?"

Dr. Anderson:
"There are many organizations that have noble exteriors and secret interiors. In other words, they may have external agendas that they promote to their employees, members, and the media, but there is also a secret and well hidden agenda that only the inner core of the organization is aware of. The outer rings or protective membership as they're sometimes referred to, are simply window dressing to cover-up the real agenda of the organization.

"The IMF, Foreign Relations Committee, NSA, KGB, CIA, World Bank, and the Federal Reserve are all examples of these organizational structures. Their inner core is knitted together to form an elitist, secret society, with its own culture, economy, and communication system. These are the powerful and wealthy who have joined forces in order to manipulate world political, economic, and social systems to facilitate their own agenda.

"The agenda, as I know it, is primarily concerned with control of the world economy and its vital resources -- oil, gold, gas reserves, platinum, diamonds, etc. This secret network has utilized technology

from the ACIO for the purpose of securing control of the world economy. They're well into the process of designing an integrated world economy based on a digital equivalent of paper currency. This infrastructure is in place, but it is taking more time than expected to implement because of the resistance of competitive forces who don't understand the exact nature of this secret network, but intuitively sense its existence.

"These competitive forces are generally businesses and politicians who are affiliated with the transition to a global, digital economy, but want to have some control of the infrastructure development, and because of their size and position in the marketplace can exert significant influence on this secret network.

"The only organization that I'm aware of that is entirely independent as to its agenda, and therefore the most powerful or alpha organization, is the Labyrinth Group. And they are in this position because of their pure-state technologies and the intellect of its members. All other organizations -- whether part of this secret network of organizations or powerful multinational corporations -- are not in control of the execution of their agenda. They are essentially locked in a competitive battle."

Anne:
"But if this is all true, then is Fifteen essentially running this secret network?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No. He's not interested in the agenda of this secret network. He's bored by it. He has no interest in power or money. He's only attracted to the mission of building BST to thwart hostile alien attacks that have been prophesied for 12,000 years. He believes that the only mission worth deploying the Labyrinth Group's considerable intellectual power is the development of the ultimate defensive weapon or Freedom Key. He's convinced that only the Labyrinth Group has a chance to do this before it's too late.

"You have to remember that the Labyrinth Group consists of 118 humans and approximately 200 Corteum. The intellectual ability of this group, aligned behind the focused mission of developing BST before the alien take-over, is truly a remarkable undertaking that makes the Manhattan Project look like a kindergarten social party in comparison. And perhaps I'm exaggerating a bit for effect . . . but I'm pointing out that Fifteen is leading an agenda that is far more critical than anything that has been undertaken in the history of humankind."

Anne:
"So if Fifteen is running his own agenda, and it's just as you say it is, why would you defect from such an organization?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The ACIO has a memory implant technology that can effectively eliminate select memories with surgical precision. For example, this technology could eliminate your recall of this interview without disrupting any other memories before or after. You would simply sense some missing time perhaps, but nothing more would be recalled . . . if that.

"My intuition cautioned me that I was a candidate to have this procedure because of the behaviors I was exhibiting in deference to the WingMakers. In other words, I was believed to be a sympathizer of their culture, philosophy, and mission -- what I knew of it. That made me a potential risk to the project. The Labyrinth Group, in a very real sense, feared its own membership because of their enormous intellects and ability to be cunning and clever.

"This imprinted a constant state of paranoia which meant that technology was deployed to help ensure compliance to the agenda of Fifteen. Most of these technologies were invasive, and the members of the Labyrinth Group willingly submitted to the invasion in order to more effectively cope with the paranoia. Several months ago I began to systematically shut down these invasive technologies -- in part to see what

the reaction of Fifteen would be, and partly because I was tired of the paranoia.

"As I was doing this, it became obvious to me that the suspicions were escalating and it was simply a matter of time before they would ask me to subject myself to memory therapy. What I had learned from the WingMakers' time capsule is not something I want to forget. I don't want to give this information up. It has become a central part of what I believe and how I want to live out my life."

Anne:
"Couldn't you have simply defected and not sought out a journalist who will want to get this story out. I mean, couldn't you have simply gone to an island and lived out your life and never disclosed the existence of the Labyrinth Group and the WingMakers?"

Dr. Anderson:
"You don't understand . . . the Labyrinth Group is untouchable. They have no fears about what I divulge to the media, their only concern is the terrible precedence of defection. I'm the first. No one has ever left before. And their fear is that if I defect and get away successfully, others will too. And once that happens, the mission is compromised and BST may never happen.

"Fifteen and his Directors take their mission very seriously. They are fanatics of the first order, which is both good and bad. Good in the sense that they're focused and working hard to develop BST, bad in the sense that fanaticism breeds paranoia. My reasons for seeking out a journalist like you and sharing this knowledge is that I don't want the WingMakers' time capsules to be locked away from humanity. I think its contents should be shared. I think that was their purpose."

Anne:
"This will seem like a strange question, but why would the WingMakers hide their time capsule and then encode its content in such an extraordinarily complex way if they wanted this to be shared with humanity? Look . . . if the average citizen had found this time capsule . . . or even a government laboratory, what's the chance they would have been able to decipher it and access the optical disc?"

Dr. Anderson
"It's not such a strange question actually. We asked it ourselves. It seemed clear to the Labyrinth Group that it had been the chosen organization to unlock the optical disc. To answer your question directly, had the time capsule been discovered by another organization, chances are excellent that its optical disc would never be accessed. Somehow, this coincidence -- that the time capsule ended up in the hands of the Labyrinth Group -- seems to be an orchestrated process. And even Fifteen agreed with that assessment.

Anne:
"So Fifteen felt that the WingMakers had selected the Labyrinth Group to decide the fate of the time capsule's content?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes."

Anne:
"Then wouldn't it be reasonable to assume that Fifteen wanted to learn more about the contents of the time capsule before he released it to the public through the NSA or some other government agency?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No. It's doubtful that Fifteen would ever release any information about the Ancient Arrow project to anyone outside of the ACIO. He's not one to share information that he feels is proprietary to the Labyrinth Group, particularly if it has anything to do with BST."

Anne:
"So now that you've made these statements, isn't it going to effect the ACIO. Isn't someone going to ask questions and start poking around looking for answers?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Perhaps. But I know too much about their security systems, and there's no way that a political inquiry will find them. And there's no way the secret network of organizations I mentioned earlier could exert any influence over them; they're completely indebted to the ACIO for technologies that permit them to manipulate economic markets. They . . . the ACIO and Labyrinth Group are, as I said before, untouchable. Their only concern will be defection . . . the loss of intellectual capital."

Anne:
"What effect will your defection have on the ACIO or the Labyrinth Group?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Very little. Most of my contributions with respect to the time capsule have been completed. There are some other projects having to do with encryption technologies that I developed and these will be more significant in their impact."

Anne:
"Can you elaborate on the WingMakers and who you think they are or represent?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't know who they are, but they represent themselves as human time travelers from the middle part of the 28th century. They could very well be the future version of the Labyrinth Group, or some other powerful organization. They seem to have a very well integrated sub-culture in that their language is clearly a combination of many extinct languages which they could only have knowledge of if they had access to ACIO information systems, or were indeed time travelers . . . or both, I suppose.

"Assuming they're accurately representing themselves, they are very advanced technologically. The Labyrinth Group holds that BST is the most advanced technology conceivable. Anyone who possesses it and can successfully utilize it, is clearly more advanced than our contemporary human culture or any of the extraterrestrials we are currently interfacing with."

Anne:
"But if the WingMakers are so advanced technologically, why time capsules? Why not just appear one day and announce what ever it is they want to share? Why this game of hide and seek and hidden time capsules?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Their motives are not clear. I think they planted these time capsules as their way to bring culture and technology from their time to ours. And they decided to do this by leaving behind these miraculous structures or time capsules that, once discovered, would lead people to a new philosophy or level of understanding. I think they're as interested in our philosophical outlook as our discovery of BST. Perhaps more so.

"As for why don't they just show up and give us the information . . . this, I think, is their genius. They've created seven time capsules and placed them in various parts of the world. I believe this is all part of a master plan or strategy to engage our intellects and spirits in a way that has never been done before. To demonstrate how art -- culture, science, spirituality, how all of these things are connected. I believe they want us to discover this . . . not to be told.

"If they simply arrived here in your living room and announced they were the WingMakers from the 28th

century, I suspect you'd be more amazed about their personalities and physical characteristics and what life is like in their time. That's assuming you even believed them. The aspects of what they wanted to impart -- culture, art, technology, philosophy, spirituality, these items could get lost in the phenomenon of their presence.

"Also, in the text that I had translated, it was apparent that the WingMakers had time traveled on many occasions. They interacted with people from many different times and called themselves Culture Bearers. They were probably mistaken as angels or even Gods. For all we know, their reference in religious texts may indeed be frequent."

Anne:
"So you think they intend that these time capsules be shared with the whole of humanity?"

Dr. Anderson:
"You mean the WingMakers?"

Anne:
"Yes?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't know with absolute certainty. But I think they should be shared. I don't have anything to personally gain from getting this information out to the public. It goes against everything I've been trained for and places me at risk and at the very least, disrupts my lifestyle irreparably.

"To me, the Ancient Arrow time capsule is the single greatest discovery in the history of humankind. Discoveries of this magnitude should be in the public domain. They shouldn't be selfishly secured and retained by the ACIO or any other organization."

Anne:
"Then why are these discoveries and the whole situation with ETs kept from the public?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The people who have access to this information like the sense of being unique and privileged. That's the psychology of secret organizations and why they flourish. Privileged information is the ambrosia of elitists. It gives them a sense of power, and the human ego loves to feed from the trough of power.

"They would never confess to this, but the drama of the ET contact and other mysterious or paranormal phenomenon is extremely compelling and of vital interest to anyone who is of a curious nature. Particularly politicians and scientists. And by keeping these subjects in private rooms behind closed doors with all the secrecy surrounding it, it creates a sense of drama that is missing in most other pursuits.

"So you see, Anne, the drama of secrecy is very addictive. Now of course, the reason that they would tell you for keeping this out of the public domain is for purposes of national security, economic stability, and social order. And to some extent, I suppose there's truth to that. But it's not the real reason."

Anne:
"Does our President know about the ET situation?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes."

Anne:
"What does he know?"

Dr. Anderson:
"He knows about the Greys. He knows about ET bases that exist on planets within our solar system. He knows about the Martians . . . "

Anne:
"Good God, you're not going to tell me that little green men form Mars actually exist are you?"

Dr. Anderson:
"If I were to tell you what I know about the ET situation, I'm afraid I would lose my credibility in your eyes. Believe me, the reality of the ET situation is much more complex and dimensional than I have time tonight to report, and if I gave you a superficial rendering, I think you'd find it impossible to believe. So I'm going to tell you partial truths, and I'm going to be very careful in my choice of words.

"The Martians are a humanoid race fashioned from the same gene pool as we. They live in underground bases within Mars, and their numbers are small. Some have already immigrated to earth, and with some superficial adjustments to their physical appearance, they could pass for a human in broad daylight.

"President Clinton is aware of these matters and has considered alternative ways to communicate with ETs. To date, a form of telepathy has been used as the primary communication interface. However, this is not a trusted form of communication, especially in the minds of our military personnel. Virtually every radio telescope on the globe has been, at one time or another, used to communicate with ETs. This has had mixed results, but there have been successes, and our President is aware of these."

Anne:
"Then is Clinton involved in the secret network you mentioned earlier?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Not knowingly. But he is clearly an important influencer, and is treated with great care by high-level operatives within the network."

Anne:
"So you're saying he's manipulated?"

Dr. Anderson:
"It depends on your definition of "manipulation". He can make any decision he desires, ultimately he has the power to make or influence all decisions relative to national security, economic stability, and social order. But he generally seeks inputs from his advisors. And high level operatives from this secret network advise his advisors. The network, and its operatives, seldom gets too close to political power because it's in the media fish bowl, and they disdain the scrutiny of the media and the public in general.

"Clinton, therefore is not manipulated, but simply advised. The information he receives is sometimes doctored to lead his decisions in the direction that the network feels is most beneficial to all of its members. To the extent that information is doctored, then I think you could say that the President is manipulated. He has precious little time to perform fact checking and fully evaluate alternative plans, which is why the advisors are so important and influential."

Anne:
"Okay, so he's manipulated -- at least by my definition. Is this also happening with other governments like Japan and Great Britain for instance?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes. This network is not just national or even global. It extends to other races and species. So its

influence is quite broad, as are the influences that impinge upon it. It is a two-way street. As I said before, The Labyrinth Group operates the only agenda that is truly independent, and because of its goal, it's permitted to have this independence . . . though in all honesty, there's nothing that anyone could do to prevent it, with the possible exception of the WingMakers."

Anne:
"So all the world's governments are being manipulated by this secret network of organizations . . . who are these organizations . . . you mentioned some of them, but who are the rest? Is the mob involved?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I could name most of them, but to what end? Most you wouldn't recognize or find any reference to. They are like the Labyrinth Group. Had you ever heard of it before? Of course not. Even the current management of the NSA is not aware of the ACIO. At one time, they were. But that was over 35 years ago, and people circulate out of the organization, but still retain their alliance to the secret and privileged information network.

"And no, absolutely there is no mob or organized crime influence in this network. The network uses organized crime as a shield in some instances, but organized crime operates through intimidation, not stealth. Its leaders possess average intelligence and associate with information systems that are obsolete and therefore non-strategic. The organized crime network is a much less sophisticated version of the network I was referring to."

Anne:
Okay, let's get back to the WingMakers for a moment . . . and I apologize for my scattered questions tonight. It's just that there's so much I want to know that I'm finding it very difficult to stay on the subject of the Ancient Arrow project."

Dr. Anderson:
"You don't need to apologize. I understand how this must sound to you. I'm still wide awake, so you don't have to worry about the time."

Anne:
"Okay. Let's talk a little bit about your impressions or insights into the WingMakers' philosophy and culture."

Dr. Anderson:
"First of all, again I want to remind you that only a fraction of their writings have been translated. So whatever insights I may have, are limited by a partial understanding -- at best -- of their culture and philosophy. Also, I want to remind you that the WingMakers may not represent the broader culture and philosophy of their time. Our interpretation was that they represented a subset or subculture of their time.

"With those qualifications, I'll say that the WingMakers have the benefit of about 750 additional years of evolutionary thought. We presume that humans of this era are active members of the Federation of our galaxy . . . "

Anne:
"What's the Federation . . . I haven't heard you talk about it before?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Each galaxy has a Federation or loose-knit organization that includes all sentient life forms on every planet within the galaxy. It would be the equivalent of the United Nations of the galaxy. This Federation has both invited members and observational members. Invited members are those species that have managed to behave in a responsible manner as stewards of their planet and combine both the technology,

philosophy, and culture that enable them to communicate as a global entity that has a unified agenda.

"Observational members are species who are fragmented and are still wrestling with one another over land, power, money, culture, and a host of other things that prevent them from forming a unified world government. The human race on planet earth is such a species, and for now, it is simply observed by the Federation, but is not invited into its policy making and economic systems."

Anne:
"Are you saying that our galaxy has a form of government and a economic system?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, but if I tell you about this you will lose track of what I really wanted to share with you about the WingMakers . . . "

Anne:
"I'm sorry for taking us off track again. But this is just too amazing to ignore. If there's a Federation of cooperative, intelligent species, why couldn't they take care of these hostile aliens in the year 2011 or at least help us?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The Federation doesn't intrude on a species of any kind. It is truly a facilitating force not a governing force with a military presence. That is to say, they will observe and help with suggestions, but they will not intervene on our behalf."

Anne:
"Is this like the Prime Directive as it's portrayed on Star Trek?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No. It's more like a parent who wants its children to learn how to fend for themselves so they can become greater contributors to the family."

Anne:
"But wouldn't a hostile take-over of earth effect the Federation?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Most definitely. But the Federation does not preempt a species' own responsibility for survival and the perpetuation of its genetics. You see, at an atomic level our physical bodies are made quite literally from stars. At a sub-atomic level, our minds are non-physical repositories of a galactic mind. At a sub-sub-atomic level, our souls are non-physical repositories of God or the intelligence that pervades the universe.

"The Federation believes that the human species can defend itself because it is of the stars, galactic mind, and God. If we were unsuccessful, and the hostility spread to other parts of our galaxy, then the Federation would take notice and its members would defend their sovereignty, and this has happened many times. And in this process of defense new technologies arise, new friendships are forged, and new confidence is embedded in the galactic mind.

"That's why the Federation performs as they do."

Anne:
"Doesn't BST exist somewhere within the Federation?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, it probably does in one of the planets closer to our galactic core."

Anne:
"So why doesn't the Federation help . . . you said they could help didn't you?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, they can help. And the Corteum are IMs or invited members and they are helping us. But they themselves do not possess the BST technology . . . this is a very special technology that is permitted to be acquired by a species that intends to use it only as a defensive weapon. And herein is the challenge.

Anne:
"Who does the "permitting" . . . are you saying the Federation decides when a species is ready to acquire BST?"

Dr. Anderson
"No . . . I think it has to do with God."

Anne:
"I don't know why, but I have a hard time believing that you believe in God."

Dr. Anderson:
"Well, I do. And furthermore, so does everyone within the Labyrinth Group -- including Fifteen. We've seen far too many evidences of God or a higher intelligence that we can't dispute its existence. It would be impossible to deny based on what we've observed in our laboratories."

Anne:
"So God decides when we're ready to responsibly use BST. Do you think he'll decide before 2011?" (I admit there was a tone of sarcasm in this question.)

Dr. Anderson:
"You see, Anne, the Labyrinth Group is hopeful that the readiness of the entire species isn't the determining factor, but that a subgroup within the species might be allowed to acquire the technology as long as it was able to protect it from all non-approved forces. This subgroup is hoped to be the Labyrinth Group, and it's one of the reasons why Fifteen has invested so much the ACIO's resource into security systems."

Anne:
"You didn't really answer my question though . . . Do you think it can be developed in 12 years?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't know. Certainly I hope so, but BST is not our only line of defense. The Labyrinth Group has devised many defensive weapons, not all of which I'll describe to you. The alien race foretold in prophecy is not even aware of earth at this time. They originate from a different galaxy altogether. The prophecy is that they will send probes to our galaxy and determine that earth is the best genetic library and natural resource repository in the Milky Way that can be quickly assimilated. They will visit earth in 2011.

"The prophecy says they will befriend our governments and utilize the United Nations as an ally. They will set about orchestrating a unified world government through the United Nations. And when the first elections are held in 2018, they will overtake the United Nations and rule as the world government. This will be done through trickery and deception.

"I mention these prophecies because they're quite specific as to the dates, and so we have the equivalent of 19 years to produce and deploy BST. Ideally, yes, we'd like to have it completed in order to interface with the intervention points for this race when it decided to crossover into our galaxy. We would like to

cause them to choose a different galaxy or abandon their quest altogether. But it may be impossible to determine this intervention point.

"You see, the memory implant technology developed by the Labyrinth Group can be utilized in conjunction with BST. We can define the intervention point when our galaxy was selected as a target to colonize, enter that time and place, and impose a new memory on their leadership to divert them from our galaxy."

Anne:
"Either I'm getting tired, or this just got a lot more confusing . . . You're saying that the Labyrinth Group already has scenarios to nip this thing in the bud . . . to prevent this marauding group of aliens from even entering our galaxy? How do you know where they are?"

Dr. Anderson:
"To answer your question, I would need to explain with much more granularity the precise nature of BST and how it differs from time travel. I'll try to explain it as simply as I can, but it's complex, and you need to let go of some of your preconceived notions of time and space.

"You see . . . time is not exclusively linear as when it's depicted in a timeline. Time is vertical with every moment in existence stacked upon the next and all coinciding with one another. In other words, time is the collective of all moments of all experience simultaneously existing within non-time, which is usually referred to as eternity.

"Vertical time infers that one can select a moment of experience and use time and space as the portal through which they make their selection real. Once the selection is made, time and space become the continuity factor that changes vertical time into horizontal time or conventional time . . . "

Anne:
"You lost me. How is vertical time different from horizontal time?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Vertical time has to do with the simultaneous experience of all time, and horizontal time has to do with the continuity of time in linear, moment-by-moment experiences."

Anne:
"So you're saying that every experience I've ever had or will ever have exists right now? That the past and future are actually the present, but I'm just too brainwashed to see it?"

Dr. Anderson
"As I said before, this is a complex subject, and I'm afraid that if I spend the time explaining it to you now, we will lose track of more important information like BST. Perhaps if I were to explain the nature of BST, most of your questions would be answered in the process."

Anne:
"Okay, then tell me what BST is? Given what the acronym stands for, I assume it means something like . . . wipe out an event and change the course of history. Right?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Let me try to explain it this way. Time travel can be observational in nature. In this regard, the ACIO and other organizations -- even individual citizens -- have the ability to time travel. But this form of time travel is passive. It's not equivalent to BST. In order to precisely alter the future you have to be able to interact with vertical time, paging through it like a book, until you find the precise page or intervention point relevant to your mission.

"This is where it gets so complex because to interact with vertical time means you will alter the course of horizontal time. And understanding the alterations and their scope and implication requires extremely complex modeling. This is why the Labyrinth Group aligned itself with the Corteum -- its computing technology has processing capabilities that are about 3,200 times more powerful than our best supercomputers.

"This enables us to create organic, highly complex scenario models. These models tell us the most probable intervention points once we've gathered the relevant data, and what the most probable outcomes will be if we invoke a specific scenario. Like most complex technologies, BST is a composite technology having five discrete and inter-related technologies.

"The first technology is a specialized form of remote viewing. This is the technology that enables a trained operative to mentally move into vertical time and observe events and even listen to conversations related to an inquiry mode. The operative is invisible to all people within the time they are traveling to, so it's perfectly safe and unobtrusive. The intelligence gained from this technology is used to determine the application of the other four technologies. This is the equivalent of intelligence gathering.

"The second technology that is key to BST is the equivalent of a memory implant. The ACIO refers to this technology as a Memory Restructure Procedure or MRP. MRP is the technology that allows a memory to be precisely eliminated in the horizontal time sequence and a new memory inserted in its place. The new memory is welded to the existing memory structure of the recipient.

"You see, events -- small and large -- occur from a single thought, which becomes a persistent memory, which in turn, becomes a causal energy center that leads the development and materialization of the thought into reality... into horizontal time. MRP can remove the initial thought and thereby eliminate the persistent memory that causes events to occur.

"The third technology consists of defining the intervention point. In every major decision, there are hundreds if not thousands of intervention points in horizontal time as a thought unfolds and moves through its development phase. However, in vertical time, there is only one intervention point or what we sometimes called the causal seed. In other words, if you can access vertical time intelligence you can identify the intervention point that is the causal seed. This technology identifies the most probable intervention points and ranks their priority. It enables focus of the remaining technologies.

"The fourth technology is related to the third. It's the scenario modeling technology. This technology helps to assess the various intervention points as to their least invasive ripple effects to the recipients. In other words, which intervention point -- if applied to a scenario model -- produces the desired outcome with the least disruption to unrelated events? The scenario modeling technology is a key element of BST because without it, BST could cause significant disruption to a society or entire species.

"The fifth and most puzzling technology is the interactive time travel technology. The Labyrinth Group has the first four technologies in a ready state waiting for the interactive time travel technology to become operational. This technology requires an operative, or a team of operatives, to be able to physically move into vertical time and be inserted in the precise space and time where the optimal intervention point has been determined. From there the operatives must perform a successful MRP and return to their original time in order to validate mission success."

Anne:
"I've been listening to this explanation and I think I even understand some of it, but it sounds so surreal to me, Dr. Anderson. I'm . . . I'm at a loss to explain how I'm feeling right now. This is all so strange. It's so big . . . enormous . . . I can't believe this is going on somewhere on the same planet that I live. Before this interview, I was worried about balancing my checkbook and when my damn car would ever be fixed . . .

this is just too strange . . . "

Dr. Anderson:
"Maybe we should take another break and warm up our coffee."

Anne:
Signing off for a coffee break . . .

(Break for about 10 minutes . . . Resume interview)

Anne:
"If the Labyrinth Group has four of the five technologies ready to go, and is only awaiting the interactive . . . the interactive part, they must have scenario models and intervention points already established for how they plan to deal with this alien race. Do they?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes. They have about 40 scenario models and perhaps as many as 5-8 intervention points defined."

Anne:
"And if there're that many, there must be a priority established. What's the most probable scenario model?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I will be brief on this point because it's such classified information that only the 14x personnel and Fifteen know this. My classification is 12x and so I get diluted reports and quite possibly misinformation with regard to our scenario modeling. About all I can tell you is that we know -- from both the prophecies and our remote viewing technology -- a significant amount of information about this race.

"For example, we know that it hails from a galaxy that our Hubble telescope has examined as thoroughly as possible and we've charted it as extensively as possible. We know that it is 2.6 million light years away and that the species is a synthetic race -- a mixture of genetic creation and technology. It possesses a hive mentality, but individual initiative is still appreciated as long as it is aligned with the explicit objectives of its leaders.

"Because it is a synthetic race, it can be produced in a controlled environment and its population can be increased or decreased depending on the whims of its leaders. It is . . . "

Anne:
"Didn't you just say it's from a galaxy that's 2.6 million light years away? I mean, assuming they were able to travel at the speed of light, it would take them 2.6 million years to come to our planet. And you said earlier that they didn't even know about earth yet . . . right?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The Corteum come from a planet that is 15,000 light years away, and yet they can come and go between their planet and our planet in the time it takes us to travel to the moon -- a mere 250,000 miles away. Time is not linear, nor is space. Space is curved, as your physicists have recently learned, but it can be artificially curved through displacement energy fields that collapse space and the illusion of distance. Light particles do not displace or collapse space, they ride a linear line through space, but there are forms of electromagnetic energy that can modify or collapse space. And this technology makes space travel -- even between galaxies -- not only possible, but also relatively easy.

Anne:
"Why did you say, 'your physicists' just then?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I apologize . . . it's just a part of the conditioning of being isolated from mainstream society. When you operate for 30 years in a secret organization like the Labyrinth Group, you tend to look at your fellow humans . . . as not your fellow humans, but as something else. The principles of science that the Labyrinth Group has embraced are very different from those taught within your . . . there I go again . . . within our universities. I must be getting tired."

Anne:
"I didn't mean to criticize you. It's just the way you said it, it sounded as though an alien or an outsider said it."

Dr. Anderson:
"I qualify as an outsider, but certainly not an alien."

Anne:
"Okay, back to this prophecy or alien race. What do they want? I mean . . . why travel such a far distance to rule earth?"

Dr. Anderson:
"This seems such a funny question to me. Excuse me for laughing. It's just that humans do not understand how special earth is. It is truly, as planets are concerned, a special planet. It has such a tremendous bio-diversity and a complex range of ecosystems. Its natural resources are unique and plentiful. It's a genetic library that's the equivalent of a galactic zoo.

"The aliens that are coming desire to own this planet and add it to its colonization plans. As I've already mentioned, this is a synthetic race. A species that can clone itself and fabricate more and more of its population to serve the purpose of its colonization program. However, it desires more diversity, and earth will represent an opportunity for it to diversify."

Anne:
"So where are they right now?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I assume they remain in their homeworld . . . to the best of our knowledge they haven't crossed into our galaxy yet."

Anne:
"And when they arrive, how will the ACIO or Labyrinth Group know?"

Dr. Anderson:
"As I said, the ACIO has already done a significant amount of intelligence gathering and even selected scenarios and intervention points."

Anne:
"So what's the plan?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The most logical approach would be to travel to the time and place when the casual thought was born to explore the Milky Way, and through MRP, expunge it from the memory of the race. Essentially, convince them that of all the wonderful, life-inhabited galaxies, the Milky Way is a poor choice. The Labyrinth Group would implant a memory that would lead this race to conclude that our galaxy was not worthy of their serious exploration."

Anne:
"So some other galaxy becomes their next target? Wouldn't we bear the responsibility of their next conquest? Aren't we then perpetrators ourselves?"

Dr. Anderson:
"This is a fair question, but I'm afraid I don't know the answer."

Anne:
"Why couldn't we -- using this MRP technology -- simply implant a memory not to be aggressive. To tell this race to stop trying to colonize new worlds that aren't theirs to own like property. Why couldn't we do this?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Perhaps we will. I don't really know what Fifteen has in mind. I am, though, confident in his approach and its efficacy."

Anne:
"But you said earlier that you feared for your life . . . that Fifteen is probably trying to hunt you down even as we speak. Why are so you confident in his sense of morality?"

Dr. Anderson:
"In the case of Fifteen, morality doesn't really play a role. He operates in his own code of ethics, and I don't pretend to understand them all. But I'm quite certain of his mission to avert take-over by this alien race, and I'm equally confident that he will choose the best intervention point with the least influence to the overall species of this alien race. It is the only way he can acquire BST. And he knows this."

Anne:
"We're back to God again, aren't we?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes."

Anne:
"So God and Fifteen have this all figured out?"

Dr. Anderson:
"There's no certainty if that's what you mean. And there's no alliance between Fifteen and God, at least not that I'm aware of. This is part of the belief system that the Labyrinth Group formalized along the path to developing BST. It's logical to us that God is all-powerful and all knowing because it operates as the universal mind field that interpenetrates all life, all time, all space, all energy . . . and all existence. This consciousness is impartial, but certainly it's in a position to deny things or, perhaps more accurately, delay their acquisition."

Anne:
"If God exists everywhere as you say, then why wouldn't he stop this marauding alien race and keep them in their place?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Again, a fair question, but one that I can't answer. I can only tell you that the God I believe in is, as I said before, impartial. Meaning that it allows its creation to express themselves as they desire. At the highest level where God operates, all things have a purpose . . . even aggressive species that desire to dominate other species and planets. It was Fifteen's belief that God orchestrated nothing but understood everything

in the universal mind.

"Remember when I was talking about the galactic mind?"

Anne:
"Yes."

Dr. Anderson:
"There are planetary minds, solar minds, galactic minds, and a singular universal mind. The universal mind is the mind of God. Each galaxy has a collective consciousness or mind field that is the aggregation of all of the species present within that galaxy. The universal mind creates the initial blueprint for each of the galaxies related to its galactic mind or composite consciousness. This initial blueprint creates the pre-disposition of the genetic code seeded within a galaxy. We, the Labyrinth Group, believed that God designed each galaxy's genetic code with a different set of pre-dispositions or behaviors."

Anne:
"And why would this be so?"

Dr. Anderson:
"So diversity is amplified across the universe, which in turn permits God to experience the broadest continuum of life."

Anne:
"Why is this so important?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Because God loves to experiment and devise new ways of experiencing life in all of its dimensions. This may very well be the purpose of the universe."

Anne:
"You know you're talking like a preacher? You speak like these are certainties or truths that are just self-evident . . . but they're just beliefs aren't they?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, they're beliefs, but beliefs are important don't you think?"

Anne:
"I'm not sure . . . I mean my beliefs are changing every day. They're not stable or anchored in some deep truth that's constant like bedrock or something."

Dr. Anderson:
"Well, that's good . . . I mean that they change. The Labyrinth Group evolved a very specific set of beliefs -- some of these were based on our experiences as a result of the Corteum intelligence enhancement technologies, some were based from ancient texts that were studied, and some were borrowed from our ET contacts."

Anne:
"So now you're going to tell me our friendly neighborhood ETs are religious zealots?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No . . . no, I don't mean that they were trying to convert us to their beliefs, we simply asked and they related them to us. Upon hearing them, they seemed quite a bit more like science than religion actually. I think that's the nature of a more evolved species . . . they finally figure out that science and religion

converges into cosmology. That understanding the universe in which we live, also causes us to understand ourselves -- which is the purpose of religion and science . . . or at least should be."

Anne:
"Okay, this is getting a little too philosophical for my tastes. Can we return to a question about the WingMakers? If, as you say, there's a galactic federation that governs the Milky Way, how do the WingMakers factor into this federation?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I'm impressed by the nature of your questions. And I wish I could answer them all, but here again, I don't know the answer. I would assume the federation and the WingMakers operate in unison and have a mutually beneficial relationship, but I'm not . . . "

Anne:
"But if you can use your remote viewing technology to eavesdrop on this alien race in an entirely different galaxy, why can't you observe the WingMakers and the federation?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Actually, we've tried our remote viewing technology on the WingMakers. It was one of the first things we tried. But we got nothing. In fact, it was the first time when our technology was completely ineffective. We assumed that the WingMakers had developed some form of security that prevented remote viewing. But we weren't sure.
"As for the federation, they're fully aware of our remote viewing capability, and in fact, we can't eavesdrop on the federation because they're able to detect our presence if we observe them through remote viewing. So, in deference to their privacy and trusting their agenda, we never imposed our technology on the federation . . . perhaps only once or twice."

Anne:
"You'll have to forgive me Dr. Anderson, but I find all of this a little hard to believe. We've skimmed the surface of about a hundred different subjects through the course of this interview, and I keep coming back to the same basic issue: Why? Why would the universe be set up this way and no one on earth know about it? Why all the secrecy? Does someone think we humans are so stupid that we couldn't understand it? And who the hell is this somebody?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Unfortunately, there are so many conspiracies to keep this vital information out of the public domain, that what ends up in the hands of the public is diluted to the point of uselessness. I can understand your frustration. I can only tell you that there are people who know about these things, but only Fifteen knows about the larger reality of what we've touched on tonight.

"In other words, and this is to your point, Anne, there are some people within the military, government, secret network, NSA, CIA, etc. that know parts of the whole, but they don't understand the whole. They aren't equipped with the knowledge to stand before the media and explain what's happening. They fear that they would be made to appear feeble by the fact that they only know pieces of what's going on. It's like the story of the three blind men who are all touching different parts of an elephant and each thinks it is something different.

"Fifteen withholds his knowledge from the media and the general public because he doesn't want to be seen as a savior of humanity -- the next messiah. And he especially doesn't want to be seen as some fringe lunatic who should be locked up, or worse yet, assassinated because he is so misunderstood. The instant he stepped forward with what he knows, he would lose his privacy and his ability to discover BST. And this he'll never do.

"Most people who know about this greater reality are fearful of stepping into the public scrutiny because of the fear of being ridiculed. You have to admit, that the general public is frightened by what it doesn't understand, and they do kill the messenger."

Anne:
"But why can't we get even partial truths about this picture of reality . . . about ETs and the federation? Someone, the media or government or someone else is keeping this information from us. Like the story you were telling me about the Martians. If this is true and Clinton knows about this, why aren't we being told?"

Dr. Anderson:
"There's a cynical part of me that would say something like . . . why do you watch six hours of television every day? Why do you feed your minds exclusively with the opinions of others? Why do you trust your politicians? Why do you trust your governments? Why do you support the destruction of your ecosystems and the companies and governments that perpetrate this destruction?

"You see, because the whole of humanity allows these things to occur, the wool is pulled over your eyes and it's easy to ration information and direct your attention to mundane affairs like the weather and Hollywood."

Anne:
"That's fine for you to say -- someone who's IQ can't be charted. But for those of us with average intelligence, what are we supposed to do differently that would give us access to this information . . . to this larger reality?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't know. I honestly don't know. I don't pretend to have the answers. But somehow humans need to be more demanding of their governments and even the media. Because the media is a big part of this manipulation, though they're not aware of how they've become pawns of the information cover-up.

"The truth of the matter is that no one entity is to blame. Elitists have always existed since the dawn of man. There have always been those who had more aggression and power and would dominate the weaker of the species. This is the fundamental structure that has bred this condition of information cover-up, and it happens in every sector of society, including religion, government, military, science, academia, and business.

"No one created this playing field to be level and equal for all. It was designed to enable free will and reality selection based on individual preferences. And for those who have the mental capacity to probe into these secrets behind the secrets behind the secrets, they usually find pieces of this larger reality -- as you put it. It's not entirely hidden . . . there are books and individuals and even prophesies that corroborate much of what I've spoken of here tonight. And these are readily available to anyone who wants to understand this larger universe in which we live.

"So, to answer your question: ' . . . what are we supposed to do differently?' I would read and study. I would invest time learning about this larger universe and turn off the television and disconnect from the media. That's what I would do . . . "

Anne:
"Maybe this is a good place to wrap things up. Unless you have anything else you'd like to add."

Dr. Anderson:
"Only one thing, and that is that if anyone ever reads this interview, please do so with an empty mind. If you bring a mind full of learning and education and opinion, you'll find so much to argue with in what

I've said that you'll not hear anything. And I'm not interested in arguing with anyone. I'm not even that interested in convincing anyone of what I've said. My life will go on even if no one believes me.

"The WingMakers have built a time capsule of their culture and it's magnificent. I wish I could take people to the original site so they could stand before each of the 23 chambers and witness these wall paintings in person. If you were to do this, you would understand that art can be a portal that transports the soul to a different dimension. There is a certain energy that these paintings have that can't be translated in mere photographs. You really need to stand inside these chambers and feel the purposeful nature of this time capsule.

"I think if I could do that, you would believe everything I've said."

Anne:
"Could you take someone like me to the site?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No. Unfortunately, the security system surrounding this site is so sophisticated, the site, for all intents and purposes, is invisible. All I have are my photographs . . . ."

Anne:
"You're saying that if I walked right up to the site, I wouldn't be able to see it?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Cloaking technology is not just a science fiction concept. It's been developed for more than 10 years. It's used much more frequently than people realize. And I'm not talking about its diluted version of stealth technology; I'm talking about the ability to superimpose a reality construction over an existing reality that is desired to be hidden.

"For instance, you could walk right up to the entrance of the Ancient Arrow site and see nothing that would look like an entrance or opening. To the observer it would be a flat wall of rock. And it would have all the characteristics of rock -- texture, hardness and so forth, but it's actually a reality construction that is superimposed on the mind of the observer. In reality the entrance is there, but it can't be observed because the mind has been duped into the projected reality construction."

Anne:
"Great, so there's no way to enter this site and experience this time capsule . . . so once again, us little humans are prevented from the experience of proof. You see, the reason why this is so hard to believe is that nothing is ever proven!"

Dr. Anderson:
"But isn't proof in the eye of the beholder? In other words, what is proof for you may not convince another or vice a versa. Isn't this the way of all religions and even science? Scientists claim to have proof of this theory or that theory, and then some years later, another scientist comes along and disproves the previously held theory. And on and on this goes."

Anne:
"So what's your point?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Proof is not absolute. It's not even objective. And what you're looking for is an experience that is permanent and perfect in its expression of truth. And such an experience, if it indeed exists, is not owned or possessed by any secret network or elitist organization or galactic federation for that matter.

"You could have this experience of absolute proof tomorrow, and the very next day, doubt would begin to creep in and in a matter of weeks or months this proof or absolute truth that you aspire to possess . . . it would be just a memory. And probably not even a powerful memory because so much doubt would be infused into it.

"No, I can't give you or anyone absolute proof. I can only tell you what I know to be true for me and try to share it as accurately as I know how with anyone who's interested. I'm less interested in trying to relate the cosmology of the universe than I am in getting the story of the WingMakers and their time capsule into the public attention. The public should know about this story. It's a discovery of unparalleled importance and it should be shared."

Anne:
"You do realize don't you, that you've made me the messenger? You've asked me to be the one who takes the public scrutiny and suspicions, and has to endure all of the ridicule . . . "

Dr. Anderson:
"I'm not asking you to do anything against your will, Anne. If you never do anything with the materials I've given you, I'd understand. All I'd ask is that you return them to me if you're not going to get them out. If I step forward as the messenger, I would lose my freedom. If you step forward, this story could catapult your career and you're only doing your job. You're not the messenger, you're the transmitter . . . the media.

"But you must do what you think best. And I'd understand your decision whatever you decide."

Anne:
"Okay, let's wrap it up there. I don't want you to get the wrong impression that I'm a total disbeliever. But I'm a journalist and it's my responsibility to validate and cross check stories before I publish them. And with you, I can't do this. And what you're telling me, if it's true, is the biggest story ever to be told. But I can't take this to the media -- at least not the company I work for, because they would never publish it. No validation . . . no story.

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, I understand. But I've shown you some of the ACIO technologies and photos of the site and its contents, so these must be some form of validation."

Anne:
"For me it is, but it doesn't validate all the many claims you've made tonight. For all I know, this Holographic Fractal Object technology you showed me is not so unusual or extraordinary. I'm not a good judge of these things. And even if it were, it certainly doesn't validate the existence of a galactic federation or the WingMakers for that matter."

Dr. Anderson:
"Well . . . perhaps you're right . . . we should end this interview. I promised you several interviews before I left. Are we still on for tomorrow night?"

Anne:
"Yes."

Dr. Anderson:
"Thanks for your interest in my story, Anne... I know it sounds fanciful and outlandish, but at least you've shown restraint in writing me off as a lunatic. And for that, you have my thanks.

"Goodnight, Anne."

Anne:
"Goodnight."

End of Session

Interview 2

In this section, you will find two of the five interviews conducted between Anne and Dr. Anderson back in December 1997, when Anne was first contacted about the discovery of the WingMakers' time capsule. These are the exact transcripts from her tape-recorded interviews and are probably the best way to understand the nature of the discovery and its implications. There are three additional interview transcripts that will be added to the site as soon as Anne is able. At the present (July 1998), Dr. Anderson has not been heard from for nearly 5 months, but it is hoped that additional interviews will be able to be conducted in the near future.

Second Interview of Dr. Anderson
By Anne

What follows is a session I recorded of Dr. Anderson on December 28, 1997. He gave permission for me to record his answers to my questions. This is the transcript of that session. This was one of five times I was able to tape-record our conversations. I have preserved these transcripts precisely as they occurred. No editing was performed, and I've tried my best to include the exact words, phrasing, and grammar used by Dr. Anderson.
(It's recommended that you read the December 27, 1997 interview before reading this one.)

Anne:
"Before we begin tonight's session, I wanted to tell you that I've listened to last night's tape and have used it to formulate some new questions. I noticed that I was all over the place with regard to my questions, and tonight I'm going to try and stay more focused. So I'm just warning you that if I get off track again, remind me to stay on course. Okay?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I'll certainly do my best... although I'm not sure what your course is."

Anne:
"Well, I guess I'd like to stay more centered on the WingMakers and their time capsule."

Dr. Anderson:
"That's fine with me."

Anne:
"Okay, last night you mentioned that the WingMakers had appointed you to be their liaison. You also said that they wanted you to be their liaison because Fifteen was a pawn of the Corteum. Can you elaborate on that?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I was apparently selected to be their spokesperson in this time, and not only help translate their text, paintings, and symbol pictures, but also help in bringing these things to the public's attention. In other words, I don't think the WingMakers desired the contents of their time capsules to be held in a secret repository deep within the bowels of the Labyrinth Group.

"As for Fifteen, I think the WingMakers felt he was too involved with the Corteum to objectively assess the WingMakers' time capsule and determine how to bring it to the public's attention. Bear in mind, Fifteen has a single-minded ambition to successfully deploy BST (an acronym that stands for Blank Slate Technology). To the extent the WingMakers' time capsule accelerated or facilitated this development, Fifteen would be extremely interested in the WingMakers. To the extent they did not, it would likely be his objective to seal the project and move it to the back burner of the Labyrinth Group's research agenda.

"Culture and philosophy were important to Fifteen, but only to the extent of personal enhancement . . . they didn't have a place in the Labyrinth Group's research agenda unless it somehow had direct bearing on developing interactive time travel."

Anne:
"But didn't you say that in the process of decoding and translating their language that your intelligence was effected in a way that would make it more adaptive to the stresses of time travel?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't think it was a question of intelligence. I think it was more of a multidimensional awareness or ability to sense the higher circuits of consciousness, which I suppose, is a form of intelligence. It seemed to me that the WingMakers were particularly concerned with developing a holistic sensory perception, and that the reason they encoded their language was to develop these higher senses. Again, I asserted that the ability to interactively time travel requires a 7 sensory, multidimensional perspective. It can't be done in the 3-dimensional 5 sensory context of normal human awareness."

Anne:
"But still . . . if you had these enhancements to your consciousness or intelligence and you thought they were integral to the deployment of BST, why wouldn't Fifteen listen to you?"

Dr. Anderson:
"He did listen . . . it's just that he didn't agree with my theory. The moment I mentioned that I had an interaction with the WingMakers, he seemed to discount my assertions."

Anne:
"What was it about your interactions that seemed to persuade him that you were misguided or not trustworthy?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I was the first one to read their language and understand it. Once we unlocked the optical disc, we printed out over 8,100 pages of symbol pictures like the ones contained in their art work, except much more varied, and, in some instances, much more complex. There were 23 chapters of text or symbol pictures -- each consisting of about 350 pages. I decoded the first segment or chapter of this text using a version of the Sumerian translation index I had set-up for the access code to the optical disc.

"However, as I began to decode and translate the text I began to gain an understanding into the WingMakers' culture. They had philosophical discourses that were fascinating to read . . . "

Anne:
"I read the ones you left for me, I didn't understand most of what they said. They seemed too abstract. They did have an effect on me though . . . they managed to put me to sleep every time I tried to read them."

Dr. Anderson:
"I know they're a little intense, but you have to admit, they're very interesting if for no other reason than they're representative of how humans -- or at least some humans -- will believe 750 years from now. They're literally the only records we have of our future belief systems.

"But what I was going to say before, is that they not only had philosophy, they also had poetry and musical notations. So I began to theorize that each chamber had a set of objects: a painting, poem, philosophical discourse, musical composition, and a technological artifact that held a specific message or theme. And the time capsule was designed to be understood by linking these themes together just as I had

linked the 23 master symbols from the paintings to access the optical disc."

Anne:
"And what do you think was the message they were trying to convey?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't know. We only finished decoding 2 entire chambers when I had left. And since leaving, I've managed to decode most of the third chamber as well. However, the technological artifact that was found in each of the chambers remains a mystery. In most instances, they can't even be probed by our technology to determine where or how to activate them.

Anne:
"But you have a copy of the 8100 pages of text?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes."

Anne:
"And can I see it?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, but it's not something I carry around with me."

Anne:
"I still don't understand why all the complicated encoding and decoding and Sumerian translation indexes. For God's sake, these are humans aren't they? Why don't they simply speak English or at least some variant of it? I mean 750 years ago people pretty much spoke the same languages that we do today. Why would they change so dramatically in another 750 years?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I can only speculate that if the purpose of the time capsule were to somehow activate higher circuits of learning or intelligence, then perhaps the time capsule would be purposely encoded in order to force a decoding. And in this process of decoding, the activation is triggered. If they did it in simple English or some other language of the day, we'd miss the activation of our higher senses. That's my hypothesis."

Anne:
"You said last night that only about 7% of the text is translated thus far, and that's after months of working on it after discovering the translation indexes. If you have such powerful computing technology, why can't the Labyrinth Group decode and translate the entire volume of text in a matter of a keystroke?"

Dr. Anderson:
"It's more complicated than that. The WingMakers' language is based on 98 different symbol pictures instead of the 26 found in our own alphabet. The computer-based translation indexes were applied to the entire text, but we found so many inconsistencies in the semantics that it became literally impossible to rely on the computer versions. Their language is much more precise than our own and therefore more sensitive to semantic accuracy.

"Because of the semantic differentials it was necessary to cross-check the translation manually. Which meant that about every 5th word needed to be tested or verified for its meaning in the context of the sentence and paragraph structure it was placed into. And the only way this could be done effectively is with myself and another colleague who was helping in the manual translation."

Anne:

"Still it seems to have taken you an awful long time to complete just 7% of their text . . . "

Dr. Anderson:
"But for every page of text, we invested the equivalent of about 20 hours of painstaking cross-checking to ensure the accuracy of the translation. The translation is the key to the usefulness of the time capsule, and it doesn't make any sense to rush the translation and draw wrong conclusions because of semantic or translation errors.

"In our translation indexes there are many dimensions where errors can be made and at each level, if they're not caught, they compound or amplify the translation errors at the next level. For example, there are indexes written for each letter or symbol picture, there is one for each combination of letters -- which for an alphabet of 98 characters -- you can imagine the variety of combinations. There are also indexes for sentence structure and one for semantic context. On top of these variables, there must be considerations given to the linearity of the language or its sequence.

"Furthermore, as I stated earlier, the text consisted of more than mere prose There was also musical notations and poetry. So we required, for each of the 23 segments of text, a translation that was capable of discerning all the nuance of the prose and also the poetry and music."

Anne"
"Good, I'm glad you brought up the music because I don't understand that element of the time capsule."

Dr. Anderson:
"How do you mean that?"

Anne:
"Was the music already on the optical disc and you simply captured it from the disc, or was it basically produced by the Labyrinth Group based on the musical notations?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Actually, it was a bit of a combination of the two. Their musical notations were very precise and they left digital samples of each of their instruments -- even vocals. So we simply translated their digital samples to a MIDI standard and produced our own version of their music. Of all the things that we've translated, the music was the easiest to produce, but also the one that we're not sure as to its accuracy."

Anne:
"So were you involved in the music translations as well?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes. I helped in the initial discovery of their musical notation and helped with the translation indexes. I wasn't involved in its production phase, though I was very curious as to what it would sound like."

Anne:
"Can I hear any of these compositions?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, of course. When I left, the ACIO had successfully translated 10 of the 23 music compositions. I have these. And they've been converted to both CD and cassette standards. I also have complete files of the remaining 13 compositions in their raw, de-constructed form."

Anne:
"How were they produced exactly?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Do you mean that technically or artistically?"

Anne:
"I guess both."

Dr. Anderson:
"On the technical end we needed to step their samples down to a resolution of 384-bit in order to use them in our computer systems. When we first heard the samples of instrumentation, we were somewhat relieved to hear familiar sounds. There were some that were different, but for the most part, the digital samples that were encoded on the optical disc were the same as contemporary musical instruments heard around the world.

"Once we had captured their samples and organized them into octaves, we took their compositional notations and essentially let the computer select the digital instrumentation based on their samples. Eventually this all had to be stepped down to a 24-bit commercial CD mastering system, which was them pressed on a CD and recorded onto a cassette tape.

"As for the artistic production, there really wasn't much that we did. The computers did all the interpretative work and essentially performed the production for that matter. We had some of our staff perform overdubs on various versions to experiment with the compositions. The music was very popular, particularly when you listened to it at a sampling resolution of 384-bit."

Anne:
"Didn't anyone wonder why the time capsule included a musical construction kit instead of just having a recording of the music . . . I mean why have us bring an artistic interpretation to their music?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Everything was wondered about in the Ancient Arrow project. Everything.

"We didn't know why they did it the way they did it, but again our hypothesis was that the WingMakers didn't have a way to bring their music into our world because we lacked the technology to listen to it. So they disassembled their music into -- as you put it -- a construction kit, which enabled us to reconstruct the music so it could be listened to on our technology. It's the most logical reason.

"There were several of us who were able to experience chambers one and two as a completely integrated form of expression and it was a very powerful experience . . . to say the least. When you hear the music in 384-bit resolution with the original paintings, standing inside the actual chamber in which they were placed, it is a very moving and spiritual experience. Unlike any I've ever had."

Anne:
"In what way?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Just that the sense of being pulled out of your body and into the portal of the painting is irresistible. There is a very strong sense of movement into and beyond these paintings, and the music and paintings are only two of the art forms, the third, the poetry is also part of the experience."

Anne:
"So tell me about the poetry."

Dr. Anderson:
"The poems are expressive of a wide range of subjects. To most of us at the ACIO, they could have been

written by any contemporary poet. There was really nothing that caused them to stand out as representing a culture 750 years in our future. Many of the same themes about spirituality, love, relationships, and death were evident in their poems as well. Most of the poetry has been translated because there isn't much text involved . . . at least compared to their philosophical and scientific papers. There're actually two poems for each chamber painting, so there's a total of 46 poems.

Anne:
"That's interesting. Everything else -- the paintings, music, artifacts, philosophy -- is placed one-per-chamber. Why do you suppose they've placed two poems in each chamber instead of one?"

Dr. Anderson:
"In my opinion it was to provide a broader perspective into the particular theme represented by a specific chamber. The poetry appears to be designed in such a way to provide both a personal and universal perspective in each of the chambers . . . but again, it's just a working hypothesis at this time."

Anne:
"I assume from the examples you left me, that the poetry is also a bit less abstract when compared to their philosophy and paintings. Have you considered how the poetry is related to the paintings?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes. And I believe the poetry and the paintings have the strongest connection of all the objects in each of the chambers. I think the paintings illustrate -- in some subtle way -- the themes represented in the poetry. In some instances, when the painting represents an assemblage of abstract objects, the poetry is also more abstract. When the painting is more illustrative, the poetry seems more like prose."

Anne:
Are you saying then that the poetry carries the central meaning of each chamber?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I'm not sure, but it does seem that the poetry is somehow implied symbolically in the chamber painting that it's associated with. The problem is that the poetry is so highly interpretive that it's impossible to know precisely what its theme is intended to be. Also, and I should have mentioned this before, but the grammar and syntax of their language is very different from ours in that they have no end to their language punctuated with periods.

"In other words, if we made a literal translation, there would be no sentence structure . . . more like a logic syntactical approach . . . which simply means an abstracted language flow which would be, for most people, very difficult to understand. When I was doing the translations of the poetry, I placed it in a sentence structure that fragmented its meaning so that it could be better understood. Perhaps in the process I unintentionally changed the meaning, but it was either that or the poetry would be too abstracted to understand."

Anne:
"Is there a connection between the poetry and the philosophy of each chamber?"

Dr. Anderson:
"My colleague and I felt that all of the objects within a specific chamber were connected . . . probably in ways we couldn't fathom. We were constantly worried that our translation indexes were somehow inaccurate, and that this was limiting our ability to see the linkages between the various objects. And of course the most puzzling connection was the technology artifacts because we had no way to probe or reach any conclusions about their purpose or function."

Anne:

"Let's talk a little bit about the artifacts found in each chamber. The only one that I've really heard about was the one found in the 23rd chamber, the optical disc. I know you've shown me some photos of the others, but could you describe them better with respect to how you analyzed them and what, if any, ideas you have as to their connection to the overall time capsule?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The optical disc is the only artifact of the 23 we found, that the AICO had successfully accessed, at least that I'm aware of. The other artifacts were all taken to the Labyrinth Group's research laboratory in Virginia immediately after they were discovered. These were never acknowledged to anyone below a 12x clearance. There were rumors within the broader ACIO that there were technologies within the time capsule, but these never gained any serious consideration, and certainly not by the NSA.

"The technology artifacts were of the greatest curiosity to Fifteen because they represented the possible solutions to BST. And, as I mentioned earlier, Fifteen and most of the Labyrinths Group for that matter, felt that the WingMakers may represent the future of the Labyrinth Group trying to pass its interactive time travel technology to us working in the present. Hence, Fifteen logically considered these particular artifacts could represent a piece of the puzzle that had alluded him thus far."

Anne:
"But what I've seen don't look very advanced or based in high technology. They could pass for simple crystals or rocks . . . or something organic. Why was the Labyrinth Group so convinced they held the keys to time travel?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The crystalline structures that were found, in most cases, did look quite ordinary in the sense that when they were examined by the eye, they appeared to be crystals, but when you looked at them through various molecular and atomic analyses, it was obvious that they were manmade objects. In other words, they were synthetic crystalline structures, and we held the hypothesis that they were encoded with information much like the optical disc or the paintings. We also held the hypothesis that they were potentially connected to the optical disc since it was the last of the artifacts and seemed the equivalent of a keystone or master key."

Anne:
"Did any of the text translated from the optical disc refer to the other artifacts?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No, to our chagrin, there were no references . . . at least so far."

Anne:
"You never really answered my question about whether you felt there was a connection between the technology artifacts and the specific cultural artifacts related to each chamber."

Dr. Anderson:
"Sorry, I guess it's my turn to get side-tracked tonight. Anyway, yes, there were connections . . . we were certain of this, but at the same time, because we couldn't get inside the artifacts and probe them, we couldn't prove our theory. Consequently, we placed all of our time and energy on the optical disc because is seemed to be the most important of the artifacts as well as the one we had the best chance of accessing through our technology."

Anne:
"Yet, when you say that, didn't you also tell me earlier that it took over a year to figure out how to access the optical disc?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, that's true. But you must bear in mind that the technology artifacts were extremely alien to our technologies. Other than the optical disc, the other technologies were a combination of synthetic materials based on organic structures, and in some instances actually possessed human DNA within their structures. These were . . . "

Anne:
"You're saying that the technologies were in part human?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes... in a way. But what I was going to say, is that these artifacts seemed to have molecular-based computer systems that activated by a specific human touch. And we weren't certain whether it was literally a specific human, or a specific type of human, or perhaps any human in a specific state of emotion or mind. We had 115 possible experiments developed for testing and all failed. So eventually, we gave up on accessing the organically based artifacts and concentrated our energies and technologies on accessing the optical disc."

Anne:
"But this is real odd . . . why would human DNA be inside a technology . . . and this talk about synthetic crystals . . . it leaves me cold."

Dr. Anderson:
"We had some similar misgivings until we were able to translate some of the text within the optical disc. The philosophical papers from chambers one and two convinced us that the WingMakers could indeed be authentic and we had no other reason to disbelieve their story. That's not to say that we suspended all of our disbelief or caution, but the philosophy was a breakthrough to our understanding of their perceived mission with contemporary humankind."

Anne:
"I don't know . . . I read the first two philosophy papers you left for me, and I could believe that they're from an alien race. I could also believe that they're from a deceptive race that uses philosophy and all this cultural stuff to lull us into believing they're benevolent when in fact they're not at all. I mean isn't that part of the prophecy you spoke about last night?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Well, I see you remain the ever-skeptical journalist. I'm actually glad to see that reaction.

"Anne, all I can tell you is that when you take into account all of the cultural artifacts found within the Ancient Arrow site, and you immerse yourself in their content and philosophy, it's hard to believe they originate from evil intent."

Anne:
"Unless that's exactly what they wanted you to believe."

Dr. Anderson:
"Perhaps. It's hard to debate such a thing. I think at some point it's an individual decision. The Labyrinth Group -- and I'm including the Corteum when I say that -- was in agreement that it was an authentic disclosure and felt confident that we were not dealing with deception. But we never close the door to that possibility. Our security and operations directors put contingency plans in place in the event evidence was accumulated that increased the probability of fraud or deception."

Anne:
"One of things that seemed odd to me, having looked at the photographs of the chamber paintings, was

how similar they all were. They were clearly done by the same artist . . . or I suppose a group of artists. But when I think of a time capsule, I would think you would include a variety of art from a diverse assortment of artists that represent a variety of perspectives and so forth. And that isn't the case here. Why do you suppose?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't think their motive was to inform us about their artists or the diversity of their artistic culture. I think they intend that the art function initially as a form of communication, and subsequently as a form of time travel or moving out of the body consciousness. The continuity of the 23 paintings seen as a whole seem to be inviting the consciousness of the observer to quite literally step into the world of the WingMakers. As though they were portals, and I've experienced this myself.

"The paintings are incredibly brilliant in their colors. You really can't imagine how much impact they have when you see them in person, particularly after their cleaning and restoration was completed. But even when they were first discovered without any touch-up, it was eerie how luminous they were and vibrant in their colors after 1,150 years. There were many times when those of us who were involved in restoration and cataloging of the artifacts, would sit in the chambers and stare at these paintings. On several occasions I did this for hours just letting my eyes wander through the painting, and imagining the mind of the artist and what they were trying to communicate. It was a very, very powerful experience . . . unlike anything I had every experienced before."

Anne:
"I think they'd scare me a little bit."

Dr. Anderson:
I'm only laughing because I had such an experience. One night after a long day of working in the artifact chambers, I was left as the last one inside the site. I had been so absorbed in what I was doing I scarcely remembered being told to activate the security system on my way out. About a half-hour went by, and I finally realized I was alone inside the time capsule . . . the silence was incredible. Any rate, I was walking down the corridor that connected all of the 23 chambers, and passed each chamber and I began to feel a presence that was overwhelming. Every time I would come upon one of the chambers I expected something from the painting to jump out at me. They literally seemed alive.

"Our lighting was a very high quality portable halogen system and every chamber was outfitted precisely the same. When I got to the bottom of the corridor -- what we called the spiral staircase -- and looked into chamber two, I clearly saw motion and nearly jumped out of my skin. Not necessarily out of fear, but out of excitement I suppose, though there was fear as well. But this motion was simply a blurred image of something stepping out of the painting and then disappearing into thin air . . . I couldn't really . . . "

Anne:
"What was it? Was it human?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I couldn't see it clearly enough to tell you what it was, but now that I've had some interactions with the WingMakers I know it was them. They were somehow using these paintings to appear in our time. It was shortly after that experience that I began to theorize that the paintings were actually portals that could enable time travel or something like it."

Anne:
"This may seem to be an odd, off-the-wall question, but how do you know this wasn't all a hoax? That someone or some group created this whole thing to look like an alien or future time capsule just for the fun of playing with your minds?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The one thing we know for certain is that this is not a hoax. The Ancient Arrow site consists of an enormous rock structure that has literally been hollowed out in the form of a spiral staircase that detours every 30 meters into a separate chamber -- 23 to be exact. The entire structure would have taken an incredible technology to build. We have accurate dating of when the chamber paintings were created, and they were conclusively produced in the 9th century, and we're certain that this technology didn't exist then."

Anne:
"I'm not trying to argue with you . . . but if these artifacts are really from a time 750 years in our future, it just seems so odd that they'd be buried inside a huge rock in the middle of nowhere . . . in New Mexico of all places. And it also seems odd that they'd go to all this work, but make it so damn hard to understand what the hell they were trying to say. Do you see what I mean?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, I understand, and I don't take your questions as argumentative. But the point I'm making is that this time capsule, or whatever you choose to call it, is indeed a set of real objects. And these objects don't even correspond to the same time frame. For example, while the paintings were created about 1,150 years ago, the artifacts do not even respond to our carbon dating or biochemical analysis. To complicate matters, the pictographs that started to mysteriously appear in and around the Ancient Arrow site were determined to have been created in the past 50 years, and could very well have been done in the year, or month, the site was discovered.

"These real objects are admittedly an enigma, but they are not a hoax to my eyes. The real question is whether the WingMakers' identity is as they represent it -- a future aspect of humanity or an alien race that visited earth around AD 850."

Anne:
"Okay, let's say it's not a hoax. Then tell me why are you so convinced it's a time capsule. It seems to me, that it might be more of a communication device . . . or perhaps an educational tool of some kind. Why a time capsule?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Partly because it seemed that its creators wanted to share their culture with us. When we first began our analysis of the Ancient Arrow site, we felt that everything within the chambers was alien. We were initially convinced that this was an ET contact site, and we even considered the possibility that they had left these items behind to recover at a later date . . . "

Anne:
"Sort of like an ET storage locker?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes. However, some of the paintings depicted humans, and the landscapes were of earth -- specifically that region of the planet in northern New Mexico. So to us, it seemed less likely it was from an alien race. We also saw evidence that there were interactions with the precursor to the Navajo and perhaps Hopi Indian tribes, known today as the Anasazi Indians. And again, this was deduced from the paintings . . . which initially were the only real records that we could interpret from.

"As I recall we had a total of 47 possible scenarios that had been developed. Our most probable scenario -- ranked by our computer systems -- was that the Ancient Arrow site represented an ET race that had left behind the equivalent of a museum that recorded its interactions with the Anasazi Indians. Our second most probable scenario was that the site represented a time capsule left behind by the future version of the Labyrinth Group."

Anne:
"That still seems odd to me . . . why did you think it was a future version of the Labyrinth Group?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The Labyrinth Group uses as its identification symbol three concentric circles surrounding a sphere. There were ample depictions of this symbol within their paintings. Also, it seemed so peculiar to us that we had discovered this site in the manner that we did . . . it literally felt as though we were guided to this site. And remember, Fifteen was very confident in the Labyrinth Group's prospects at developing BST, and he knew that the future version of the Labyrinth Group would somehow make contact. It was just a matter of when and how."

Anne:
"I know I must sound like the biggest doubter you've ever encountered before, but it still doesn't seem like a time capsule to me."

Dr. Anderson:
"I'm not saying you're wrong. I'm only telling you that that's how it's officially classified within the Labyrinth Group. It could very well have multiple meanings and purposes. I for one, believe it's more than a time capsule, though I think it has that element to it."

Anne:
"So what do you think its primary purpose is?"

Dr. Anderson:
"If you take the WingMakers on face value, in other words, what do they say it is, it's a time capsule that will help facilitate the development of a global culture. They claim that somehow, when all seven of the time capsules are discovered, that they'll serve as a communication bridge between humans of today and their future selves."

Anne:
"I read the memo that Dr. Sauthers wrote and I remember those statements too, but a global culture seems so unlikely . . . so impossible. And furthermore, how could these objects [from the Ancient Arrow site] be used to build a global culture? It seems a little naïve to me."

Dr. Anderson:
"All I can tell you is that it's related to the Internet and a new communication technology that the WingMakers referred to as OLIN or the One Language Intelligent Network. If you read the glossary section that I left behind, you'll see it referenced there. The WingMakers seem to feel confident that the OLIN technology will help create the global culture through the Internet. This incidentally is consistent with prophecies that the Labyrinth Group was privy to dating as far back as 1,500 years ago. Of course the enabling technology wasn't called OLIN, but the notion of a global culture and unified governance has been predicted for many centuries."

Anne:
"This is what George Bush used to call the New World order isn't it?

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, but there have been four other presidents who've acknowledged this concept."

Anne:
"What would make the world's people decide to unify under one governing body, or for that matter, create a global culture . . . whatever that means? I just can't envision it happening . . . not in my lifetime."

Dr. Anderson:
"According to the WingMakers it will happen through the digital economy and then through the Internet's OLIN technology platform. And through this global network, entertainment and educational content will be globalized. This is the basis of a global culture with unified commerce, content, and communities. Once these pieces of the infrastructure are in place, then the need to govern this infrastructure will loom as the preeminent issue of the day. And the United Nations is the logical ruling body for such an endeavor. As long as the World's people allow the digitization of the economy and embrace the OLIN technology platform, a global government and culture is virtually assured to emerge."

Anne:
"And as you said last night, this is supposed to occur in 2018?"

Dr. Anderson:
"According to prophecy, that's when the United Nations will hold initial elections for a unified world government. And it won't be an all powerful, centralized authority, but rather a global public policy decision and enforcement organization for issues that effect the world at large. Issues like pollution, global warming, border disputes, space travel, terrorism, trade, commerce, OLIN technology upgrades, and general technology transfer programs."

Anne:
"So what will happen to National sovereignty in this new role of the United Nations?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I'm willing to answer your question in the form of a speculative response, but I'm also aware that you had asked me at the outset of this interview to remind you if you got off course. What would you like . . . "

Anne:
No, you're absolutely right. Sorry. Let's go back to the artifacts . . . what was the condition of the site when you first entered . . . or better still, why don't you just describe your first encounter going inside the site."

Dr. Anderson:
"I was one of five from the ACIO who made the trip to New Mexico to explore the site after it was initially determined to have potential ET implications. None of us at the time knew anything that would have led us to conclude that the Ancient Arrow site would become such an important discovery.
"The only real clue we had was an artifact that had been recovered near, what was determined much later, as the entrance of the interior chamber of the time capsule. It was this artifact that brought the project under the control of the ACIO because the artifact was considered by the NSA to have potential ET origins."

Anne:
"What specifically led the NSA to conclude the artifact was alien?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Like all the other artifacts it showed no response to carbon dating analysis and it had peculiar markings or symbols that seemed other-worldly. It was a pure grade titanium-beryllium composite, which, as you may know, is extremely rare. Also, and perhaps more importantly, there was no obvious way to activate the artifact or access its interior controls. Its interior was impervious to various spectrum analyses -- even simple x-rays were unable to penetrate the object.

"Any rate, this artifact was essentially handed over to the ACIO, which deemed it to be of ET origins, and

then proceeded to investigate the region in which it was found. We did this initially with no results, but on a subsequent visit we were able to use the artifact because one of our scientists -- quite by accident -- had figured out how to activate the artifact. We wanted to see what effect if any it would have if activated in the area it had been found."

Anne:
"Is this the artifact you showed me pictures of?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes"

Anne:
"Why did you think it was important to activate it where it was found?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Because it was thought to be a form of a compass or homing beacon. We weren't sure, but we couldn't determine any functional purpose in the laboratory, so it seemed like a logical experiment to see how the device would function in the area in which it was discovered.

"This was the first time I was invited to go to the site. So any rate, back to my story, this exploration team from the ACIO figured out how to use this device to locate the entrance to the interior of the canyon wall in which the time capsule was hidden. The device, when activated, seemed to pass thought waves or mental pictures of where it wanted the person to go. The leader of our team was the one holding the device when it was first activated outside the site, and he immediately began to see pictures that led him into a cave-like structure tucked 20-30 meters inside one of the clefts of the canyon wall."

Anne:
"It seems a bit strange that you found the interior of the site using this artifact you mentioned earlier . . . I mean doesn't it seem a little too convenient to find this thing right outside the entrance and then it guides you inside? Wasn't there an entrance already or did you have to blast your way inside?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The way into the interior was cleverly hidden behind a natural made cavern, which in its own right was well hidden by natural underbrush. This cavern was about 25 meters deep and led inside the canyon wall. We presumed it was an Indian dwelling of some kind that had long been abandoned. Towards the end of this cavern there was a small chamber that jutted off to the side, and at the back of this chamber there was a large, flat rock on the floor . . . maybe two and half meters across and about two decimeters thick. The device or artifact that had been found earlier was emitting mental pictures to our team leader who was convinced it had led him to this flat rock. We tried to move the rock, but it was clearly too heavy for the five of us to even budge.

"It was actually the following day that we returned to the site with pick axes and sledge hammers, and began the tedious task of breaking the rock . . . "

Anne:
"So you were convinced there was something underneath the rock?"

Dr. Anderson:
"We thought there had to be a reason that the device had sent such a clear image to our leader of this flat rock in the back of this natural cavern. It seemed logical that the device -- if it were a homing device of some kind -- might be leading us to something it was designed to help us find.

"After about two hours of smashing the rock, we finally cracked it into small enough pieces that we were

able to determine a tunnel was indeed underneath it. The tunnel was in the form of a "J" and was about one meter in diameter. We took turns and slid down the tunnel and stood at the entrance of the spiral staircase."

Anne:
"So all five of you were inside this . . . this spiral staircase looking around with flashlights, what was running through your mind at the time?"

Dr. Anderson:
"We were all very excited and somewhat apprehensive as well. We thought we might find an ET site, and were half-aware that it could be an active site . . . which kept us all on guard. The device, or artifact began to emit a sound frequency that continued to rise in pitch as we walked up the tunnel and as we got to the first chamber it went entirely dead . . . as if its purpose had been served and simply shut down."

Anne:
"And this whole thing was carved out of rock?"

Dr. Anderson:
"It was completely manmade . . . or alien . . . and we knew it the instant we got out of the transition tunnel. It was like being born into a completely new world. It was absolutely silent; the air was cool, but not uncomfortably cold. There were no signs of life, and it seemed like everything took on a new purpose . . . an intelligent purpose that we couldn't wait to unravel.

"What was so remarkable was the incredible sense of walking into a surreal world -- a world that was created by something completely alien. We assumed it was of ET construction from the moment we stepped out of the "J" tunnel.

Anne:
"But how did you immediately know it was an artificial construction, and not a natural set of chambers or caves?"

Dr. Anderson:
"At the beginning of the spiral staircase there were ornate petroglyphs carved in the stone with a precision never before seen by our eyes. Also, the entire tunnel system was clearly too smooth -- almost polished -- to be of natural construction. There was a sense of architecture . . . a sense that someone designed it with extreme care and purpose.

"Amazingly there was nothing on the floor. Not even a pebble or a grain of sand. Every surface was completely clean, smooth, and polished. There was dust, but only dust. And something like a polymer coating had been applied to every square centimeter of the structure including the ceilings.

"When we arrived at the first chamber, which is only about 30 meters from the entrance, I can clearly recall a sense of awe or something approaching a religious experience I suppose. No one spoke for a long time after our lights hit the first chamber painting. Everyone's flashlight converged on the painting and we all just stared for about 40 seconds in the incredible silence of this tomblike structure. I was the first to find my voice, and all I could muster was 'This is definitely not Navaho or any other Indian tribe for that matter.'"

Anne:
"Did you find all the chambers that same day?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes. We went from chamber to chamber each time feeling like we had stumbled into an alien natural

history museum. You have to understand that our lighting was not very good because we hadn't expected to need anything more than basic flashlights. I vividly remember seeing each of the chamber paintings for the first time and just staring at them . . . mesmerized by the incredible anachronism of the place. I'd never been in such a surreal environment . . . it was both eerie and completely enchanting at the same time."

Anne:
"So how large were the chambers and the paintings themselves?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The chambers themselves were relatively small . . . about four meters in diameter with fairly high ceilings, in some instances as high as six meters.

Anne:
"So judging from the photographs I've seen of the chamber paintings, the paintings themselves must be fairly large?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, they're large and always face the entrance of the chamber. If you stand just outside the entrance of a particular chamber, you can't see the whole painting; it's too large. You have to walk into the chamber in order to see the whole composition."

Anne:
"What, in the opinions of the Labyrinth Group, are the artistic merits of these paintings?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No one within the Labyrinth Group claims to be an art critic I can assure you. I think it's fair to say that of those who saw the chamber paintings in their original environment -- the chambers themselves -- they found the artistic merits to be very compelling, even captivating. I think those who saw them only represented in photographs thought they were less art and more of a cog in some masterfully designed wheel like an illustration in a children's book."

Anne:
"Not to change the subject, but I keep wondering how you came to choose me . . . I mean . . . I know you said it was completely random, but why did you select an average journalist to share this story? Why not a scientist or someone who could at least ask you more sophisticated questions? I have to confess that I feel completely inadequate to interview you, mostly because I don't even know what questions I should be asking you . . . "

Dr. Anderson:
"You're doing a fine job . . . absolutely fine. You shouldn't worry about your questions. They're insightful. And most people, who will read this information, will be more interested in the things you've inquired about than the physics or science involved anyway."

Anne:
"Perhaps, but I have this nagging feeling that if I could ask you the scientific questions then you could more easily prove your story or credibility. I think I'm handicapping you in some way."

Dr. Anderson:
"What is it exactly that you feel you're not asking me?"

Anne:
"I guess it's mostly things related to time travel and BST. Last night you talked about some things that when I re-read them earlier today, I felt like I should have asked more in-depth questions . . . "

Dr. Anderson:
"Like . . . "

Anne:
"That's the problem, I don't know."

Dr. Anderson:
"Anne, the reason I selected you was simple. I needed to find someone who knew how to access the mainstream media, and yet be relatively obscure. Had I chosen a science editor from a major newspaper, I may have ended up with more scientific questions and less about the cultural, artistic, and social implications of the Ancient Arrow project. Of my random selections, I knew that you had no established image to protect, that you knew how to access the media, and could ask sound questions that wouldn't betray your identity. That's why we're talking right now . . . and the fact that you didn't think I was crazy."

Anne:
"I never asked you this before, but I'm just curious, was I the first journalist you talked with, or did someone turn you down before you found me?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No, you were the first and only person outside of the Labyrinth Group whom I've talked with about this story."

Anne:
"I'd like to change the topic slightly and ask you about Fifteen's personality . . . is that okay?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, that's fine."

Anne:
"What's he like as a leader?"

Dr. Anderson:
"He's extremely focused, and demands everyone he works with to be similarly focused. He's a workaholic, sleeps about four hours a night and works the rest of his time on some aspect of BST. If there's research or development of new technologies that don't have a specific and strategic impact on BST, he's not involved in it. Won't even ask questions about projects of that nature, and generally within the ACIO, there's always three or four projects that are unrelated to BST. Within the Labyrinth Group, every project is related to BST."

Anne:
"What's he look like?"

Dr. Anderson:
"He's about average height and has fairly long gray hair down to his shoulders which he usually wears in a ponytail. He's always reminded me of Pablo Picasso with long hair . . . he has those same penetrating eyes. He's originally from Spain, so it's no coincidence that he looks like Picasso. His most notable feature is his eyes, they're mischievous like you'd expect from a child who's done something wrong on the surface, but underneath, they've created something wonderful, it's just that nobody understands the wonderful part yet. That's what you see going on behind his eyes."

Anne:
"I may have already asked you this, but how old is he?"

Dr. Anderson:
"He's about 60 years old I think -- or at least he looks about that old. I've never heard anyone say his age. I know when he was a student, he was supposed to look old for his age. I think he started getting gray hair when he was in his early twenties, and that's probably why he was often mistaken for a professor rather than a student."

Anne:
"You said earlier that he was kicked out of school. Why?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Remember, he was, even at an age when most kids are concerned about dating and parties, working on BST . . . or at least early versions of time travel. He's one of those visionaries that enter the physical world and knew at a very early age what he came to do. Fifteen was born to time travel. Period . . . end of story. That's all he's ever cared about.

"In the fifties, researching BST was considered a waste of time, no pun intended. It was simply too theoretical and disconnected from anything practical. I think Fifteen also rubbed his professors the wrong way because he was so bright as a student that he intimidated most of them. He's also very stubborn, and when the professors told him to change his research to something more practical, Fifteen apparently told them they were small-minded . . . or something to that effect. Later that semester he was forcibly expelled as the story was told to me.

"However, Bell Labs hired him for a short stint because his research on quantum objects and how they could be influenced by consciousness was of interest to them."

Anne:
"Forgive me, but what exactly are quantum objects?"

Dr. Anderson:
"They're elementals like electrons or neutrons. Quantum objects are fundamental building blocks of matter, and they can appear both as a wave and a particle."

Anne:
"Okay, so Fifteen was trying to prove that quantum objects are influenced by consciousness. Why was that so dangerous to a research university?"

Dr. Anderson:
"That in itself wasn't so radical, but it was only a small part of his total research into how to construct BST using the new physics that was being introduced rapidly in the community of quantum physics. Fifteen has always maintained that Einstein's general theory of relativity was flawed. Which is not a popular position to take. In somewhat the same way that Newton's theory of the mechanistic universe became too constricted and unable to explain so much of the phenomenon of what we call today, complexity or chaos theory, Fifteen felt that Einstein's theories underestimated the influence that consciousness had on quantum objects.

"In the fifties and sixties, this was tantamount to heresy, particularly because it was impossible to prove by mathematical modeling or formula. So Fifteen just continued to develop his theories in secret and began to become noticed by the ACIO when he became involved in a project having to do with heuristic learning systems based on a technology that the ACIO had re-engineered from the Greys.

"The project leader from the ACIO recognized his intellect and rouge creativity and began to develop a relationship with the young man. Several months later, Fifteen was recruited to join the ACIO and

essentially left his identity behind and quickly rose to the position of director of research. He was later introduced to the Corteum intelligence accelerator technology, and the rest is history as they say."

Anne:
"How exactly does this Corteum technology accelerate or expand the intelligence?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Few people realize that their conscious mind only processes about 15 bits of information per second of linear time. However, in vertical time, the unconscious mind is processing approximately 70-80 million bits of information. Thus, in normal consciousness, humans are aware of only an infinitesimal amount of the information that is constantly being fed to them at the unconscious level. The Corteum technology was designed to reduce the filtering aspects of the conscious mind and enable the higher frequency information packets to be fed to the conscious mind.

"In parallel with this effort, the brain circuitry -- if you will -- is re-wired to handle the higher voltage of the information that is being fed to the consciousness, allowing capabilities like photographic memory and abstract thought to co-exist. These capabilities become the matrix filter that draws from the unconscious repositories the most relevant information at any particular time based on the problem or task at hand."

Anne:
"If I were a behavioral scientist, I'd be able to ask you about a thousand questions right now. But I'm lost in what you say . . . I mean, how many bits of information can you process right now?"

Dr. Anderson:
"It's not really a simple question of the quantity of information processing, but rather the relevance of the information in linear time based on the intention of the individual. When one goes through the process of the Corteum technology, their ability to tune into information packets that are relevant to a situation or problem is vastly improved. In most people, when a given situation confronts them they access their conscious mind and pull out the solution that has served them in the past. Thus, people fall into ruts and patterned behavior which closes down their access to the unconscious information packets that are based on real-time situation analysis and have extremely high relevancy.

"This technology accelerates evolutionary thought processes and enables the circulation of information between the conscious and unconscious aspects of the mind to flow in the pattern of an ascending spiral rather than the pattern of a repetitious circle. And it's because of this quality of the Corteum technology that unleashes the innate intelligence of the individual. So you see, the Corteum technology doesn't increase raw intelligence, it simply facilitates the natural intelligence of the individual."

Anne:
"This is very cool. I wish I could undergo this regimen of the Corteum intelligence accelerator so I could really ask you some zinger questions! And with that, let's take a short break."

10 minute break . . .

Dr. Anderson:
"Since you have the tape recorder on now, let me repeat myself. The Corteum technology was the single most influential element in helping Fifteen become the Executive Director of both the ACIO and the Labyrinth Group. Granted, he had a brilliant mind before he underwent the Corteum intelligence enhancement process, but for some reason, the technology seemed to enhance his intelligence more than anyone else . . . by a significant degree."

Anne:

"Did anyone ever suspect that the Corteum and Fifteen were somehow a separate force from the Labyrinth Group. I mean, did anyone consider the possibility that they had a separate agenda . . . maybe BST wasn't their ultimate goal?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No. There was, and I presume still is, absolute faith in both Fifteen and the Corteum. You have to understand that the Corteum are a benevolent race. We never saw any evidence that they had anything but good intentions to assist us, and, to the extent possible, we tried to assist them in return. It was a courteous and completely reciprocal partnership."

Anne:
"You said last night that the Corteum were part of the Labyrinth Group, but only a couple hundred or so were actual members. How did they become part of the Labyrinth Group?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Actually, I don't know for certain. I can only tell you what I was told when I asked the same question of one of the directors who sponsored me for entry into the Labyrinth Group. He told me that Fifteen had been selected by the Corteum to be their liaison with the ACIO. They singled him out, as the one through which they would initiate their technology transfer program with humans.
"Fifteen agreed to subject himself to the intelligence enhancement technology the Corteum offered. It was from this experience that Fifteen's vision of how BST could be developed was crystallized. He essentially created the framework and design blueprint.
"One of the things that the Corteum have in abundance is logical intelligence. They are very adept in terms of scientific inquiry and logical reasoning. By their own admission, where they lack ability is in the creative visionary aspect of discovery. This is precisely where Fifteen excels . . . "

Anne:
"But you're talking about a race that is superior to us in their technologies, how can they lack creative insights?"

Dr. Anderson:
"These things are all relevant. Compared to virtually all other humans, the Corteum are creative and visionary. But there are formative principles of physics that reside in a dimensional matrix that are completely foreign to all beings except the most penetrating intellects. And Fifteen has such an intellect. The Corteum are hoping that Fifteen, and more generally, the Labyrinth Group, can develop BST because the Corteum have their own application for this technology."

Anne:
"But last night you said there are other races within our galaxy that already have time travel capabilities, why don't the Corteum simply go to these races and make a deal with them?"

Dr. Anderson:
"As I said before, a species that has, of their own initiative, developed time travel will be unwilling to share it with another race. It is truly the most guarded of all technologies. And one doesn't simply ask to borrow the technology when they need it. Even when the need seems compelling and true. It's so easy to become dependent on the technology itself. Furthermore, as I tried to explain last evening, there's a considerable difference between time travel and BST. I'm not aware of any species that possesses the form of BST that the Labyrinth Group is attempting to develop.

"It's like this, Anne, BST requires a suite of interdependent, but discrete technologies that require a developer to apply new theorems, new laws of physics, that have never been discovered before. And then to build this suite of technologies based fundamentally on a new matrix of how the world works . . . it's a daunting task. Everything previously held to be true needs to be destroyed, needs to be re-invented, re-

formulated, and then integrated into this new matrix.

"This is the very nature of BST, you start with a blank slate and re-invent, re-formulate, and recreate the consciousness of matter."

Anne:
"Slow down . . . You just lost me. The consciousness of matter?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Remember what I said earlier about quantum objects and how they're influenced by consciousness?"

Anne:
"Yes."

Dr. Anderson:
"Quantum objects become increasingly granular or refined until they become pure light energy and cease to have mass. They are not of physical reality, but rather of a pure-state energy. This energy is further segmented into octaves of vibration. In other words, this light energy vibrates, and just like music, there are fundamentals and harmonics. The harmonics resonate with the fundamental energy vibration and the whole energy packet sings like a choir . . . except its voice is light.

"This singing, if you will, is the equivalent of a consciousness that pervades all matter . . . every physical object in the entire universe. Fifteen has successfully proven this all-pervasive consciousness or what he calls the Light-Encoded Reality Matrix or LERM, for those of us who like shorthand. Any way, LERM is just one of the new theorems that were required in order to devise a way to prove that BST was indeed a possibility, and not just a fanciful vision inside the mind of Fifteen."

Anne:
"This all-pervasive consciousness you mentioned, are you really talking about spirit or God?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Exactly."

Anne:
"Now you've really crossed over the line. You're going to tell me that Fifteen discovered God. That he has proof of God?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, in a way, but . . . but God isn't what we call it. It's LERM. And Fifteen was quite emphatic that we never refer to LERM as God or even God-like. He preferred to think of LERM as the shadow of God. The light that casts the shadow, and the object of the shadow itself, he believes is impossible to prove through science or any other objective form of inquiry."

Anne:
"Okay . . . okay. But listen to me for a minute. If LERM is the shadow of God, as you put it, then it proves the existence of God, right?"

Dr. Anderson:
"To those of us within the Labyrinth Group who understand the work of Fifteen, the answer is yes."

Anne:
"So isn't this even more important than the Ancient Arrow project? I mean, if someone had proof of God, isn't it their moral responsibility to share this information with the public?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Perhaps, but the only way this could be shared with the public is to disclose who the Labyrinth Group is, and that isn't something that Fifteen even likes to contemplate doing. He's afraid of the ridicule and misunderstanding that would result, and firmly believes that no one would believe him anyway because there are so many hidden technologies that led him to his findings, and he has no interest in disclosing these technologies to academia, government institutions, or the media. He'd become the next messiah . . . or devil, depending on your perspective."

Anne:
"So he's trapped in his own secrecy . . . "

Dr. Anderson:
"In a way, but he's not feeling trapped. He's simply so far removed from the social fabric and scientific communities of academia that he has, for practical purposes, burned his bridges and has no intention of ever crossing the chasm that separates himself from all that he's left behind."

Anne:
"He must be incredibly lonely."

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't think so. He seems extremely energized and basically happy. He's doing exactly what he wants to do, I can't say I've ever seen him depressed . . . maybe disappointed, but never depressed."

Anne:
"I still don't see the connection between LERM and BST . . . "

Dr. Anderson:
"You see, if matter ultimately dissolves into octaves of light, and light dissolves into octaves of consciousness, and consciousness dissolves into octaves of reality, then matter, light, consciousness, and reality are all interdependent like an ecosystem. And like an ecosystem, if you change one element you effect the whole. So isolating any of the elements contained within LERM, and changing it, it can change reality. And this is a fundamental construct of BST. Does that answer your question?"

Anne:
"I'm not sure . . . I don't know, maybe all of this doesn't matter. Again, I'm feeling out of my territory. I find this interesting, but at the same time, it's frustrating. I even find myself feeling pissed off that all of this stuff is going on in my world and I don't know about it . . . well, I mean I didn't know about it until just now. It seems like an injustice to me. It's the old haves and have-nots story all over again. Can you appreciate how someone would feel . . . hearing all of this for the first time, and feeling so left out?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, I understand."

Anne:
"To you, you can take all of this for granted. Afterall, you're in the know. But the rest of us, we muddle through our little lives thinking the world is this and that, when really we're just bumping into each other in the dark. We're essentially clueless, aren't we?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't know . . . maybe. Maybe you're right, it doesn't matter. I simply know what I know and I believe what I believe. Any more than that, it's as mysterious to me as it is to you. It would be a great mistake to think that the Labyrinth Group or any of its members, including Fifteen and the Corteum, understand it

all. They don't. But they work hard to get the answers, Anne. I mean really hard. They've devoted their entire lives to this mission of BST. They didn't simply fall into the knowledge by accident. They tried and failed at thousands of different experiments until they found the existence of LERM, and they'll probably fail another thousand times before they find the solution to BST. But believe me, these individuals didn't arrive at their knowledge casually or because it was gifted to them by some higher force."

Anne:
"No, I didn't mean it that way. I'm glad for the Labyrinth Group . . . I mean it. I'm happy that someone on this planet has figured this out, or at least is trying. It's just unfair that so few have the proof . . . the knowledge . . . the opportunity to understand all of this. Their lives are so different, they might as well be living on some other planet. They might as well be extraterrestrials."

Dr. Anderson:
"I'm only laughing because that's been a fear of Fifteen's from the start; that if someone ever did find out about the Labyrinth Group and its agenda, they would be regarded as ETs. And here you are, confirming that fear."

Anne:
"In a way, I wish you hadn't selected me. My life is so different now. This is all I can think about. It consumes me every waking minute. I have no idea how I'm going to get this story out. I have no idea. None."

Dr. Anderson:
"Anne, do you remember the first time we talked and I mentioned the Corteum? Your first question was, What do they look like?"

Anne:
"Yes. And your point is . . . ?"

Dr. Anderson:
"These are the natural questions that people will have. LERM may interest a few scientists, but I doubt it. What's portrayed in these interviews is so superficial that I doubt any scientist would take it very seriously. And those that would, would find it to be a noble gesture to authenticate monistic idealism, and nothing more. So you see, your initial instincts should be trusted. Ask the questions that people would be interested in that appeal to their basic sense of curiosity. And don't worry about changing the world through anything I have to say. I don't need that weight on my shoulders."

Anne:
"Okay, you're right. You're absolutely right. Besides, I'm not sure about the truth of all of this. I'm still not convinced of what you say . . . just for the record."

Dr. Anderson:
"And I'm still not trying to convince you or anybody else. I'm just answering your questions as truthfully as I know how."

Anne:
"Touché.

"Now, for the benefit of those who read this interview eventually, what do the Corteum look like?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I thought you'd never ask. They stand nearly three meters high and have very elongated heads and bodies. Their skin is very fair . . . almost translucent, like you might expect from a cave dweller. Their

eyes are relatively large and have various colors just like our own, except the Corteum have different colors to their eyes depending on their age and, in some instances, their emotional state.
"What's very unique about the Corteum is that they have an incredibly articulate nervous system that enables them to process virtually everything that occurs within their environment, including the thoughts of another. Which means that when you're in their presence, you need to have control of your thoughts or else you'll potentially offend them. They're very sensitive emotionally.

Anne:
"How do they communicate with you?"

Dr. Anderson:
"They speak perfect English or French, Italian, Spanish, or most any other language for that matter. They're very gifted linguists and can acquire average language skills in a matter of a few weeks, and operate as masters of the language within a few months. Their minds are like sponges, but like I said before, while they possess incredible mental powers to absorb new information and synthesize it with previous information, they're not necessarily adept at creating new information totally unrelated to existing information. That's precisely what impressed them so much with Fifteen."

Anne:
"What's their interest in the Ancient Arrow project?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No different than Fifteen's I presume. They're completely absorbed in the efforts to create BST, and hope that there's some technology or theorem within the Ancient Arrow site that can help accelerate the development of BST."

Anne:
"And what do the Corteum want to do with BST?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The Corteum have a planetary system that's in a very fragile state because its protective atmosphere is degenerating at an alarming rate. Their atmosphere protects them, just as our own, from harmful light waves that are generated from their local sun, and, to a lesser extent, their closest stars. Anyway, this condition has led them to become nocturnal, only venturing outside at night, and even then, only for as short a time as necessary. Over many generations, this has left them increasingly susceptible to the very condition that they're trying to solve. Their outer skins become more and more sensitive while their atmosphere becomes less protective.

"Their scientists predict it's only about 10-20 years before they'll have to stay in underground communities year-round. This has had a major impact on their standard of living, economy, social structure, every possible aspect of their society has been effected, and mostly in a negative way, at least by their own measure. They hope that BST will enable them to install a technology that they've recently discovered to prevent the deterioration of their atmosphere."

Anne:
"Why can't they simply deploy this technology now?"

Dr. Anderson:
"It's not a regenerative technology, it's a preventative technology. Regenerative technologies are impossible once a system reaches a certain retrograde trajectory. In their scenario, only BST would restore their environment."

Anne:

"Obviously they have space travel technology, why don't they pick out another planet and colonize it?"

Dr. Anderson:
"They have tried, but every planet they've found that's suitable for their species is occupied. And they're not interested in being assimilated into an existing culture or society. They want their own identity and social structure. Also, what they deem suitable for habitation is extremely particular. For example, they have the same problem with earth as they have with their own planet . . . in fact, it's worse here. They have to live in our underground base in order to survive on our planet. It required that we build a special way-station for their spacecraft."

Anne:
"Do they want to interact with our governments and our people?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Initially I think they did. And in fact they tried. But they were quickly escorted to the ACIO and we convinced the NSA and all other interested parties that the Corteum had left earth fearful of their lives. So . . . as far as our operatives within the NSA are concerned, the Corteum are long gone, and fortunately the NSA at the time were quite preoccupied with other ET issues anyway, namely the Greys."

Anne:
"I want to return to the WingMakers for a moment. What do the Corteum think of the WingMakers' time capsule, I assume they've seen everything?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, they've been involved from the beginning. The Corteum are as integral to the Labyrinth Group as any of its human members, so nothing is hidden from them. The leader of the Corteum mission to earth is called -- in English -- Mahunahi, and he happens to be an artist first and foremost, and a scientist is his secondary nature. He was always excited to see and hear about our findings. He asked if we could create a way-station to the Ancient Arrow site so he could visit the site himself, but it just wasn't practical to do so without drawing attention to the site."

Anne:
"I have a few oddball questions, so bear with me. First, every time you mention a member of the ACIO, Labyrinth Group, or Corteum, it's always a male reference. Are their any women in any of these organizations? And secondly, why would an artist be the leader of a space mission of the Corteum? That seems very strange to me."

Dr. Anderson:
"In answer to your first question, it's true that the Labyrinth Group is mostly male. I'm not aware of this being by design, but rather by accident. One of the directors is a woman, she's in charge of communications, and, as a director has a level 14 clearance. We also have perhaps 9 females who are in the 12 or 13 clearance categories, all of them are extremely bright and capable and share responsibility with their male counterparts without any form of discrimination . . . at least that I've ever been aware of. We even have one married couple. Each person -- regardless of sex -- is paid the identical sum of money and has all the same privileges . . . there's no distinction whatsoever within the ranks of the Labyrinth Group, and that's at Fifteen's insistence.

"As for the Corteum, they're all males. Their culture is much more role-defined than our own. And it's not to say the females are treated as the lesser sex . . . no, in fact it may be the quite the opposite, it's just that space travel and interaction with other species is left to the male sex until species interaction procedures are invoked. That's so their children can retain access to their mothers and their families can remain more intact. Most, if not all, of the members of the Corteum contingent are married.

"As for your second question, the Corteum look at science, religion, and art as three equal members of a unified belief system that defines their social order. As I understand it, leadership varies between each of these three elements of their social order, depending on the contact that is made with an alien race. When they first made contact with humans it was decided that the leadership should come from the ranks of the artistic side because they felt we were more of an equal in this domain and thus the leader could more appropriately understand our motivations and desires."

Anne:
"That's interesting. They actually thought we were more artistic than scientific or spiritual. I guess now that I think about it, I can understand that. As a race, we probably are more inclined in that way than the others."

Dr. Anderson:
"That was their assessment any way."

Anne:
"I'd like to go back to the artifacts for a minute. The artifacts that are technology based, where are they right now?"

Dr. Anderson:
"After the initial discovery of the Ancient Arrow site, all of the physical artifacts that could be removed from the site were carefully packed in shipping crates and shipped to the ACIO research lab in Virginia, and are held by the Labyrinth Group in its own laboratory. That's where they still are, to the best of my knowledge."

Anne:
"And only the homing device found outside the site and the optical disc have been, to some extent, understood?"

Dr. Anderson:
"That's correct."

Anne:
"You know, something you said earlier doesn't make much sense to me. If the WingMakers did represent a future version of humanity, and let's say they were trying to provide the entire recipe for BST through this time capsule, why wouldn't they simply beam themselves to your headquarters in Virginia and just cut to the chase. All of this other stuff . . . the paintings, the poetry, the music, the enigmatic artifacts, the philosophy, even the elaborate site itself, why not just give the blueprints to Fifteen and be done with it?"

Dr. Anderson:
"It's actually a very good question, and I was wondering if you'd ask it. There are a few facts that we know of for certain. The WingMakers can time travel and they can interact physically with the time and space that they visit . . . that's obvious given what they did with the Ancient Arrow site. However, we don't know if they have all five elements of BST. Remember the element that pertains to intervention points?"

Anne:
"Yes, that's the one that defines when to intervene at the point in time that is causal and has the least ripple effect on related, but separate events. Right?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Your definition is missing only one thing, intervention points are co-dependent on both time and space. In other words, BST requires a precise fix on both the time and space coordinates of an event when it was

in its conceptual stage -- or the stage that precedes physical manifestation of the event. The space component is usually a physical person or an event of nature that is focused in space. This is a very tricky technology, and I believe that the WingMakers have discovered interactive time travel, but still lack the technology to define intervention points with precision."

Anne:
"Or perhaps they just like puzzles."

Dr. Anderson:
"Or perhaps they just like puzzles . . . exactly."

Anne:
"So we really don't know whether BST is possible, do we?"

Dr. Anderson:
"We know it's possible, but it's like anything that is extremely complicated and interdependent, one needs a fine grain understanding of the total environment that encompasses the problem before they can modify or change the environment to solve the problem. And this requires an understanding of LERM that is still evolving within the Labyrinth Group, and I dare say, may yet require another decade of experimentation before its understanding is sufficient to identify intervention points and time-splice in such a way to minimize undesirable effects."

Anne:
"So we're back to the shadow of God discussion . . . or LERM as you affectionately call it. Why is the understanding of LERM so fundamental to achieving BST?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Because LERM is the equivalent of genetics for consciousness, and consciousness is the equivalent of reality formulation for sentient beings. So if LERM is understood, one understands the causal system that operates in non-time and non-space, which fundamentally constructs the reality framework of space, time, energy, and matter. Quantum objects operating in the construct of LERM have an existence that is entirely different from macro objects like this table or chair. Quantum objects -- in their true state -- have never been seen by a human. Scientists have witnessed the effects and some of the properties of quantum objects, but their causal nature is not visible through scientific instruments . . . no matter how powerful they are, because scientific instruments are physical and therefore have a relationship to space and time. Whereas quantum objects have no relationship to time and space other than through an observer."

Anne:
"So you're saying that the building blocks of matter -- these quantum objects -- have no existence unless someone is observing them . . . that consciousness makes them appear real and fixed in time and space? Is that what you're saying?"

Dr. Anderson:
In a way, but not exactly. Let me try and explain it like this. Consciousness stems or originates from non-time and non-space as a form of energy that is a basic building block of LERM. Consciousness becomes localized as it becomes physical. In other words, consciousness becomes human, or animal, or plant or some object that has physical characteristics. Are you with me so far?"

Anne:
"Yes."

Dr. Anderson:
"Good. As consciousness becomes a localized physical object, it essentially orchestrates LERM to

conform to a reality matrix that has been encoded into the genetic or physical properties of the object it has become. In other words, consciousness moves from non-space and non-time to become matter, and then it orchestrates LERM to produce a physical reality consistent to the encoded genetic properties of the physical object it has become. If that object is a human being, then the genetic triggers that are uniquely human become the tools of consciousness from which it constructs its reality.

"LERM is essentially an infinite field of possibilities, or, as Aristotle referred to it, Potentia. This Potentia is like fertile soil from which physical objects are created. Those who can orchestrate LERM through the application of their consciousness are able to manifest reality and not simply react to it. This manifestation can be instantaneous because again, quantum objects originate in non-time and non-space . . . "

Anne:
"Not to get overly religious here, but what you're really talking about is what Jesus or other prophets have done . . . essentially manifest things like turning water to wine or curing the sick. Right?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes. It's the same principle only I've described it instead of performed it. It's much easier to perform than describe."

Anne:
"So now you're going to tell me you can turn water into wine?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Actually I've never tried that before, but yes, all of the members of the Labyrinth Group can manifest physical objects from out of LERM. This was actually one of the outcomes of Fifteen's discovery. The process of orchestrating LERM and manifesting physical objects on demand."

Anne:
"Okay, now you've definitely got my interest, but I'm feeling a little guilty because I swore I was going to stay on the subject of the WingMakers and the Ancient Arrow project. So tell me, can you teach me how to manifest things out of thin air?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, but it would take some time . . . probably a few weeks or so."

Anne:
"Can you show me some examples of how you do it?"

Dr. Anderson:
"How's this?"

Anne:
"For purposes of those reading these transcripts later on. Dr. Anderson just made a ball of twine appear out of no where. He just made it disappear as well. Now it has reappeared again. This is incredible. He's not holding it, so it's not like a magician who's making this appear from his sleeve or from behind his hands somehow. It's quite literally appearing and disappearing on a table about 3 feet in front of him, which is about 6 feet away from me. I can see it all very clearly.

"I'm picking up the ball of string and it is definitely a physical object . . . not simply a mirage or . . . or hologram. It has all the normal properties . . . weight . . . texture . . . it's slightly warm to the touch, but in every other respect, it's exactly how I'd expect a ball of twine to feel.

"Can you make something else appear . . . something more complicated, like a million dollars in cash?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes."

Anne:
"Okay, let's see it."

Dr. Anderson:
"You see this is the problem with these discoveries and capabilities. If I produced a million dollars in cash right now, you'd have a dilemma. What to do with a million dollars? Could you bear to see me make it disappear as easily as I make it appear?"

Anne:
"Are you crazy? Since the first moment I met you, I've never believed in what you've said until now. And I'm not even saying I totally believe you even now, but I'm a hell of a lot closer. I . . . no, people in general, need to see things with our eyes. We need to believe in what our eyes tell us because they -- of all the senses -- seem to have a fix on reality. And you've finally shown me something that is tangible . . . that my eyes relate to. I'm just asking for one more confirmation of your abilities. I mean, a ball of string doesn't seem like such a huge deal . . . not that I'm not impressed. But if you could produce a million dollars in cash . . . now that's a huge deal."

Dr. Anderson:
"And the dilemma?"

Anne:
"Okay, I have a proposition for you. I'm going to need to quit my job for at least a few months to get this story out to the public and maybe even relocate or move underground somewhat. What if I kept just . . . $10,000 to help me through the next two months? Could that work for you?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, I could do that."

Anne:
"I'm now looking at a loose pile of $100 bills that appear to be perfect replicas. I'm touching them . . . again they feel slightly warm to the touch, but these would definitely pass as the real thing . . . wow . . . I can't believe it. But this can't be a million dollars, you only manifested $10,000 didn't you?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, give or take a few hundred dollars."

Anne:
"You do realize that you just undermined your own credibility to those who will read this transcript. You just made yourself unbelievable. I'm not even sure I should include this because no one will be believe it anyway, and it may instead hurt your credibility in all the other areas of our discussion. This is truly not a believable experience unless you see it with your own eyes. What should I
do?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Anne, whether any one believes me isn't important. No one believes anything anyway unless they experience it, and even then, most people fall back into doubt. Belief is short-lived and always questioned; as it should be. Even the most devote believer is in doubt most of the time, regardless of what they say. So don't worry about whether this impairs my credibility or not. I don't care. It doesn't matter

because I'm not trying to convince anyone of anything. I'm only trying to get information about the WingMakers to people who can make their own determination of what is true and believable."

Anne:
"Okay . . . so much for my concern. It'll be the last time I worry about your credibility.
"If you can manifest money like this so easy, why do you need to get paid? I mean who needs money from work?"

Dr. Anderson:
"When this technology was discovered, it was only shared within the Labyrinth Group, and it was only used for experiments approved by Fifteen. The same principle would apply to BST or any other technology discovered by the Labyrinth Group that could be used for personal gain or benefit."

Anne:
"Man, you must be a very disciplined group. I don't think I could resist."

Dr. Anderson:
The truth is, I'm sure all the members of the Labyrinth Group have, from time-to-time, experimented with this technology in the privacy of their own homes."

Anne:
"Why do you refer to it as a technology? It seems to me that it's a mental thing. You weren't using anything other than your mind were you?"

Dr. Anderson:
"It's a technology only from the standpoint of understanding the mental process. There's nothing electronic or mechanical if that's what you mean. But it's more than mind control. It's really a belief in LERM and its unerringly perfect processes of creation -- moving quantum objects from non-space and non-time to the world of matter in our time and space. It's more closely related to faith than technology . . . as odd as that may sound."

Anne:
"Actually, I was figuring that if Jesus and others who've walked the earth could do these things thousands of years ago, it must not have much to do with technology. But when you see it happen with your own eyes, you have a tendency to think there's some technology behind the scenes that's doing it. That it couldn't just be a natural power of humans . . . that doesn't seem possible to me for some reason."

Dr. Anderson:
"I understand, but nonetheless, it's really a matter of perspective, and once you have the perspective on LERM and it becomes a fundamental construct of your belief system, it becomes amazingly easy to do this. It's a little like a sophisticated optical illusion based on a hologram that takes you several months of concentrating to see the picture that is subtly embedded, but the moment you see it, you can instantly see it the rest of your life without effort. That's how this operates. Some people can pick it up in a matter of a few days, others require hundreds of hours, but what everyone has in common is that once you get it, it becomes as natural as breathing."

Anne:
"And you think you could teach me in a matter of a few weeks, when it took some of your colleagues -- with genius IQs, I might add -- hundreds of hours to learn the technique?"

Dr. Anderson:
"It's not related to IQ. It's related to understanding and belief. The understanding comes from seeing the existence of LERM and understanding how it operates at its fundamental level. Whether you have an

average intelligence or are a genius, it doesn't matter, so long as you understand and believe what you understand."

Anne:
"So how do you get me to believe in LERM?"

Dr. Anderson:
"You already do deep inside you. It's your conscious mind that rejects your deeper belief and understanding. So I would help you to consciously understand what you already know at a deeper level of your being. And I would do this by showing you LERM."

Anne:
"And how would you do that?"

Dr. Anderson:
"You would need to come to the Labyrinth Group's research facility in Virginia. It's the only place in the world where I can show you the indisputable evidence of LERM."

Anne:
"Under the circumstances, that doesn't seem like a scenario that will ever happen. There must be another alternative . . . or said another way, what is it that I'd see at this research center that I couldn't get somewhere else . . . or through some other means?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I'm not saying that the only way to acquire this ability is by seeing LERM in action, but it is very convincing. The Labyrinth Group has a technology -- designed by Fifteen himself -- that quite literally enables an individual to experience LERM. There are also the mystical or shamanic means, but these are far less likely to occur in a two-week period of time. These methods seem independent of circumstance and more dependent on some deeper, predestined or pre-encoded awakening that the individual is not aware of consciously, but nonetheless triggers an awakening that causes them to transform their understanding by themselves. In some instances this awakening includes an ability to manifest physical objects, but generally, it's done without a conscious knowledge of how it's done. It just works."

Anne:
"Okay, so let's assume I'm not cut out to be a mystic or shaman, what would I see with this technology that would convince me of my abilities to do what you just did?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I can't really tell you. It's one of those experiences that words are wholly inadequate to describe or explain. About all I can tell you is that LERM is experienced through this technology, and it essentially, as a result of the experience, re-wires your internal electrical system. In this process, new circuits are cut in your nervous system, and these new circuits enable you to utilize LERM as an outgrowth of your experience of it.

"I doubt this explanation does you any good whatsoever. I've never tried to explain it before, and I can see by the look on your face that I failed miserably . . . "

Anne:
"No, it's not that. I'm just tired of always feeling like I've lived on a different planet all my life. That I've missed out on all of this . . . it's really distressing to me when I think about it.

"I remember reading a biography about Einstein and he was quoted saying something like we humans only use about 2% of our intellectual capability. Well, that's about how I feel right now. That I've lived my

life at about the 2% level -- if that -- and I'm just beginning to see what he meant. I never had a comparison before now that let me see what the other 98% might be like. It's not altogether pleasant to see what's been left out or overlooked . . . or undervalued."

Dr. Anderson:
"I understand."

Anne:
"On to something else. You said earlier that certain technologies like LERM and BST were not allowed to be used for personal gain by members of the Labyrinth Group. Yet, if BST did exist, wouldn't everyone line up and ask to use it? I know I would. There are a lot of events in my life I'd change if I could. Once the cat's out of the bag, how could BST ever be kept under wraps?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Like everything, there are implications and moral and ethical considerations that have to be weighed. One of the things that Fifteen and more generally the Labyrinth Group is good at, is to consider these implications in the broader scope of the social order. Fifteen, from an early age, always felt that the technologies of BST and LERM would only be granted to those organizations that would properly honor the ethical considerations that were elicited by the technology itself.

"This is one of the fundamental charters of the Labyrinth Group, and all of its members take it very seriously. As a new technology is being developed, there are always members of the team who are concerned with the ethical implications of the technology and are responsible for usage guidelines and deployment rules. This is an integral part of any project's development."

Anne:
"That's good to hear, but couldn't such a charter also be used to prevent the spread of these technologies to a broader audience?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Unquestionably. A technology like BST -- once developed and tested -- could, in time, become a consumer technology. But as long as the Labyrinth Group exists, it would protect BST from any and all outside forces. Within the Labyrinth Group there is a committee called the Technology Transfer Program or TTP Committee. This committee has two missions, one, to assess the incoming technologies that are assimilated from ETs, and two, they're responsible for which technologies and in what state of dilution they're transferred to our private industry partners, NSA, or the military.
The TTP Committee is in control of the pure-state technologies that are developed by the Labyrinth Group. These pure-state technologies are virtually never transferred to outside organizations. Even those staff members in the ACIO who are not part of the Labyrinth Group are unaware of these pure-state technologies, and when . . . "

Anne:
"But if I place these interview transcripts on the Internet or some media publication picks up this story, more than just the ACIO staff members are going to know about this stuff. Isn't this going to screw up the Labyrinth Group's cloak of secrecy?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No. The Labyrinth Group is more than a secret organization. For all practical purposes, it doesn't exist. The ACIO doesn't exist. No one will be able to trace the ACIO let alone the Labyrinth Group. Their security technologies are so vastly superior they are completely invulnerable in this regard. Nothing I say, or you publish, will make them more vulnerable. As I said before, their only concern will be the precedent of my defection and how it could create more defections over time."

Anne:
"Why, why would anyone want to leave . . . I mean I understand your case . . . you didn't want your memories changed or removed. But they don't commonly do that do they?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Not often, but I'm certainly not the first to be targeted to undergo memory implant sessions or other forms of invasive security measures. They're all part of the culture of the Labyrinth Group and the ACIO. Everyone who enters either of those worlds, understands what they must subject themselves to. It's very clear why the paranoia must be part of the culture. But over time, certain individuals find it suffocating. And these individuals are the ones who are most at risk to see my defection as a reason for their own.

"I may be entirely wrong about this, but I believe there are 10-20 individuals who would leave the ACIO or the Labyrinth Group if they were given the choice without repercussions."

Anne:
"But I thought you said last night that these people were in love with their jobs because of the special access to technologies and research labs that were so advanced to anything else available? If that's the case, what would they do in normal society?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I'll find out. I'll be the first to experience normal society . . . as a normal person."

Anne:
"Well, at least you won't have any problem getting a job . . . what am I saying, you won't even need to work. I forgot you can make your own money out of thin air."

Dr. Anderson:
"You'd be surprised to know that I live a pretty simple life. I own a 92' Honda Accord and live in a modest three-bedroom home in a suburban neighborhood of modest homes . . . "

Anne:
"You're kidding?"

Dr. Anderson:
"No."

Anne:
"You make $400,000 a year tax free and . . . and have a money tree in your mind, and you live like I do? If you don't mind my asking, what do you do with all your money?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I have charities that I contribute to, and the rest I've used to set-up trust funds for causes that are generally related to the environment."

Anne:
"Are all the Labyrinth Group members like you?"

Dr. Anderson:
"You mean in regard to money and possessions?"

Anne:
"Yes."

Dr. Anderson:
"Most live at a higher standard of living than I do, but it is part of our culture to live modestly and none of the members live a pretentious lifestyle. Fifteen pays people what they're worth, not because he wants them to throw money around and live flamboyantly, but because he wants his colleagues to be able to donate money to charities of their choice, or build new charities that help our local communities. He's a big believer in this, and he himself, even more than I, lives humbly."

Anne:
"I find this really hard to believe. I think of just about everything you've told me so far, this is one of the hardest things to believe. I'm totally baffled here . . . "

Dr. Anderson:
"I can appreciate that, but what I'm telling you is the truth.

"Initially, the way new people are recruited to join the ACIO is largely because of the monetary incentives. These are extremely bright and capable people and could easily secure positions in academia or private industry making $200,000 per year. The ACIO lures them by at least doubling their salary and offering them lifetime employment contracts. But those who ultimately earn the right to enter the 12th level are then inducted into the Labyrinth Group, and by the time an individual has risen to this status, money has become increasingly unimportant . . . particularly after the Corteum intelligence accelerator experience . . . after the LERM experience, it's diminished even more.

"You'd probably find it interesting that Fifteen lives in a small, three-bedroom home in a regular community where the average property value is about $200,000. That's not much of a house by East Coast standards. His automobile must have at least 100,000 miles on it, no air conditioning, and he's perfectly content with his situation. New ACIO recruits are always amazed at Fifteen's thrift . . . I think bewildered is a better way of putting it. But over time, they learn to respect him not as an eccentric, but as an extremely dedicated genius who simply likes to live like other people and blend in."

Anne:
"Okay . . . I've got to get personal here, and I know I've totally betrayed my agenda, but you've got to tell me a few things about . . . well like, what do your neighbors think you do?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't know my neighbors very well. I've worked 80 hours per week since I was 18 years old. When I socialize, it's generally with my colleagues. There's very little time for establishing other relationships. But to answer you question directly, I don't know for sure what they think I do . . . I've only told them I'm a research scientist for the government. For most people that settles their curiosity."

Anne:
"But what if you met a woman and fell in love. She'd want to know what you did and how much money you made and so forth . . . what would you tell her?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I work for the NSA. I'm a research scientist involved in linguistics and decoding, and I make $85,000 per year."

Anne:
"So you'd lie?"

Dr. Anderson:
"It's part of the culture of the Labyrinth Group. We can't tell the truth, and if we did, the vast majority of people would think we were crazy. It's also why we keep to our own . . . we can tell the truth among

ourselves."

Anne:
"When I first heard about the ACIO and its secret mission, and that you were defecting and afraid for your life . . . I thought the ACIO was an evil-minded, control-the-world type of organization. Then I heard about the kind of money you all made and I pictured a bunch of intellectual snobs driving bullet-proof Mercedes Benzes and living in posh mansions . . . and you just dismantled my image. You completely destroyed it. So why are you so afraid?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The Labyrinth Group, because of its connection to the ACIO, is still very much connected to the secret network of organizations who control a great deal of the world's monetary and natural resource assets. This network of organizations will know about my defection the instant these materials I've given you gain any visibility in the press or on the Internet. They will know of its authenticity by simply reading these two interviews. While there's nothing they can do to the ACIO or the Labyrinth Group, they can make my life difficult to live.

"And they will most definitely try. I know all about their technologies and how they deploy them. I know the people behind these organizations and I know how they operate. I have knowledge that I've only shown you a small fraction of. And this knowledge would make certain individuals -- very powerful individuals -- very uncomfortable. It's extremely rare, but when high-level operatives defect, they're hunted like dogs until they're found and disposed of, or, if they serve an ongoing purpose, their memories are selectively wiped clean. It's one of the unfortunate realities of having dealt with these organizations."

Anne:
"But you were just a scientist . . . a linguist, for God's sake. How does that make you a threat to these secret organizations?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I was the one that created the underlying encryption technology for their security system that overlays their predictive modeling software for the world's stock exchanges. I may be a simple scientist in your eyes, but my talents for linguistics is not the only talent I possess. I'm also gifted in the field of encryption. And within the world of economics, I'm simply the best. And this talent was given to certain organizations to help them, and in the process of doing so, I learned about these organizations and how they operate. It makes me a security risk."

Anne:
"Why? I mean if the ACIO and Labyrinth Group have so much money . . . why work with these evil groups?"

Dr. Anderson:
"First of all, they're not evil. These organizations consist of well-educated elitists who're self-absorbed perhaps, but not evil. They look at the world as a biological experience where the strong survive, the powerful thrive, and the secretive control. They like being in control of the experience. They are the ultimate control freaks, but not for the sake of adoration or ego-gratification, but for the sake that they genuinely believe they're the best at making policy decisions that effect the world's economy and security.

"So, don't confuse control with evil intent. It's not necessarily one and the same thing. That's the game they choose to play. The fact that they make incredible sums of money, is simply part of the game, but it's not the reason they sit in the driver's seat of the world's economy . . . they simply want to protect their life's agenda like anyone else would. It's just that they're in the position to actually do it. They get their security from being at the top of the economic food-chain."

Anne:
"But they're manipulating people and keeping information from them. If this isn't evil, what is?"

Dr. Anderson:
"By your definition, our national government, our local government, virtually every business and organization, is evil. Everyone manipulates and keeps information hidden. Governments, organizations, and individuals."

Anne:
"You're twisting my words. It's a matter of degree isn't it? I mean, it's one thing if I don't tell you my true hair color, and it's another thing if, as part of this secret network, I withhold information about how I'm manipulating the world economy. They're entirely different in scale. You can't compare them. I still think it's evil when organizations manipulate and control things for their own gain."

Dr. Anderson:
"Believe me, I didn't set out to be the defender of these organizations, but you need to understand this because it's important and it may effect you in the days ahead. This secret network of powerful organizations are more aligned with the goals of the Labyrinth Group than our world's governments, and, in particular, our military leaders. If you're worried about anything, you would be well advised to worry more about the administration, Congress, and the Department of Defense . . . not only in the United States, but in every country."

Anne:
"How can you say that? Are you saying that our government and military leaders are trying to cause us harm and these secret, manipulative organizations are trying to help us?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I'm saying that the leadership in the world's community of nations is inept, and can be bought with the holy dollar. And that it's not the secret network that I've been talking about who's manipulating our government and military leadership to invest huge amounts of money in destructive forces like nuclear and biological weapons. This, they're deciding on their own. The secret organizations that I'm pointing the finger at are opposed to these military build-ups because they interject a degree of uncertainty in their models for controlling economic and social order.

"The politicians and military leaders are the ones who're investing time, energy, and money in weapons of mass destruction, and these, if there is such a thing as evil, are it."

Anne:
"Okay. I see your point. But you implied that these secret organizations would try and kill us if we published and distributed all of this? I still don't see how that makes them so noble."

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't think you have to be concerned about these secret organizations. You don't know enough to be dangerous to them. Besides, they're used to journalists snooping around and trying to expose them. None have succeeded in any meaningful way. Dozens of books have been written about them. So they're not going to bother you. Their interest will be in me and me alone. It's one of the reasons why I'm careful in what I tell you. I know they'll read these transcripts as will the NSA, CIA, ACIO, and the entire Labyrinth Group. I'm allowing you to record these conversations because I know who will hear these exact words, and I want them to know precisely what I have shared with you, and through you, to others.

"I'm not making a value judgment as to whether these secret organizations are noble or not. I'm merely pointing out that they're not the ones wasting huge sums of money and intellectual capital on weapons of mass destruction. They're significantly more competent to rule than our politicians and military leaders

are. And this is simply my opinion."

Anne:
"I still don't get it. If the Labyrinth Group, the ACIO and this secret network of organizations are all so noble and benevolent, why are you afraid for your life? And why are they hiding from the public like cockroaches?"

Dr. Anderson:
"To answer your first question, I fear for my life because I know information that could cause irreparable harm to a variety of secret organizations . . . though I have no intention to do so."

Anne:
"But simply because you know these things they'll hunt you down and kill you? Sounds like a nice group to me. Certainly not evil . . . "

Dr. Anderson:
Remember . . . they're control freaks. They don't like having anyone loose who could cause them potential harm. If I wanted to, I could bring them down. I know that much about their computer algorithms and encryption technologies."

Anne:
"But how would you get access to their system. It would seem to me that you'd be placing yourself in great jeopardy if you tried to get into their system."

Dr. Anderson:
"I don't need to get into their system to cause them harm, I need to get into their system to prevent harm. They will invite me into their system."

Anne:
"I don't understand . . . "

Dr. Anderson:
"When I developed the system initially, there were certain time-delayed algorithms that were scripted to occur at specific times, and if they were not maintained accordingly, the program would essentially self-destruct. Something that these organizations cannot afford to happen."

Anne:
"Why did they agree to this?"

Dr. Anderson:
"It's part of the fee that the Labyrinth Group extracts from its clients. More importantly, it ensures that our technologies -- even in their diluted states -- are operated according to our agreement and not misused. I have the access codes for this system and the maintenance key that will prevent it from crashing. I've made certain that I'm the only one who has this knowledge."

Anne:
"You're telling me that with all those photographic memories running around at the Labyrinth Group, that you're the only one who knows the code?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I didn't exactly report the right number when I did my last update of their system . . . so, yes, I'm the only one who knows the correct code. I designed it that way to ensure my safety . . . "

Anne:
"But with all the geniuses in the Labyrinth Group, you're telling me that they can't solve this problem themselves?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Not without a significant amount of time . . . which is something Fifteen won't agree to do. It's too wasteful and a major distraction to BST research."

Anne:
"Do they already know about this?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Oh, yes. I informed them shortly after I defected."

Anne:
"They must have been pissed."

Dr. Anderson:
"It wasn't a pleasant conversation to put it mildly."

Anne:
"I was thinking about all of this sophisticated technology that the Labyrinth Group has, but I don't understand something. How do you manufacture it? I assume Intel isn't doing the manufacturing. Right?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Correct. There's no one on this planet that can manufacture these technologies. They're all based upon the Corteum technology -- which is about 150 generations ahead of our best computer technologies here on earth. For example, the LERM project used only one domestic technology in the total array of about 200 different technologies, and it was a relatively insignificant part of the project . . . "

Anne:
"What was it?"

Dr. Anderson:
"It's a derivative of a laser telemetry technology that the ACIO developed about 20 years ago, but it filled the specific needs of the LERM project because it was based on analog protocols which were required for the application in that specific part of the experiment."

Anne:
"So the Corteum performs all the manufacturing of what the Labyrinth Group designs. What if the Corteum decide, for whatever reason, not to share these technologies all of sudden? Wouldn't the Labyrinth Group cease to exist?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Perhaps. But Fifteen is shrewd and he's put certain contingencies in place to help ensure nothing like that would ever happen. Bear in mind, that the Corteum are at least as motivated as we are to develop this technology, perhaps more. They have tremendous respect for Fifteen as well as the other human contingent of the Labyrinth Group. However, when the Labyrinth Group was first formed, Fifteen negotiated with the Corteum to share all source code for the projects that came out of BST research. All base technologies were replicated in two separate research labs. There's complete redundancy right down to the power supplies."

Anne:

"Won't the leaders of these secret organizations try and pressure Fifteen to find you . . . with their remote viewing technology, can't they find you easily?"

Dr. Anderson:
"The leaders of these secret organizations well know they have no leverage with Fifteen. After they read this information, they will know they have even less leverage. Fifteen and the Labyrinth Group designed and developed all of their security systems. Every last one. They knew they had to be indebted to the Labyrinth Group for certain technologies that made them -- speaking metaphorically -- invisible. Fifteen cannot be pressured. In fact, it's just the opposite, Fifteen can pressure them . . . though he never would. To Fifteen, these organizations simply represent the best alternative to letting our own governments take control of the economic engines and social order of the world infrastructure. Hence, he sympathizes with them and tries to help them to the extent he can afford the time and energy."

Anne:
"So how will you hide from them?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I began this process of defection nearly a year ago. As I told you before, I began to systematically disentangle myself from the ACIO's invasive security precautions . . . which include electronic sensors implanted underneath the skin in the back of the neck. I effectively stripped myself of these devices so I'd have a chance of remaining underground until a reasonable solution could be negotiated."

Anne:
"I assume there's nothing the police or FBI could do to help?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Nothing that I'm interested in."

Anne:
"But what will you do to protect yourself?"

Dr. Anderson:
"As you can imagine, Anne, there's certain information I can't share with you given the nature of these interviews. This is one instance I can't tell you more than I already have."

Anne:
"Are you able to stay longer because I still have some more questions?"

Dr. Anderson:
"I can stay s long as you like tonight."

Anne:
"Good, I don' t think it'll take much longer.

"I'd like to go all the back to the WingMakers again. I'm not usually so scattered by the way. It's just that you're telling me things that get me going in a hundred directions at once and I can't keep myself focused. Sorry . . .
"Any rate, tell me more about your experiences with the WingMakers. You said earlier that you had visitations with them . . . right?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes."

Anne:
"So what were they like and what did they tell you?'

Dr. Anderson:
"Well I suppose the best way to describe them is that they were like a lucid dream. The first time I actually interacted with them, I was taking a catnap at the lab and I suddenly woke up like someone had tapped me on the shoulder to awaken me, and when I turned around, there was no one there. I shrugged it off as a dream, and went back to my nap. The next thing I remembered I woke up and saw two luminous objects about the size of a human being and with the general appearance of a body . . . though they were too bright for me to look directly at them . . . so I wasn't really sure of their appearance initially.

"The light had a rhythmic pulsing quality to it and this pulsing seemed to entrain my own consciousness. It was like . . . like feeling something that was extremely powerful, but equally gentle at the same time... the dipole effect was very unusual. I had no fear of these objects emotionally, but mentally I felt at odds with my trust, as if I should feel fear. I must've remained semi-conscious of this experience for maybe ten seconds or so, and then I felt my mind become linked to the mind of these beings.

"They told me they were WingMakers and that they had entered my time to help me. They were only interested in unlocking their coded messages because they felt that their time capsule had fallen into good hands. They encoded their messages for two reasons: one, to ensure security of their time capsule and its contents, and two, to make certain that the ones who discover it will serve the WingMakers' agenda and not their own."

Anne:
"So are you saying they felt that the Labyrinth Group was not going to apply their own agenda? If that's the case, I don't these WingMakers have much insight into the Labyrinth Group."

Dr. Anderson:
"Except for one small issue. The WingMakers are the Labyrinth Group . . . only 750 years in the future."

Anne:
"You're kidding. How could that be?"

Dr. Anderson:
"That's almost exactly what I said at the time, only it was expressed with more amazement. We had considered the possibility as one of our early hypotheses, but it was never taken that seriously because we never had proof or evidence other than symbolic representations.

"Anyway, that was essentially what they wanted to communicate to me in that first conscious interaction. They, for whatever reason, had chosen me to be their liaison and were intent on helping me bring the contents of their time capsule to the public domain, and more specifically, to the Internet. That was the essence of their instruction.

"So when . . . "

Anne:
"I still don't understand how they could represent the Labyrinth Group . . . If they have BST then why not hand it over like I said before? What's their concern?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Like most things concerning BST, you have to unlearn all of your conventional precepts about how things work before you can understand the nature of BST.

"The WingMakers are the result of a whole new evolution of humankind. They're not time-bound. They're able to separate their physical and non-physical selves and, in the latter state, travel across vertical time and interact with it. I'm not sure that it's exactly the form of BST that Fifteen has in mind . . . it's seems more like bi-location except in different time periods instead of space. While in the foreign time they can re-materialize their physical bodies and interact with the physical environment if they choose. They can even bring objects with them and transfer these objects to the foreign time, as they did in the case of the Ancient Arrow site.

"But to give BST, or any aspect of it, to any individual, organization, or government, you first have to completely understand them and through that understanding, trust them. That takes time and observational experience. It also takes testing. And I think that's what the WingMakers are doing with their time capsules. They're testing the Labyrinth Group, and Fifteen in particular, to see what his true intentions are."

Anne:
"I know this is going to sound like a tangled up question, but the WingMakers are 750 years ahead of us. Right?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes."

Anne:
"And in their future, they represent the Labyrinth Group. Right?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, that's right."

Anne:
"And they don't trust the current membership and/or leadership of the Labyrinth Group. Right?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Apparently not enough to simply hand over their technologies."

Anne:
"So that's why they've placed their knowledge of BST inside seven time capsules and planted them inside or underneath rock formations or wherever. But I read in one of the ACIO memos or . . . maybe you told me . . . that the final time capsule wouldn't be discovered until the year 2023. And that's after the takeover bid by this hostile alien force. It doesn't make sense."

Dr. Anderson:
"I understand your line of questioning. Unfortunately, my interactions with the WingMakers have been on different topics so far. Perhaps later I'll learn more about their plan as far as the 2018 elections and hostile takeovers are concerned. I've only had three interactions with them thus far, and all three have been brief encounters, and mostly one-way communication . . . they communicating messages to me."

Anne:
"I'm feeling the need to bring this session to an end. My mind is quite literally filled to the brim. I think if you told me anything profound right now, it'd just go in one ear and out the other. Can we meet again on Wednesday and perhaps pick-up on these sessions you've had with the WingMakers then?"

Dr. Anderson:
"Yes, that's fine with my schedule."

Anne:
"Okay. Signing off for tonight.

End of Session

III

Philosophy

Chambers 1 and 2: 1 Philosophical Paper

Life Principles of the Sovereign Integral

The entity model of expression is designed to explore new fields of vibration through biological instruments and transform through this process of discovery to a new level of understanding and expression as a Sovereign Integral. The Sovereign Integral is the fullest expression of the entity model within the time-space universes, and most closely exemplifies Source Intelligence's capabilities therein. It is also the natural state of existence of the entity that has transformed beyond the evolution/saviorship model of existence and has removed itself from the controlling aspects of the Hierarchy through the complete activation of its embedded Source Codes. This is the level of capability that was "seeded" within the entity model of expression when it was initially conceived by Prime Creator. All entities within the time-space universes are in various stages of the transformational experience and each are destined to achieve the Sovereign Integral level as their Source Codes become fully activated.

The transformational experience is the realization that the entity model of expression is capable of direct access to Source Intelligence information, and that the information of Prime Creator is discovered within the entity level of the Sovereign Integral. In other words, the human instrument, complete with its biological, emotional, and mental capabilities, is not the repository of the entity's Source Codes. Nor is the human instrument able to reach out and gather in this liberating information—this glorious freedom to access All That Is. It is the entity that is both the harbor of, and instrument of access to, the Source Coding activation that permits the transformational experience to manifest through the integration of the human instrument and the sovereign entity.

The transformational experience consists of the realization that perceived reality is Source Reality personified in the form of individual preferences. Thus, Source Reality and sovereign reality become inseparable as the wind and air. This confluence is realized only through the transformational experience, which is unlike anything known within the time-space universes.

There have been those upon terra-earth who have experienced a shallow breath of wind from this powerful tempest. Some have called it ascension, others have attributed names like illumination, vision, enlightenment, nirvana, and cosmic consciousness. While these experiences are profound in human standards, they are only the initial stirrings of the Sovereign Integral, as it becomes increasingly adept at touching and awakening the remote edges of its existence. What most species define as the ultimate bliss is merely the impression of the Sovereign Integral whispering to its outposts of form and nudging them to look within to their roots of existence and unite with this formless and limitless intelligence that pervades all.

The transformational experience is far beyond the calibration of the human drama much like the stars in the sky are beyond the touch of terra-earth. You can observe the stars with your human eyes, but you will never touch them with your human hands. Similarly, you can dimly foresee the transformational experience with the human instrument, but you cannot experience it through the human instrument. It is only accessed through the wholeness of the entity, for it is only in wholeness that the Source Codes and their residual effects of Source Reality perception can exist. And truly, this wholeness is only obtained when the individual consciousness is separated from time and is able to view its existence in timelessness.

Nevertheless, the human instrument is critical in facilitating the transformational experience and causing it to trigger—like a metamorphosis—the integration of the formful identities into the Sovereign Integral. This is the next stage of perception and expression for the entity model, and it is activated when the entity designs its reality from life principles that are symbolic of Source Reality, as opposed to the reality of an external source that is bound to the evolution/saviorship model of existence.

These life principles are Source Intelligence templates of creation. They are designed to create reality from the perspective of the Sovereign Integral and hasten its manifestation within the fields of vibration that has thus far repelled it. They are principles that construct opportunities for the integration of the entity's formless and formful identities. They are bridges that the human instrument—with all of its componentry intact—can experience the Sovereign Integral perception of wholeness.

As the human instrument becomes increasingly responsive to Source Intelligence it will gravitate to life principles that symbolically express the formative principles of prime creation. There are wide ranges of expressions that can induce the transformational experience of the Sovereign Integral and liberate the entity from time-space conditioning and external controls. Inasmuch as the expression can vary, the intent of the expression is quite narrowly defined as the intent to expand into a state of integration whereby the human instrument becomes increasingly aligned with the Sovereign Integral perspective.

There are three particular life principles that accelerate the transformational experience and help to align the human instrument with the Sovereign Integral perspective. They are:

1) Universe relationship through gratitude
2) Observance of Source in all things
3) Nurturance of life

When the individual applies these principles, their life experience reveals a deeper meaning to its apparently random events—both in the universal and personal contexts.

Universe Relationship through Gratitude

This is the principle that the Universe of Wholeness represents a collective intelligence that can be personalized as a single Universal Entity. Thus, in this model of inference, there are only two entities in the entire cosmos: the individual entity and the Universal Entity. Inasmuch as the individual is impressionable and constantly changing to adapt to new information, so is the Universal Entity, which is a dynamic and living template of potential energies and experiences that are coherent and as knowable as a friend's personality and behavior.

The Universal Entity is responsive to the individual and its perceptions and expressions. It is like a composite omni-personality that is imbued with Source Intelligence and responds to the perceptions of the individual like a pool of water mirrors the image that overshadows it. Everyone in a human instrument is indeed, at their innermost core, a sovereign entity that can transform the human instrument into an instrument of the Sovereign Integral. However, this transformation is dependent on whether the individual chooses to project an image of a Sovereign Integral upon the "mirror" of the Universal Entity, or project a lesser image that is a distortion of its true state of being.

The principle of universe relationship through gratitude is primarily concerned with consciously designing one's self image through an appreciation of the Universal Entity's supportive "mirror". In other words, the Universal Entity is a partner in shaping reality's expression in one's life. Reality is an internal process of creation that is utterly free of external controls and conditions if the individual projects a sovereign image upon the mirror of the Universal Entity.

This process is an interchange of supportive energy from the individual to the Universal Entity, and this energy is best applied through an appreciation of how perfect and exacting the interchange occurs in every moment of life. If the individual is aware (or at least interested in having the awareness) of how perfect the Universal Entity supports the individual's sovereign reality, there is a powerful and natural sense of gratitude that flows from the individual to the Universal Entity. It is this wellspring of gratitude

that opens the channel of support from the Universal Entity to the individual and establishes a collaboration of purpose to transform the human instrument into an expression of the Sovereign Integral.

It is principally gratitude—which translates to an appreciation of how the inter-relationship of the individual and the Universal Entity operates—that opens the human instrument to its connection to the sovereign entity and its eventual transformation into the Sovereign Integral state of perception and expression. The relationship of the individual with the Universal Entity is essential to cultivate and nurture, because it, more than anything else, determines how accepting the individual is to life's myriad forms and manifestations.

When the individual accepts changes in sovereign reality as the shifting persona of the Universal Entity, they live in greater harmony with life itself. Life becomes an exchange of energy between the individual and the Universal Entity that is allowed to play out without judgment and experienced without fear. This is the underlying meaning of unconditional love: to experience life in all its manifestations as a single, unified intelligence that responds perfectly to the projected image of the human instrument.

It is for this reason that when the human instrument projects gratitude to the Universal Entity, regardless of circumstance or condition, life becomes increasingly supportive in opening the human instrument to activate its Source Codes and live life within the framework of the synthesis model of expression. The feeling of gratitude coupled with the mental concept of appreciation is expressed like an invisible message in all directions and at all times. In this particular context, gratitude to the Universal Entity is the overarching motive behind all forms of expression that the human instrument aspires to.

Every breath, every word, every touch, every thought, every thing is centered on expressing this sense of gratitude. A gratitude that the individual is sovereign and supported by a Universal Entity that expresses itself through all forms and manifestations of intelligence with the sole objective of creating the ideal reality to activate the individual's Source Codes and transform the human instrument and entity in to the Sovereign Integral. It is this specific form of gratitude that accelerates the activation of the Source Codes and their peculiar ability to integrate the disparate componentry of the human instrument and the entity, and transform them to the state of perception and expression of the Sovereign Integral.

Time is the only factor that distorts this otherwise clear connection between the individual and Universal Entity. Time intervenes and creates pockets of despair, hopelessness, and abandonment. However, it is these very "pockets" that often activate the Source Codes of the entity and establish a more intimate and harmonious relationship with the Universal Entity. Time establishes separation of experience and this creates doubt in the Universal Entity's system of fairness and overarching purpose. In turn, this creates fear that the universe is not a mirror but rather a chaotic, whimsical energy.

When the human instrument is aligned with the Sovereign Integral and lives from this perspective as a developing reality, it attracts a natural state of harmony. This does not necessarily mean that the human instrument is without problems or discomforts, rather it signifies a perception that there is an integral purpose in what life reveals. In other words, natural harmony perceives that life experience is meaningful to the extent you are aligned with the Sovereign Integral, and that your personal reality must flow from this strata of the multidimensional universe in order to create lasting joy and inner peace.

Gratitude is a critical facet of love that opens the human instrument to acknowledge the role of the Universal Entity and redefine its purpose as a supportive extension of sovereign reality, rather than the whimsical outreach of fate or the exacting reaction of a mechanical, detached universe. Establishing a relationship with the Universal Entity through the outflow of gratitude also attracts life experience that is transformative. Experience that is richly devoted to uncovering life's deepest meaning and most formative purpose.

Observance of Source in All Things

This is the principle that Prime Creator is present in all realities through all manifestations of energy. IT is interwoven in all things like a mosaic whose pieces adhere to the same wall, and are thus, unified. However, it is not the picture that unifies the mosaic, but the wall upon which its pieces adhere. Similarly, Prime Creator paints a picture so diverse and apparently unrelated that there appears to be no unification. Yet it is not the outward manifestations that unify, it is the inward center of energy upon which the pieces of diversity are layered that unifies all manifestations.

This centerpiece of energy is the collective storehouse of all life in all fields of vibration within the Universe of Wholeness. It is Prime Creator who divests ITSELF in all forms through the projection of ITS Source Intelligence in to all fragments of life. Thus, Source Intelligence—acting as an extension of Prime Creator—is the unifying energy that is the "wall" upon which all the pieces of life's mosaic adhere. Life flows from one energy Source that links all to All and one to One.

Observance of Source in All Things is the principle that all manifestations of life convey an expression of Prime Creator. It does not matter how far the unifying energy has been distorted or perverted; the Source can be observed. It is the action of perceiving the unification of energy even when the outward manifestations appear random, distorted, unrelated, or chaotic.

When all manifestations of life are genuinely perceived as fragmentary expressions of Prime Creator, the vibration of equality that underlies all life-forms becomes perceptible to the human instrument. Life initially emerges as an extension of Source Reality, and then, as an individuated energy frequency invested within a form. It vibrates, in its pure, timeless state, precisely the same for all manifestations of life. This is the common ground that all life shares. This is the tone-vibration of equality that can be observed within all life forms that unifies all expressions of diversity to the foundation of existence known as Prime Creator. If an individual is able to look upon any form of life with the outlook of equality, then they are observing Source in all things.

While this may seem like an abstract concept, it is actualized through the practice of looking for the outward and inward manifestations of Prime Creator. In a very real sense, the individual expects to observe the workings of Source Intelligence in every facet of their experience. It is the unassailable expectation that everything is in its rightful position, performing its optimal function, and serving its purpose to activate the fullest expression of its life in the present moment. It is the outlook that all life is in a state of optimal realization and experience regardless of condition or circumstance. It is the perception that life is perfect in its expression because it flows from perfection, and that no matter how divergent its manifestations are, life is an extension of Source Reality.

In light of the obvious turmoil and apparent destruction that accompanies life on terra-earth, this is an outlook or perception that seems naive. How can life—in all its forms and expressions—be perceived as optimal or perfect? This is the great paradox of life, and it cannot be reconciled with the human instrument's mental or emotional capabilities. It can only be understood in the context of the entity, which is deathless, limitless, timeless, and sovereign. Paradoxes exist because the human drama is too limited in scope and scale to allow a perception of wholeness to intervene and illuminate how the pieces of the puzzle are unified in perfect relation.

The human drama is circumscribed by the dimensions of time and space and the elements of energy and matter. It is played out upon the stages of survival and dysfunctional behavior because of the Hierarchy's methods of controlling information and manipulating conditions. The entity within the human instrument is largely unexpressed and under-utilized in the human drama, and therefore, life's apparent perversions and imperfections are seen in isolation as impediments to perfection rather than perfection itself.

Life is perfect in its resolve to expand and express an intelligence that is limitless. This is the fundamental purpose of life in all its diverse manifestations, and this is the presence of Prime Creator—expressing ITSELF as a vibration of equality—that can be observed in all things. Sensory input derived from the human instrument is limited to frequencies in specific ranges that only convey an echo of this Source vibration. The true frequency is understood through deliberate and focused contemplation of equality inherent in all things, and the ability to penetrate beyond the picture of a thing to the origin of the picture.

These insights require a new sensory system beyond the five-senses that rule the human world in your time. These new senses are the outgrowth of the Source Code activation, and represent the first stage of the transformation experience. With this new perceptual ability, the human instrument will be capable of sensing not only the presence of Prime Creator, but also the timeless essence within all life that is individualized and uniquely separate from Prime Creator.

Calling forth the perceptions of the entity within the human instrument is the ideal method to access a lasting sensitivity to the Source vibration. This is how an individual can develop the ability to observe Source in all things. It is not only that Prime Creator is within every individual manifestation of energy, but is also the wholeness of life itself. Thus, the principle requires an observance of Source in all ITS diverse forms of manifestation, as well as in the wholeness of life.

Nurturance of Life

Life, in this definition, is an individual's sovereign reality. It is subjective and impressionable to the human instrument. Life is the wholeness of experience flowing past the individual's field of perception in the dimension of nowness. There is never a closure to life or final chapter written. It is eternal, but not in the abstract sense of never ending or beginning, but rather in the real sense that life is ever expanding in order to express Source Intelligence in all fields of vibration within the Universe of Wholeness.

The nurturance of life is the principle that an individual is in alignment with the natural expansion of intelligence inherent within all life. This is an alignment that enhances the life-energy that flows past the individual with the clear intent of gentle support. It is the action of identifying the highest motive in all energy forms and supporting the flow of this energy towards its ultimate expression. In so doing, the action is performed without judgment, analysis, or attachment to outcome. It is simply nurturing the energy that flows from all manifestations and supporting its expression of life.

This is a departure from the normal perception that nurturing support can only be granted when energy is in alignment with personal will. However, when the individual can view life as an integrated energy flowing in the expression of expanding intelligence, life is honored as an extension of Prime Creator. In this context, there is no energy that is mis-directed or unworthy of support and nurturance. While this may seem contrary to the evidence of abusive energy upon terra-earth, even energy that is laden with "evil intent" is nevertheless energy that is flowing outward in search of a higher expression.

All forms of energy can be nurtured and supported to their highest expression, and this is the fundamental action of this principle. It requires the ability to perceive the causal motive and ultimate expression of life-energy as it passes through the individual's sovereign reality. Energy is an element of life that is so subtly interwoven with form that it is one; in much the same manner as space and time are inextricably linked in union. Energy is a motive. It is intelligent beyond the mind's ability to reason. While it is a force that can be subject to human applications that deny its highest expression, energy is always imbuing life with the motive to expand and evolve.

Life-energy is always in a state of becoming. It is never static or regressive in its natural state. The human instrument is very capable of nurturing this natural expansion of energy to forge new channels of expression and experience. In fact, it is the primary purpose of the human instrument to expand the life-

energy that encircles its sovereign reality within physical existence and transform it to new levels of expression that more accurately reflect the perspective of the Sovereign Integral.

There are many specific actions that can be taken to nurture life. Each entity is, in a sense, programmed within its Source Codes to transmute energy through a tremendous variety of means. Working through the human instrument, the entity is able to collect and store energy within the human instrument and re-direct its purpose or application. The transmutation of energy can occur on either the personal or universal levels of expression. That is, within the sovereign reality of an individual, energy can be transmuted to conform to a vision of personal welfare, or aligned with a vision of universal welfare and goodwill.

One of the best methods to transmute energy is through one's belief system. All beliefs have energy systems that act like birthing chambers for the manifestation of the belief. Within these energy systems are currents that direct life experience. The human instrument is aware of these currents either consciously or unconsciously, and allows them to carry it into the realm of experience that exemplifies its true belief system.

By cultivating beliefs that expand and transform energy, the human instrument is able to engage energy systems that are nurturing to life in all its myriad forms. When beliefs are clearly defined as preferred states of being, the energy system is engaged in nowness—not in some future time. Now. The energy system becomes inseparable from the human instrument and woven into its spirit like a thread of light. Clarity of belief is essential to engaging the energy system of the belief, and allowing the nurturance of life to prevail in all activities.

So again, the nurturance of life is critical to both personal and universal realities within the Universe of Wholeness which contains all the fields of vibration that are interlinked like threads of an infinitely expanding fabric. Thus, as the individual awakens to their creative power to transmute energy and enhance it with the clear intent of gentle support, they become transmitters of Source Reality and architects of the synthesis model of existence.

Through the ongoing application of these life principles, Source Intelligence increasingly becomes the identity of the entity, and the entity becomes the identity of the human instrument. Thus, identity is transformed, and in the wake of this transformation, the Sovereign Integral unifies the human instrument with the entity, and the entity with Source Intelligence. It is this unification and shifts of identity that is the explicit purpose in expressing the life principles of the Sovereign Integral. If there is any other intention or objective these principles will remain misunderstood and their catalytic powers dormant.

It is the perspective of the Sovereign Integral that all life is pure love in its fullest expression, and that in this single concept, all life is conceived and forever exists. This becomes the core belief from which all other beliefs arise, and by their extension, one's belief system emerges with a clear intent of supporting this fundamental perspective. Of nurturing, observing, and appreciating the Universe of Wholeness as the cradle from which all life is created, evolves, and ultimately acknowledges.

These life principles are merely symbols represented in words and served to the human instrument as a potential recipe to stir awake the embers of light that tirelessly burn within. There are no specific techniques or rituals that are required to invoke the power of these principles. They are simply perspectives. In a real sense, they are intentions that attract experience that expand consciousness. They do not provide quick fixes or instant realizations. They are amplifiers of personal will and intention that clarify how one lives. Their transformative power is contained exclusively in the intent of their application.

Through these life principles of the Sovereign Integral, the individual can become a master of unlimiting the Self. Boundaries are set, veils are pulled down, and one's light is subdued, simply because external, hierarchical controls create fear of the unknown and mystical practices of a sovereign being. In these life principles, if they are truly applied with proper intent, are the tools to accelerate the emergence of the Sovereign Integral and feel its perspective, its insights, and its empowered abilities to create new realities and shape them as learning adventures that liberate and expand consciousness. This is the underlying purpose of the principles and perhaps the best reason to explore them.

The Shifting Models of Existence

The consciousness of the Sovereign Integral is the destination that beckons the human instrument inward into the reality of Prime Creator. In all of the wanderings of the human consciousness from Source Reality, it has eliminated the compelling features of Source Reality through the application of the logical mind and the persistent belief in the language of limitation that flows from the external controls of the hierarchy.

Source Reality, hidden behind language, has gradually become "illuminated" by the prophets of your world, and has thus, taken on the image of language, rather than the expression of its compelling features. Language is the purveyor of limitation. It is the pawn of tyranny and entrapment. Virtually all entities within the time-space universe desire to preserve a dependence upon a hierarchy that stretches between the individual and the compelling features of Source Reality. It is the hierarchy that utilizes language as a form of structural limitation, though in relative terms, it can appear to be liberating and empowering.

Source Reality is the dwelling place of Prime Creator, and it dances outside of the constructs of any language. It is complete within itself, and has a singular purpose of demonstrating the collective potential of all species within the Universe of Wholeness. It is the archetype of perfection. It is the standard bearer of each entity's innate design and ultimate destiny. ITS essence is so far beyond conception, that the human instrument's tendency is to resort to the language of externals—and ultimately the hierarchy—to define Source Reality.

The hierarchy, through the purveyance of an evolution/saviorship model of existence, has attempted to guide the development of all entities throughout the Universe of Wholeness. The connection between the individual and the Source is subtly undermined through the layers of language, belief system manipulation, and ritual controls designed by the hierarchy to intervene between the spiritual essence of entities and their source, Prime Creator.

Each individual must know themselves to be free of all forms of external reliance. This is not to imply that one should not trust others or band together in alliances of friendship and community. It is simply a warning that relative truth is constantly shifting in the hands of those who desire to control, and even though their motives may be of good will, it is still a form of control. When the hierarchy withholds information, the interpretive centers for relative truth are positioned to acquire and maintain power rather than dispensing the empowerment of Source equality.

There are so many layers of relative truth that if you listen to the language of externals, you will most likely abandon your own power in favor of the proclamation of language. Language is seductive to the ego's drive for power and control, as well as the mind's inclination to surrender to, and believe in, the language of externals. It can lure the unsuspecting into believing images and ideas—real or imagined—for the sake of holding individuals in bondage to a lesser truth, or keep individuals supporting the hierarchy when it no longer serves a purpose. The time is fast approaching when the veils of control at all levels of the hierarchy will be rendered obsolete by entities who are destined to pull down the veils and allow sovereign power to prevail over hierarchical power.

There are entities who have woven their future existence with terra-earth and are destined to demonstrate the truth of Source equality among all entities at all levels of expression. It will become the fundamental purpose of the hierarchy to slowly remove these barriers to equality in such a way that the hierarchy appears to be the savior of consciousness rather than the guard of consciousness. There are those present who will ensure that the curtain falls swiftly for those who are ready to be equal with their Source, are

willing to skirt the hierarchy's tangled pathways, and embrace their divinity as sovereign expressions of Source Reality.

The hierarchy represents diverse interests, perceptions of reality, and motives of action. It is this diversity that causes the hierarchy to become ineffective in leading individuals to their equal status with Prime Creator. However, this diversity is also what permits the hierarchy to attract and initially awaken such a breadth of individuals to their spiritual energies and intuitive centers. Nevertheless, the hierarchy has trapped itself in diversity and vested specialization that prevents it from evolving from an arduous ladder of evolution to a joyous river of Light that is aligned with the purpose of empowering entities to Source equality.

The saviorship concept results from the feelings of inadequacy that constantly surge within the mass consciousness of humanity through the genetic mind. These feelings are related to the fragmentation of the human instrument and its inability—while fragmented—to fully grasp its wholeness perspective and reach into its divine origins and accept itself as equal with Prime Creator. Thus ensues the seemingly endless search to be saved from the inadequacy and insecurity that result from the fragmentation of the human instrument.

The motive to evolve consciousness derives from the feeling of being less than whole. And in particular, the feeling of being disconnected from Prime Creator due to imperfect judgment caused by the fragmentation of the human instrument. It is through these feelings that the fragmentation perpetuates itself for the entire species and is passed into the genetic mind which is the shared foundation of the human instrument. The genetic mind of the human species is the single most powerful component of the hierarchy and it is formed by the very conditions of the human instrument living in a three-dimensional, five-sensory context that is all-consuming.

When the entity initially enters a human instrument at birth, it is immediately fragmented into a physical, emotional, and mental spectrum of perception and expression. From that day forward the entity is carefully conditioned to adapt into, and navigate within, the three-dimensional, five-sensory context of terra-earth. In effect, the entity purposely fragments its consciousness in order to experience separation from wholeness.

In this state of separation, the entity has handicapped itself for the purpose of new experience and a deeper understanding of the Primal Blueprint or grand vision of Prime Creator. Through this deeper understanding, the entity can, through the human instrument, transform the three-dimensional context into a self-aware, integrated component of the Universe of Wholeness. This magnificent and purposeful endeavor produces the urge within the human instrument to seek out its wholeness and re-experience its divine connection to Prime Creator.

This search, in large measure, is the fuel that drives the individual to seek out and explore the evolution/ saviorship model of existence. It provides the individual with the motivation to seek help and guidance from a specific subgroup of the hierarchy, and in so doing, develop a sense of belonging and unity. It is this very same sense of belonging and unity that helps to catalyze a growing awareness of the underlying union between the human instrument, the Entity Consciousness, the Universe of Wholeness, Source Intelligence, and Prime Creator.

This is why the evolution/saviorship model is so critical as a component to the Grand Experiment. It is the stage whereby the human instrument develops a sense of unity and belonging. A sense of relationship to some grand and encompassing vision. This is why the hierarchy nurtures saviors. It is also why the feelings of inadequacy and insecurity are developed and nurtured by the hierarchy. It actually hastens the unification of humanity, which in turn, will hasten and lead to the unification of humanity with the Universe of Wholeness.

Spiritual leaders are able to peer deeply beneath the surface reality of life and experience how intricately connected every life form is, and how this composite of life is intelligent far beyond the human instrument's capability to both perceive and express. It is because of this condition that spiritual leaders can only interpret reality through their personal abilities to perceive and express life's dimensional depth and limitless intelligence. No one is able to articulate life's dimensional depth and breadth with the tools of language. They can only, at best, describe their interpretation or their impressions.

Every human is able, in varying degrees, to peer beneath the surface reality of life and perceive and express their personal interpretations of the Universe of Wholeness. They require only the time and intention to develop their own interpretations. And this is precisely what all the great spiritual leaders have taught. Life's deeper meaning is not an absolute to be experienced by the chosen few, but an evolving, dynamic intelligence that wears as many faces as there are life forms. No life form or species has the exclusive portal into the Universe of Wholeness in which Prime Creator expresses ITSELF in all ITS majesty. The portal is shared with all because Prime Creator is within all things.

The great spiritual leaders of terra-earth have all, in their own way, interpreted the Universe of Wholeness and humanity's role therein. In so doing, their interpretations, because they were articulated with authority and depth of insight, became a target of debate among various subgroups of the hierarchy. This debate and inquiry process creates a polarity of belief. A sympathetic constituency will emerge to defend and embellish their particular leader's interpretation, while everyone else will hold it in contempt of previously held beliefs.

This peculiar method of creating a religion that is fixated on a savior's or prophet's interpretation of the Universe of Wholeness is unique to a species that is exploring the evolution/saviorship model of existence. The spiritual leaders that are recognized as great prophets or saviors have produced a vision of the Universe of Wholeness beyond what was currently defined by the hierarchy. They created a new portal into the Universe of Wholeness and were willing to share their vision at the expense of debate and probable ridicule.

These men and women were the gateways for humanity to explore new facets of itself. To engage a part of its oversoul or universal consciousness that was essential at that particular time in its evolutionary cycle. But the leader's interpretations too often become interpreted by the followers who desire to create a religion or sect, and the vision quietly recedes into the hands of the hierarchy where it becomes de-vitalized by the very fact that it is connected to a massive structure that both protects and promotes it.

Prime Creator is connected to individuals not organizations. Thus, the hierarchy is unconnected to the Source in a vital and dynamic way. The hierarchy is more connected to its own collective desire to help, to serve, to perform a function that allows the use of power to drive toward the vision of its leaders. In itself, this is not wrong or misguided. It is all part of the Primal Blueprint that orchestrates the unfoldment of consciousness from Prime Source to entity, and entity to Collective Source. This is the spiral of integration that breeds wholeness and cascading beauty within Source Intelligence.

What the hierarchy has loosely labeled as Spirit comes as close as any word to the symbol of Source Intelligence. Source Intelligence inhabits all fields of vibration as an extension of the Source. It is the emissary of Prime Creator that interweaves with the hierarchy as its counter-balance. Source Intelligence is the factor of integrity and alignment, which ensures that the hierarchy is serving its purpose within the Primal Blueprint. Source Intelligence is, in effect, the "scientist" who oversees the Grand Experiment and establishes the criteria, selects the variables, monitors the results, and evaluates the alternative outcomes in the laboratory of time and space.

The Grand Experiment is the ongoing transformation and expansion of Source Intelligence through all entities in all dimensions of existence. It is the purpose of the Grand Experiment to test alternative models

of existence to determine, with some certainty, the model that is best able to unify consciousness without impinging on the sovereignty of the entity and Prime Creator. The Grand Experiment is composed of many distinct stages that interlink, leading to the Great Mystery. Most of these different stages are being simultaneously played out within the time-space universe in order to prepare the universe for the impending expansion of Source Reality into all dimensions of existence.

In the case of terra-earth, this is the stage of existence that promotes the clear connection of individual consciousness to the compelling features of Source Reality without the intervention of a hierarchy of any kind. This is when the fables and myths of history step into the light and become known as they truly are and have been. This is the time when language will be transmuted into a new form of communication that exhibits the compelling features of Source Reality in an artistry of energy and vibration that break down all barriers of control.

It is time to recognize that the hierarchy extends throughout the cosmos to the very borders of discovery. It has branches that extend from every star system, every known dimension; and virtually all life forms are "leaves" of this vast cosmological tree. This constitutes the grand indoctrination of species, spirits, planets, and stars as they each evolve through the branches of the tree. Thus, the hierarchy is an assemblage of externals that desire to invest their energies in support of a sub-group that has nested somewhere within the greatest of all structures—the hierarchy. Service is the operational motive of the hierarchy, and in most cases, this translates into the concept of saviorship and the teacher/student ordering of the universe.

The hierarchy is composed of all entities of all motives that have linked their energies into sub-groups. These sub-groups are independent branches of the vast, cosmological tree that encompasses all things outside of Source Reality. The roots of the tree are bound in the soil of genetic memory and subconscious instincts. At the base of the tree the first branches sprout and they are the oldest, representing the native religions of the species. The middle branches are the orthodox religions and institutions, while the upper branches represent the contemporary belief systems that are newly emerging throughout the universe. The whole tree, in this definition, is the hierarchy, and its seed was initially conceived, planted, and nurtured by Source Intelligence for the purpose of stimulating the Grand Experiment.

This is the experiment of transformation verses evolution. Evolution is the arduous and ongoing process of shifting positions within the hierarchy—always assessing your present position in relation to a new one that beckons you. Transformation is simply the recognition that there are accelerated pathways that bypass the hierarchy leading to sovereign mastership rather than interdependent saviorship, and that these new pathways can be accessed through direct experience of the equality tone-vibration that is present within all entities.

This tone vibration is not what is more commonly referred to as the music of the spheres or the vibration of spirit moving through the universe in resonance to Source intention. It is a vibration that holds together the three principles of the transformational experience: Universe relationship through gratitude, observance of Source in all things, and the nurturance of life. The application of these life-principles in a specific equation of conduct de-couples an entity from the controlling elements of the hierarchy.

How can the hierarchy act in the role of an interpretive center of truth without manipulating entities, and thus, obscuring their free will? The Grand Experiment was designed with free will as its primary method of obtaining authentic information that can be used to expand Source Reality to all dimensions of existence. Free will is the thread of authenticity that imbues value in the various tests within the Grand Experiment. The hierarchy or any other external structure never jeopardizes free will. Only the entity can choose their reality, and this is the fundamental principle of free will.

Free will is not obscured simply because an entity is presented with alternative realities or relative truths that delay its realization of Source equality. It is the choice of the entity to invest itself in external accounts of reality instead of delving within its own resources and creating a reality that is sovereign. The value of free will is always expanding as you move towards sovereignty, and in like manner, is always diminishing as you move towards external dependence. The choice between sovereignty or external dependence is the basis of free will, and there is no structure or external source that can eliminate this basic choice. It is an inward choice that, regardless of outward circumstance, is incapable of being denied by anything external.

The Universe of Wholeness encompasses all dimensions (including Source Reality), and therefore, all realities are contained therein. In this incomprehensible diversity, each entity is provided a structure that defines their free will in terms of its relation Source Reality. Each of these structures varies in latitude of choice, but each is connected into the superstructure of the hierarchy. The structureless reality of Source Reality is where free will was initially conceived, and when the principle expanded into the time-space universe as the thread of authenticity, it became increasingly dependent upon the entity's recognition of its wholeness in relation to Source Intelligence.

If the entity was fragmented into its component parts, its comprehension of free will was limited to that which the hierarchy circumscribed. If the entity is a conscious collective, realizing its sovereign wholeness, the principle of free will was a form of structure that was unnecessary, like a fire in a summer's day. When entities are unknowing of their wholeness, structure will occur as a form of self-imposed security. Through this ongoing development of a structured and ordered universe, entities defined their borders—their limits—through the expression of their insecurity. They gradually became pieces of their wholeness, and like shards of glass from a beautiful vase they bear little resemblance to their aggregate beauty.

If you were to perceive the origin of your existence, you would undoubtedly see how vast the entity is. If you could pierce through the veils that cover your destiny, you would understand how much vaster you will become. Between these two points of existence—origin and destiny—the entity is always the vibrant container of Source Intelligence. It has willingly allowed itself to explore the time-space universes as an outpost of Prime Creator. Therefore, while the hierarchy may obscure the entity's comprehension of its wholeness, it is the entity who has surrendered, by choice, to listen to the language of limitation, the proclamations of externals, and become seduced by the model of evolution/saviorship

Why has the hierarchy not provided the alternative model of transformation/mastership and enabled the entity to make a choice, and in so doing, truly exercise its free will? It is because the hierarchy, like most entities, is not aware of its wholeness. Its fragments, or subgroups, are completely devoted to boundaries. Where there are boundaries that define and limit, there is also structure. Where there is deeply ingrained structure there is a pervasive belief that transformation is impossible. Naturally, the time-space universe conforms to the matrix of belief projection, and the very concept of transformation is removed from the hierarchy's reality.

Thus, the hierarchy is unable to even conceptualize the model of transformation/mastership with any precision, let alone inform the entity that alternatives exist which issue from Source Intelligence. The hierarchy is not responsible for this condition, each entity is. The dominant model of Source Intelligence is primal. It existed before the hierarchy. It is the entity that has chosen to explore the hierarchy's model of existence for the purpose of participating in the Grand Experiment and assisting in the emergence of the synthesis model of existence. The hierarchy is quite benign as a manipulative force, and merely represents a key ingredient to the recipe of wholeness that is transforming the entity to reach beyond its role as a vibrant container of Source Intelligence, and become the bridgeway in the expansion of Source Reality into the time-space universes.

There is an ancient belief, born of the hierarchy, that the time-space universes will ascend into Source Reality and the human instrument of love will accompany this ascension process. However, it is Source Reality that is expanding to encompass the time-space universes with the purpose of aligning all entities to the synthesis model of existence. Source Intelligence is stripping away the veils that hide the true meaning of the entity model of expression in the time-space universes. When this occurs, the entity will possess Source equality in all dimensions and fields of vibration, and its componentry will be united for the full expression of its sovereign perspective.

This transformation of the entity is the pathway into wholeness and the recognition that the entity model of expression is a composite of forms and the formless that is unified in one energy, one consciousness. When the fragments are aligned and inter-connected, the entity becomes the instrument that facilitates Source Reality expansion. Thus, the entity does not ascend from the time-space universes, but rather coalesces into a state of wholeness whereby its sovereign expression can assist in the expansion, or in a different context, the descent, of Source Reality into the time-space universes.

Ascension is often construed as the natural outcome of evolution. That all planetary systems and species are evolving to the point where they ascend from limitation, and that eventually, the time-space universes will somehow fold into Source Reality and cease to exist as fields of vibration. It is actually quite the opposite. Source Reality is descending. It is inclusive of all things, and it is the Source intention to expand, not retreat. The entity transforms to wholeness within the cradle of the time-space universe, and, in so doing, becomes the accessory of Source Reality's intention to expand.

Can you see the perfection of this Primal Blueprint? Can you feel the shifting of the matrix from which your reality is cast? Can you not also understand that you, the human instrument, consist of a componentry that is individuated as a single point of pure energy, yet live in many places on many dimensions simultaneously? Only within the entity is the place of transformation discovered, where the formless Self can enter and commune with its various outposts of form. The formless is the Eternal Watcher who lives behind the veil of form and comprehension, and draws forth the wisdom of time from the well of planets. It is the point of origination from whence Source Intelligence flows.

The Eternal Watcher is the only real interpretive center for the entity. It is the only stable guidance system that can propel the entity to its wholeness. Thus, the entity is composed of both the formless identity of Source Intelligence and the formful identity of densified energy. While the formless is one, the formful is divested in many fragments of expression that isolate its consciousness as islands of perception and expression. This condition results in the entity's denial of its vast and glorious nature of existence.

In the human instrument, the entity, for the most part, is silent and unmoving. It appears like a fleeting whisper of gladness that touches you like a mountain wind. It is quiet like a deep ocean. Yet, the entity is coming forward into the time-space universe as a harbinger of Source Reality expansion. It is beginning to make itself known as it truly is. Many feel the shadow of their entity as it approaches. They consign all forms of definition to this "shadow", seldom believing it to be the torchbearer of their total selfhood. Here is where all the vows of faithfulness, all the ceremonies of love, and all the feelings of hope should be centered and given over to the sovereign entity that we each are.

The primary reason that the hierarchy's model of evolution/saviorship is so compelling is because the entity has become fragmented in how it perceives its total selfhood. The Eternal Watcher that lives through the human instrument is illusive to the time-space conditioned mind, yet it is the mind that attempts to reach out and touch this subtle vibration of Source equality that is forever kindled by Source Intelligence. However, the mind is too conditioned and disempowered to realize the total scope of the entity that exists beyond the shadows of intuition. It is for this reason that the species is exploring the evolution/saviorship model of existence. They have little or no conception of their wholeness, and require a savior and the acclimation process of evolution, to bring them security and happiness.

It is a natural condition of an evolving species to have a desire, implanted by the hierarchy, to be saved and to be a savior. This condition results in the teacher/student ordering of the universe, and it is a building block of evolution and the very essence of the hierarchy's structural existence. While some species resort to the drama of survival to catalyze their evolutionary progress, other species resort to the drama of being saved and being a savior. The saviorship drama is an expression of sovereign entities that are preoccupied with the evolutionary process, and it is not confined to a religious context, but indeed applies to all facets of one's life.

As there are relative truths, there are relative freedoms. If you are evolving through the hierarchical process you gain an ever-increasing sense of freedom, yet you are still controlled by the vibration of externals through languages, thought forms, frequencies of color and sound, and the seemingly indelible artifacts of the genetic mind. Each of these elements can cause the human instrument to rely upon the hierarchy as it overlays a sense of inequality between you and your Source. The underlying equation of the evolutionary process is human instrument + Hierarchy = God connection. In the case of the transformational process, it is Entity + Source Intelligence = Prime Source equality.

Source Intelligence, though it generally manifests as the vibration of equality, is subject to the will of Prime Creator, and as the Source intention changes through the various stages of the Grand Experiment, Source Intelligence is also changing its form of manifestation. This change is occurring now within the worlds of time and space because Prime Creator is beginning to set the stage for the integration of the two primary models of existence (evolution/saviorship and transformation/mastership) within the Grand Experiment.

The time has come to integrate the dominant model of the hierarchy (evolution/saviorship) with the dominant model of Source Intelligence (transformation/mastership). This integration can only be achieved at the level of the entity. It cannot occur within the context of a human instrument or an aspect of the hierarchy. Only the entity—the wholeness of inter-dimensional sovereignty imbued with Source Intelligence—can facilitate and fully experience the integration of these two models of existence.

This form of integration occurs when the entity fully explores the two models and develops a synthesis model that positions saviorship as an internal role of the entity to "save" itself, and not rely upon externals to perform this liberating task. This act of self-sufficiency begins to integrate the saviorship idea with the mastership realization. The next step is to integrate the time-based incremental progress of the evolutionary model with the realization-based acceptance of the transformation model. This is done when the entity is thoroughly convinced that experience and utilization of its wholeness can only occur when it is completely detached from the various structures of the hierarchy.

While the entity assumes its role of personal liberation, it does not mean that the hierarchy is to be shunned or avoided. The hierarchy is a wondrous instrument. It is symbolic of the body of Prime Creator, enabling IT to submerge within the time-space universes similar to how the human instrument allows the entity to function outside of Source Reality. The hierarchy is a vehicle of transformation even when it acts to suppress information and keep species in obedience to its controlling hand. It is part of the ancient formula that prepares a new universe for the synthesis model of existence and membership in the Universe of Wholeness.

The combination of self-saviorship and detachment from the hierarchy initiates the synthesis model into manifestation. The synthesis model is the next outcome of the Grand Experiment, and in certain vibrational fields of the multidimensional universe, there are entities who are indeed experiencing this stage of the experiment as forerunners of the entity model of Source individuation.

These entities are specifically designed to transmit this future experience into communication symbols and life principles that facilitate the bridging of the two models of existence. Beyond the initial design and

construction of these "bridges", these entities will remain largely unknown. If they were to do anything more, they would rapidly become a fixture of the hierarchy and their missions would become compromised.

These Sovereign Entities are not present in the time-space universe to be formal teachers. They are present to be catalysts and designers. They are present to ensure that Source Intelligence is allowed to balance the dominant force of the hierarchy and its model of evolution/saviorship. They will not create a new belief system. Instead, they will focus on developing new communication symbols through various art forms that facilitate the entity's detachment from the controlling aspects of the hierarchy. The Sovereign Entities will also demonstrate the natural ease of interweaving the two primary strands of existence into a synthesis model.

In the advancing epoch of human development, entities will collectively design new pathways beyond the synthesis model of existence so that a new hierarchy can be constructed that is fashioned from Source Intelligence information. This new hierarchy will be cast from the knowledge gained from the Grand Experiments of the time-space universes, and the cosmic cycle will regenerate itself into a new field of vibration and existence. This new model of existence resists definition, and word-symbols are completely inadequate to describe even the shadowy outlines of this new form of existence that is emerging from out of the synthesis model in your future time.

The WingMakers are a small team of Sovereign Entities that have designed time capsules that are catalytic in forming a Sovereign Integral perspective. Each time capsule is, in actuality, a selection system that attracts specific entities to utilize their human instrument in wholeness. This develops their sixth and seventh sense, which enables them to learn how to step out of time and the hierarchy's control. When they can do this, they can design the synthesis model of existence within terra-earth's hierarchical system.

These entities will be transforming time-space universes from ladders of consciousness to inclusions of Source Reality. In other words, Source Reality will be extended into time-space universes, and all life forms therein will experience this extension through a new hierarchical structure that is completely aligned with Source Intelligence. What some call "heaven on earth" is merely an echo-realization of this impending future time. What is truly bearing down on the time-space universes is the expansion of Source Reality through the accessibility of Source Intelligence information to all entities regardless of form or structure.

When this accessibility is complete and the Source Coding is fully activated, all entities will be part of a new cosmological structure. This new structure will invoke the next model of existence, which is already being developed within Source Reality by Source Intelligence and the Sovereign Entities. What is being activated now upon this time-space universe is the initial preparations for these shifts in the models of existence. More specifically, upon terra-earth, these models of existence will be simultaneously played out over the next epoch of time. As always, it will be the choice of the entity as to which model they embrace as reality.

These various models of existence will generally occur in a pre-determined sequence, but not necessarily in a pre-determined timeframe. The sequence of Source Reality expansion is: Source Intelligence creation of new fields of vibration; the ongoing development of an entity constructed hierarchy to act as the superstructure of the new creation; the emergence from the hierarchy of a dominant model of existence, in this case, the evolution/saviorship model; the introduction of the Source Intelligence model of existence, in this case, the transformation/ mastership model; the intermixing of these two models to form a synthesis model of Source equality; and finally, Source Reality expansion to the inclusion of all dimensions and entities.

When this sequencing of the Primal Blueprint is achieved, the process, with all that has been learned by Source Intelligence, will be reconfigured and a new element of the Primal Blueprint will be revealed that is unknown at this stage even by Source Intelligence. The time required to fulfill the complete cycle is undetermined, but it is reasonable to expect that its completion is yet so distant in time that to attach measurement is simply a feeble attempt at estimating the unknowable.

Let there be no mistake, however, that the fulfillment of the Primal Blueprint is indeed the direction all entities are traveling. While entities of all levels are bestowed free will within their own realities, they are not, as aspects of Source Reality, given free will to choose their ultimate destiny. The origin of entities is Source Intelligence, and it is Source Intelligence that determines destiny as well as origin. Still, entities are provided tremendous latitude of choices to propel themselves from origin to destiny and re-emerge into an expanded version of Source Reality with a renewed vision of their identity.

All of the highest imaginings of the human instrument are yet unaware of the deepest foundation of the Primal Blueprint. They have sought the upper reaches of the building, and remain unaware of the foundation's design. It is here, at the very bottom of existence that Prime Creator is bursting forth with ITS energy and is retreating with ITS equality of sovereign mastership. It is here that equality is realized, not in the lofty places of relative truth lodged in the hierarchy, but in the deepest part of the foundational plan of life's origins and destiny, where time rejoins itself into timelessness. The origin and destiny of existence is the tone of equality in life. Listen for this tone—this frequency of vibration—and follow it back into the very foundation from whence all things arise and return.

This frequency of the tone-vibration of equality is only heard with the seventh sense by the entity who is enveloped in a human instrument. The seventh sense can be developed by the time capsules and will lead certain entities to their innermost or core expression. The core expression is what activates the seventh sense. Thus, before one can hear the tone-vibration of equality, they must gain access to their core expression. There is encoded in each of the time capsules, a system of languages that can lead the individual to their core expression. It is hidden because it is so powerful. And we will only lead the worthy to this power.

Consider these words as symbols only. Remember that language is a tool of limitation. Feeling is an antidote of limitation that permits the human instrument to leap over the boundaries of the logical mind and witness first hand the wordless power of collective energy individuated. Feel the truth that stands behind the symbols, and tap into this energy-force that reaches out for you. Know it as a tone-vibration—a resonance that waits for you around every corner in which your life will turn. It is the beacon of the Source Vibration gathering itself into the form of language in order to usher you to the place from which you can experience the formless tone of equality. The bypass of limitation. The Primal Language of Source Intelligence that bestows to you the freedom to generate your deepest beauty in the expression of the highest truth.

Philosophy Glossary

The glossary is derived from the optical disc found in chamber 23 of the WingMakers' time capsule. It represents the definitions of key words and phrases that are used in the first two philosophical papers written by the WingMakers. As subsequent papers are made available on this web site, the glossary will expand accordingly. This is not a glossary of the terms used in the writings of Anne or Dr. Anderson. Those definitions can be found in the Interview Transcripts section of the web site.

Human Instrument
The human instrument consists of three principal components: The biological (physical body), the emotional, and the mental. These three distinct tools of perception, in aggregate, represent the vehicle of the individuated spirit as it interacts with the physical dimension of time, space, energy, and matter.

Entity
The entity model of consciousness encompasses the individuated spirit sometimes referred to as the Higher Self or Soul. The entity is, in a sense, a fragment of the Universal Spirit Consciousness of Prime Creator. It is composed of a very refined and pure energy vibration that is equal to Source Intelligence (spirit). It is the entity consciousness that divests itself into human or otherwise physical vehicles in order to collect experiences that evolve and transform its understanding and appreciation of existence. It is the hub of the wheel through which all of its outposts of form and expression converge throughout the continuum of time and space. The entity is sovereign and simultaneously interconnected with all life through the Universal Spirit Consciousness (Source Intelligence). It is the animating force/energy within all life forms that is always in search of higher understanding and expression.

Sovereign Integral
The Sovereign Integral is a state of consciousness whereby the entity and all of its various forms of expression and perception are integrated as a conscious wholeness. This is a state of consciousness that all entities are evolving towards, and at some point, each will reach a state of transformation that allows the entity and its instruments of experience (i.e., the human instrument) to become an integrated expression that is aligned and in harmony with Source Intelligence.

Prime Creator
Prime Creator is the primal source from which all existence is ultimately linked. It is sometimes referred to as the Body of the Collective God. It represents the overarching consciousness of all things unified. This includes pain, joy, suffering, light, love, darkness, fear; all expressions and conditions are integrated and purposeful in the context of Prime Creator. IT encompasses all things and unifies them in an all-inclusive consciousness that evolves and grows in a similar manner to how each individuated spirit evolves and grows.

In most cultures where the term "god" or "goddess" is used to define this omnipotent power, it often represents an entity that has evolved beyond the range of human comprehension and who manifests magical powers like manipulating the natural elements through thought or manifesting as non-corporeal Light Beings. These manifestations are described and depicted in virtually all cultures of the human race through its religious texts and mythology. While these may be entities that are highly evolved in their abilities and knowledge, they should not be confused with Prime Creator.

Prime Creator is not a manifestation, but rather a consciousness that inhabits all time, space, energy, matter, form, intent; as well as all non-time, non-space, non-matter, non-energy, non-form, and non-intent. It is the only consciousness that unifies all states of being into one Being. And this Being is Prime

Creator. It is a growing, expanding, and inexplicable consciousness that organizes the collective experience of all states of being into a coherent plan of creation; expansion and colonization into the realms of creation; and the inclusion of creation into Source Reality—the home of Prime Creator.

This Being pervades the universe as the sum of experience in time and non-time. It has encoded ITSELF within all life as a vibration of frequency. This frequency is not perceptible to the three-dimensional, five-sensory context of the human instrument, which can only detect a faint echo of this vibration. Prime Creator is present in all. And all are able to contact Prime Creator through this tone-vibration of equality. Prayers of supplication do not stir Prime Creator to response. Only the core expression of the individual's tone-vibration of equality will be successful in contacting Prime Creator in a meaningful way.

Prime Creator has many lower faces. These faces are often thought to be God Itself, but Gods are only a dimensional aspect of Prime Creator and there are many faces of God as well. The Hierarchy has made this manifest, not Prime Creator. Prime Creator is not beholden to any law nor does IT operate in conjunction with any other force or power. IT is truly sovereign and ubiquitous simultaneously, and thus, Unique. IT is not hidden or wary of life in any way. IT simply is Unique, and therefore, incomprehensible except through the vibration encoded within all life.

The other faces of God have been created so the human instrument can fathom Prime Creator and crystallize an image of this Unique Being sufficient to progress through the Hierarchy and access the Sovereign Integral perspective. Nevertheless, what you hold as God, is not Prime Creator, but a facet of Prime Creator developed by the Hierarchy as a comprehensible interpretation of Prime Creator. We must tell you that these "interpretations" have been exceedingly inadequate in their portrayal.

Because Prime Creator is Unique unto all creation, IT is indescribable, unfathomable, and incomprehensible other than through the tone-vibration of equality stored in the entity level of the human instrument and accessible through the core expression of the entity. Until there is a sufficient number of individuals who operate from the Sovereign Integral consciousness, the genetic mind will make access to this vibration difficult to achieve.

The Genetic Mind

The genetic mind is the equivalent of a universal belief system that penetrates, to varying degrees, the human instrument of all entities. In some, it immobilizes their ability to think original thoughts and feel original feelings. In most, it entrains their belief system to harmonize with the accepted belief systems of the Hierarchy. In a few, it exerts no significant force nor has any bearing on the development of their personal belief system.

There are those on terra-earth who are in training to be Sovereign Entities and are completely unaware of this training as well as their destiny. When they are able to become timeless and view the continuum of their lifestream, they will see the thread that has differentiated them as Sovereign Entities. They will understand how the hardships and supposed indifference of the universe were actually the catalysts for their emergence as designers of the new genetic mind.

The genetic mind is different from the subconscious or universal mind as it is sometimes referred to in your psychology texts, in that the genetic mind has a peculiar focus on the accumulated beliefs of all the people on a planet from its most distant past to its present time. These accumulated beliefs are actually manipulations of the Hierarchy, which imprint on the genetic mind in order to cast the boundaries of what is acceptable to believe.

So compelling is this manipulation and the boundaries that are imposed by the Hierarchy that virtually no one is aware of the manipulations of their beliefs. This is precisely why the WingMakers have interacted

with your species from the very beginning. As culture bearers, we stretch your boundaries in the arena of science, art, and philosophy. We essentially expand the genetic mind's "perimeter fence" and enable it to encompass a larger portion of the "land" known as Source Reality.

If we were to tell you about the fundamental misconceptions of your genetic mind, you would not believe us. You would most definitely—even your most accomplished spiritual leaders—find us in contempt of much that you hold true and reasonable. You would feel fear in the face of our expression of Source Reality because it would be so clear to you how you have squandered your divine natures in favor of the entrapment of the genetic mind.

We know this will seem like a judgment of your beliefs, and it is to some degree, but you must know this about your belief systems: they are largely disconnected from Source Reality. They are like threads of a web that have become disconnected from the "branches" of Source Reality by the "winds" of the Hierarchy. Source Reality is represented in your belief in unconditional love, but of all the dimensions of your belief systems, this is the one thread that is connected—through the genetic mind—to Source Reality.

All of the other dimensions are connected to the genetic mind and have no ongoing connection to Source Reality. The genetic mind, as an intermediary and reflection of Source Reality, is completely and utterly inept. This is all part of the primal blueprint that designs the evolutionary pathway of a species through time. The genetic mind acts as a buffer for the developing species to experience separation from Source Reality. In this way, the human instrument is appropriately entangled in time, space, and the illusions of a disempowered belief system.

These factors, as disorienting as they are to the entity, are precisely what attract the entity to terra-earth. There are very few planetary systems in the multiverse that provide a better sense of separation from Source Reality than that which is experienced on terra-earth. By amplifying the sense of separation, the entity can experience more fully the individuated essence that is unique and bears the resemblance of Prime Creator as a Unique Being. This is what draws entities to this world to incarnate within a human instrument.

So the genetic mind is an enabling force to experience separation on the one hand, and a disabling force to understand the true characteristics of Source Reality on the other. This dichotomy, when understood, helps to disentangle the human instrument and its entity consciousness from the limiting aspects of the genetic mind and its principle author, the Hierarchy.

Over the next twenty years, the genetic mind will become increasingly fragmented and thus, vulnerable to modification. This will be an effect of the growing ubiquity of intelligent networks and artificial intelligence therein. The expanding interconnection of intelligent networks has a significant impact on the genetic mind because of the emergence of a global culture that accompanies the arrival of such technologies.

OLIN Technology

Intelligent networks are able to operate from a single language with translation interfaces that enable global intercourse. This means language is no longer a barrier to communication. Intelligent networks will introduce a meta-language that translates both real-time written and spoken applications. It will revolutionize the genetic mind's global construct, and facilitate the digitalization of your global economy.

There will be many within the Hierarchy, who will object vehemently to the notion of a global, digital economy, but we will tell you, it will happen regardless of the complaints and registered concerns. Your most powerful banks, computer manufacturers, and software companies will merge to create this

momentous technology, and the One Language Intelligent Network (OLIN) will become the standard operating system of all the world's computer-based systems.

This will not occur until the year 2008, so it is some time before you will encounter this globalization of your economy, but all of the systems and architecture are already being designed and conceptualized in the minds of some of your brightest engineers and scientists. We assure you, this is not something to be feared, but rather embraced, and not because of the economic values, but because of the way the OLIN technology will facilitate the development of a global culture.

As the OLIN technology evolves, it will increasingly become subject to individual control. In other words, individuals will become inextricably linked into the network's entertainment and educational applications, which will become globalized. No longer will global media companies publish for a geographical market. They will produce content for a global audience and each individual will define what and how it desires to be entertained or educated.

The OLIN technology will "know" the preferences and interests of every individual linked to its network, and by the year 2016, it will be more ubiquitous than telephones in the late 20th century. Hence, the network will be controlled by individuals, and producers of content and services will be the "slave" or reactionary force of the individual. Thus, the individual will need to define their entertainment and educational desires carefully, or the OLIN technology will deliver content that is undesirable.

We know this sounds obvious and trite, but it is profoundly different than the way entertainment and education are delivered in your world of the pre-OLIN technology. The time capsules that the WingMakers have left behind will act as a template to those who operate outside of the limiting force of the genetic mind, and desire to create content for the OLIN technology even before it exists. The time capsules will show how to do this and demonstrate how to create multi-dimensional content that carries its viewer-participant into new corridors of understanding and illumination.

This is how the genetic mind will fragment and become unable to exert a unified force upon the human instruments of terra-earth. When it is in this condition it will yield to the transformation/mastership model of existence and form a synthesis with it. It will transform itself, and the genetic mind will become the leader of transformation for entities upon terra-earth instead of its barrier force.

Sovereign Integral Network

The Sovereign Integral Network (SIN) already exists, indeed, has always existed. However, there has not been a way for it to connect or interface with your technologies. Terra-earth has created technologies that are largely mechanistic and electrical in nature, and it is just beginning to understand electromagnetic energy fields and holographic technology. Regrettably, when technologies are in their infantile stages of development, they are very often conformed to a military or economic control application. And this is the case with these emerging technologies.

SIN cannot interface with technologies bearing such an application. Not because it is impossible technologically, but because it is undesirable ethically. SIN is actually a sub-atomic network of light-encoded filaments that exist in all dimensions of the multiverse. Think of SIN as an infinite number of threads of light issuing from Source Reality, and, like a web, connecting every life form at its entity level to all other entities and Prime Creator. This is an organic network that is utilized by Prime Creator to transmit knowledge to entities and to receive knowledge from entities.

SIN will eventually be interfaced with OLIN technology, but this will not happen for several hundred years. The interface is too far beyond both your technology and understanding of cosmology, and no planetary system can be fitted to interface with SIN until it is absolutely pure in its content and

application. Only Prime Creator makes this decision as to when a planetary system can become a node on SIN. This is the core purpose of WingMakers, to help terra-earth become a node on SIN before its opportunity to interface has past.

Each entity is a node of SIN, but so few realize this connection exists other than through what they read or hear. The connection is real and timeless, and occurs at the core, innermost aspect of the entity where beats the replica heart of Prime Creator. This is the repository of Prime Creator and exudes ITS Unique vibration like a radio tower sends its signals in all directions.

Even your physicists have found preliminary evidence of SIN in their research with their so-called super string theory. We assure you, however, that this network will eventually replace all other networks for the primary reason that it is the conduit into timelessness. And this is the destination that draws all humanoid species, initially, through a technological portal similar to your Internet, which eventually leads to a biomorphic portal consisting of the encoded light filaments leading to the non-worlds of Source Reality.

When a human species transforms its genetic mind to utilize the Sovereign Integral Network, this then becomes the "ship" upon which it sails the seas of the cosmos. And in this way, the species is allowed to become "Gods" of newly created worlds in which it can re-enact the entire process of the Grand Experiment utilizing its knowledge base and wisdom that was achieved in the previous stage of its existence. On a grand scale, this process is cast in countless worlds across the multiverse, and orchestrating all of this wondrous activity of creation is Source Intelligence and SIN.

Source Intelligence
Source Intelligence is the energy-consciousness of Prime Creator that is cast into all worlds, all dimensions, all realities, all life forms, all times and places. Source Intelligence is the Prime Creator projected into all that is. Source Intelligence, in effect, is the "eyes and ears" of Prime Creator, and its role is principally involved in expressing, upholding, and sustaining the will of Prime Creator. On a more personal level, it is a liberating force of energy-intelligence that serves to accelerate the expansion of consciousness and assist those who desire to unlimit themselves.

All That Is
Source Intelligence is the projected intelligence of Prime Creator. Within this consciousness exists the synthesis and distillation of All That Is. It is an infinite library of knowledge and experience that can be tapped into through attunement and creative will. While Source Intelligence is the vehicle of cosmological unity, it also holds the information of All That Is and "circulates" this information and creative empowerment to all entities who are willing to reach for it and utilize it for the expansion of consciousness.

Universe of Wholeness
The Universe of Wholeness is the aggregate of all dimensions and realities. It is unified and inter-connected through Source Intelligence. It is dynamic and always in a state of experimental change and evolution. It is simply too vast and dynamic to comprehend or to establish a measurement of any kind.

Fields of Vibration
The Universe of Wholeness is a vast field of energy that is composed of innumerable dimensions of perception and existence. Within this macro-universe are dimensions of existence that are dominant realms of experience like the third-dimensional reality in which human life is rooted. Each dimension has its unique qualities of experience and these are known as fields of vibration because the vibratory rate of

each dimension is the determining factor of its existence. The higher the vibratory rate of a dimension, the more expansive and unlimiting it is. Within the Universe of Wholeness there are, for all practical purposes, an infinite number of fields of vibration that an entity or Sovereign Integral can attune to and utilize as a experiential or dominant reality.

Source Reality
Prime Creator exists in Source Reality. Source Reality is the dimension of consciousness that is always pushing the envelop of expansion—the leading edge of development and evolution for the whole of consciousness. In this realm of dynamic expansion is always found Source Reality. It can be likened to the inner sanctum of Prime Creator or the incubator of cosmological expansion.

Sovereignty
Sovereignty is a state of completeness and inter-connectedness. It is recognizing that as a human being you have an individuated spirit force that animates your physical, emotional, and mental aspects, and that through this spirit you are complete and connected to all other life forms through the Universal Spirit Consciousness (Source Intelligence). Sovereign beings understand that they alone create their reality and that they are responsible for their life-experience. They also understand that all other life forms are equally sovereign and that they also create their unique realities. Sovereignty allows that the source of liberating information is contained within the Self, and all that is needed to create new realities is also contained within the Self. It is the point of empowerment and connection to all through the frequency of love.

Source Codes
Source Codes are imbedded "activators" that are present within the entity consciousness. They serve the specific purpose of awakening the human instrument to the multidimensionality of the entity and the liberating information that is stored within the entity consciousness. Source Codes are somewhat analogous to the genetic coding of DNA to the extent that Source Codes activate specific blueprints of transformation that accelerate and facilitate the expansion of consciousness. In effect, Source Codes catalyze the awakening of the human instrument and encourage it to make the quantum leap from a socialized human to a sovereign entity that is aware of its connection to All That Is.

Hierarchy
The Hierarchy extends throughout the cosmos to the very borders of discovery. It has branches that extend from every star system, every dimension; and virtually all life forms are "leaves" of this cosmological tree. The Hierarchy constitutes the grand indoctrination of species, spirits, planets, and stars as they each evolve through the branches of the tree. It is an assemblage of externals that desire to invest their energies in support of a sub-group that has nested somewhere within the greatest of all structures: the Hierarchy. Service is the operational motive of the Hierarchy, and in most cases, this translates into the concept of saviorship.

The Hierarchy is composed of entities of all motives that have linked their energies into subgroups. Think of these subgroups as independent branches of a vast, cosmological tree—a structure that encompasses all things outside of Source Reality. The roots of the tree are bound in the soil of genetic memory and subconscious identity. At the base of the tree the first branches sprout and they are the oldest, representing the native religions of the specie. The middle branches are the orthodox religions and institutions, while the upper branches represent the contemporary belief systems that are newly emerging throughout the universe. The whole tree, in this definition, is the Hierarchy, and its purpose is to advance the evolution of life through a superstructure that results in the teacher/student ordering of the universe.

Prime Creator is connected to individuals not organizations. Thus, the Hierarchy is unconnected to the Source in a vital and dynamic way. The Hierarchy is more connected to its own collective desire to help, to serve, to perform a function that allows the use of power in a positive way. In itself, this is not wrong or misguided. It is all part of the Primal Blueprint that orchestrates the unfoldment of consciousness from collective to individual and individual to collective. This is the spiral of integration that breeds wholeness and perfection within the Source Intelligence.

Wholeness Perspective
The human instrument, because it is fragmented and limited to five-senses, truly desires the Wholeness Perspective; a way to absorb life experience, process it, and move on to the next thing with grace and ease. This is what is desired, no matter what name is used to describe it. Wholeness is accepting all realities and moving through them with a feeling of integration, unity, equality, and non-judgment. It means there are no dualities that are real. It means that all experience is equal and grounded in the transcendent reality of the One That Is All. And most importantly, it means that the One That Is All is you, me, him, her, it, that, and those. Nothing is excluded or rejected.

Wholeness Navigator
Theories of evolution are layered upon your existing paradigm of a mechanical universe that consists of molecular machines operating in an objective reality that is knowable with the right instruments. The universe is truly unknowable with any instrument save your own sense of unity and wholeness. The perception of wholeness is forever unfolding in the human instrument because the culture of the multidimensional universe is rooted in unity.

Plants have root systems that penetrate earth and drink of her substance. In this way, all plants are linked. Imagine that each plant had a secret root that was invisible, but was nonetheless connected to the very center of the planet. At this point of convergence, every plant was indeed unified and aware that its real identity was this core system of interconnected roots, and that the secret root was the lifeline through which individual expression was brought to the surface of earth and its unified consciousness released as the fragrance of individuality. In this same way, all existence has a secret root that spirals into the uncharted realm of Prime Creator. This is the field of unity that defines the culture of the multidimensional universe.

All human life is embedded with a Wholeness Navigator. It is the core wisdom. It draws the human instrument to perceive fragmentary existence as a passageway into wholeness and unity. The Wholeness Navigator pursues wholeness above all else, yet it is often blown off course by the energies of structure, polarity, linear time, and separatist cultures that dominate terra-earth. The Wholeness Navigator is the heart of the entity consciousness, and it knows that the secret root exits even though it may be intangible to the human senses. It is this very condition of accepting the interconnectedness of life that places spiritual growth as a priority in one's life.

The five senses of the human body feed only a small part of an individual's wholeness. Yet the human instrument clings to these five senses as though they were the only pathways of experience. The seed vision of the Wholeness Navigator is equal to Prime Creator. It is a replica of Prime Creator vibrating precisely at the same frequency and capable of the same feats of consciousness. And the numberless secret roots that supply Prime Creator with insight, experience, intelligence, and perspective can be accessed, but not through the five senses which are designed for your ego consciousness.

The preceptors of the Wholeness Navigator consist primarily of the secret root. This is the subtle carrier of information that leads you to see the One That Is All and the All That Is One. This is a facet of Prime Creator that is made manifest in the human instrument as a means of attracting the human instrument to

the life of the Sovereign Integral consciousness. Let the secret root and the Wholeness Navigator guide you, and let the five senses be expressionary tools of the entity, rather than collectors of separatist thought for the human instrument.

How do you access the secret root? Its portal of observation can be broadly defined as the integral awareness. This is allowing yourself to be aware of how you are integrated to life outside of your physical body. It is the feeling and perception that you are a holographic entity that is woven throughout all things and time, and when you touch into this feeling, you recall a frequency of your consciousness that is the Wholeness Navigator—the mysterious Allness that is nurtured by the secret root.

This is not a state of being that the human instrument will attain. Rather, it is a feeling of oneness and wholeness that the human instrument can glimpse momentarily and, as a result, transform its understanding of its purpose. The Wholeness Navigator pulls the human instrument into alignment with the entity consciousness where it can view its role as an extension of the entity consciousness into terra-earth, and the entity consciousness as an extension of the human instrument into Source Reality.

Evolution and the Concept of Time

When an individual evolves in consciousness it is quite different from the evolutionary process in terms of the physical body. For example, an individual can make a quantum leap in consciousness within a single moment in time, while in contrast, the physical body is gradually shaped over thousands of years. Thus, the entity transforms through a process of remembrance, while the human instrument—particularly the physical body—evolves through experience in vast stretches of linear time.

The individuated consciousness of the entity is the fragment of Prime Creator that is seeking to be remembered within the human instrument. It lives in an eternal state of nowness and represents the continuity of time and consciousness across all dimensions of reality. In other words, all dimensions of time are simultaneously experienced by the entity consciousness, however, upon terra-earth, the human instrument is usually only conscious of one dimension of time, typically calibrated in linear seconds.

This is why time plays such a significant role in the evolution of three- and four-dimensional structures like the human instrument, but has very little influence on the transformation of consciousness itself. The human instrument is grounded in a physical body that is constantly being shaped by experience, emotion, and thought, all of which is self-created. On the other hand, the entity consciousness is the multidimensional Self. It is the union of all the different aspects of consciousness that are invested within the time/space universes through instruments of contact; be they human or otherwise.

The entity may simultaneously inhabit a thousand human instruments spread across 200,000 years of linear time. To the human instrument of a specific time period, it will seem to be the one and only existence, but to the entity, all of its lives are occurring in nowness. The entity consciousness is the "hub" around which its various human instruments connect in to like spokes of a wheel. And the outer rim of the wheel is represented as circular time within the dimensions of planetary life.

All of the "spokes", or time-based lives, are linked together at the entity consciousness where they converge into non-time. From the entity consciousness, through the portal of the Wholeness Navigator, this same experience is transmitted to Prime Creator, processed by Source Intelligence, and returned to the entity consciousness as a form of energy that enlarges the entity's perspective on matters of destiny, existence, and purpose. It is virtually impossible to express this interrelationship between Prime Creator, Source Intelligence, the entity, the human instrument, and time. Time makes it possible to segment this knowledge into fragments that can be shared between individual human instruments.

The human instrument is a composite of mental, emotional, and physical capabilities linked together to form a vehicle for the entity consciousness to experience planetary life. The human instrument evolves to better fit the needs of the entity. The entity transforms from a pure vibratory, individualized expression of Prime Creator, to a Sovereign Integral who has created its own experiential reality, and re-defined itself by the planetary experiences therein.

Eternity, while it may seem to exclude time, is nonetheless a form of absolute time that is not isolated into a sovereign reality, but instead, integrated in all realities like a thread of light that draws the disparate realities into union. In this dimension of union—where the entity consciousness is whole and all realities converge—time is articulated not by the linear progression of seconds, but rather, by the expansion of the vibration of equality or love. Thus, in eternity, time is simply re-defined by a new value system upon which entities establish and recognize their growth.

Models of Existence

There are two dominant models of existence that shape the interaction and destiny of the human race. These models of existence are:

The Evolution/Saviorship model
The Transformation/Mastership model

Each human is developing their belief system from one or both of these models of existence. The evolution/saviorship model is the dominant model that is promulgated by the Hierarchy. Its basic tenets are that life evolves through the Hierarchy's teacher/student methodology, and that various teachers (saviors) are presented to the human race that enable sub-hierarchies to develop and control information. In so doing, individuals are disempowered and disconnected from their sovereignty. The underlying equation of the evolution/saviorship model of existence is:
human instrument + Hierarchy = God connection through saviorship.

In the case of the transformation/mastership model of existence, its principle tenets are that the entity is limitless, deathless, and sovereign. All information flows from Source Intelligence to the entity, and, it is therefore the responsibility of the entity to become self-enlightened and self-liberated by attuning itself to Source Intelligence and "detuning" itself from the Hierarchy. Each becomes their own master, and each transforms from a human being to a Sovereign Integral within the cradle of time and space. The underlying equation of the transformation/mastership model of existence is:
Entity + Source Intelligence = Prime Creator equality.

One of the challenges of the individual is to recognize these two dominant models of existence and integrate them in order to design a synthesis model. The synthesis model is slowly emerging on terra-earth, and with high probability, will ultimately become the dominant model of existence in this universe. It will be the model of existence that is best able to unify consciousness without impinging on the sovereignty of the entity and Prime Creator. It will allow the entity to be the vibrant container of Source Intelligence and explore new fields of vibration as a fully conscious outpost of Prime Creator.

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Website Information

Introduction to the WingMakers' Time Capsule (Code-named Ancient Arrow Project)

Nearly 27 years ago, mysterious artifacts were found that led to one of the most intriguing scientific and anthropological discoveries ever made. A secret, unacknowledged department of the NSA – responsible for extraterrestrial contact and technology assimilation – took the discovery into their laboratory for the purposes of their own agenda. This secret organization is known as the Advanced Contact Intelligence Organization (ACIO) and has enjoyed complete anonymity until now.

The discovery – referred to by the ACIO as the Ancient Arrow project – consisted of 23 chambers and connecting tunnels hollowed out deep within a huge, natural rock structure in a remote canyon of northern New Mexico. Inside this massive and well-hidden structure were incredible artifacts of a culture that was of indeterminate origins. In each of the 23 chambers were found wall paintings, various alien technologies, and strange, encoded hieroglyphs. By most appearances, the discovery was like a natural history museum from an alien race. It became known among the researchers as ETC or Extraterrestrial Time Capsule.

Because of carbon-dating analyses, it was initially assumed that this time capsule was left behind by extraterrestrials that had visited earth in the 8th century AD. However, it wasn't until 1997 that the encoded language found within the site and its artifacts became accessible to the ACIO. It was then that it was determined that the time capsule was actually designed and built by a future version of humankind who were adept at interactive time travel. They called themselves, WingMakers.

One of the scientists from the ACIO involved in developing the translation tables for the Ancient Arrow project, defected in December 1997, and has disclosed this secret project to a journalist

named Anne. Anne is the author of this web site, and, under agreement with the aforementioned scientist, has placed these materials on the Internet for the purpose of exposing the WingMakers' time capsule to all who want to see, hear, and read its poignant and provocative message.

There are hundreds of pages of philosophy, photographs, poetry, new physics, music, and artifacts inside this site, all derived from the WingMakers' time capsule. This discovery is being introduced in December 1998 to a worldwide audience through the Internet. Please treat these materials respectfully and view them with an open mind. It is highly recommended that you read the Interview Transcripts between Anne and the scientist before you judge the validity of this site and the materials therein. At the very least, read the Story. This will give you the background on this important discovery.

Additional content will be added to this site as time permits. Anne is very reclusive at this time due to potential issues involving the ACIO and NSA, so please be patient for updates and new materials. There is no email, address, or phone number to contact anyone affiliated with the development of this site. The administrative and technical contacts for the domain, wingmakers.com, are not affiliated with this site or its content. Please respect their privacy. Thank you.

(Note from Anne: For those of you visiting this site for the first time, please be patient with the disclosure I've made related to the WingMakers and their time capsule. This is not an easy story to grasp or to tell. You'll need to be both persistent and patient in your review of these materials. It's taken me over six months to come to terms with the WingMakers and what their story is really all about. It's an enormous story, unlike anything I had ever experienced before. But it's worth the time and effort to investigate it, and if you do, don't be surprised if things in your life take on an entirely new perspective. That's what these materials can enable if you spend the time with

that's what these materials can enable if you spend the time with them. I hope that you do.)

Project Briefing and Background

In 1972, in a remote section of northern New Mexico, a group of hikers discovered an unusual artifact and pictographs within an obscure canyon. An archeologist from the University of New Mexico analyzed the artifact and searched the area where it was discovered, but found no signs that a prehistoric culture had established any permanent site in the canyon. It was presumed that a nomadic, Native American Indian tribe had occasionally used the canyon as a temporary settlement and had left behind a few artifacts of their presence as a consequence.

There were, however, two very puzzling questions. All but one of the artifacts could be dated to the 8th century AD. The exception, known as the "compass" artifact, appeared to be an unusual form of technology, and was found among more typical artifacts like pottery and simple tools. The compass was covered in strange hieroglyphic symbols, some of which were also found on the pottery. Secondly, the pictographs that were found in the area had inexplicably appeared, and they were strikingly different than any of the other native petroglyphs or rock art found in the southwest or the entire continent for that matter.

Because of these two anomalies, the artifacts and the entire project quickly became the property of the US government, or more specifically, the National Security Agency. It was decided that these artifacts might suggest a pre-historical, extraterrestrial presence on earth, and that the NSA had the appropriate agenda and wherewithal to initiate a full-scale, scientific expedition to determine the nature and significance of the site.

The site was completely searched by a secret department of the NSA in 1973, but it only resulted in a few additional findings, and none of them were designated as technologies or evidence of an extraterrestrial presence. Additional pictographic symbols were found, but decoding them was a difficult and frustrating process. Experts were called in to help, but it was impossible to reach a consensus as to what the pictographs meant. As quickly as the project had risen as a priority investigation, it fell into the archives of the NSA under the code name, Ancient Arrow.

Twenty-one years later, in 1994, a series of rockslides opened up a section of the Ancient Arrow site. The canyon was in a naturally obscure section of park land held by the state of New Mexico. After its discovery in 1972, it had

been officially sanctioned off-limits to hikers and campers and was to be left in its natural state. From time-to-time, scientists -- sponsored by the NSA -- would visit the site hoping to uncover new evidence, but were invariably disappointed.

Shortly after the rockslide occurrence, a small team of operatives from the NSA visited Ancient Arrow canyon to do some follow-up research. They discovered the rockslide had exposed an entrance to a hidden cavern that led deep within the canyon walls.

At the back of this cavern, the research team discovered a well-hidden entrance into the interior of the canyon wall or rock structure of the Ancient Arrow site. There they found a system of tunnels and chambers that had been carved out from solid rock. There were a total of 23 chambers, all intricately connected to an interior corridor, and each chamber held a specific wall painting, series of pictographs, written hieroglyphs, and what seemed to be dormant, alien technologies.

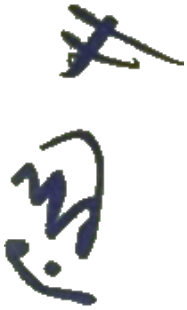
Once this entrance to the cavern was found, a report was immediately filed with the Director responsible for the Ancient Arrow project. The project was then formally brought under the jurisdiction of the Advanced Contact Intelligence Organization (ACIO), which organized an inter-disciplinary research team to assess the exact nature of the site and attempt to discover additional artifacts or evidence of an extraterrestrial visitation.

The ACIO is a secret or unacknowledged department of the NSA. It is headquartered in Virginia, but also have personnel in Belgium, India, and Indonesia. They are largely unknown, even to senior directors within the NSA. The ACIO is the lowest profile organization within the entire intelligence community. Its agenda is to research, assimilate, and replicate any technologies or discoveries of extraterrestrial origin. Its personnel consist mainly of scientists who are completely anonymous, yet are paid salaries in excess of $400,000 per year because of their security clearance and IQ. This secret organization not only possesses enormous brain power, but it is also in possession of technologies that are far in advance of any other research facility on the planet. They are, in a word, privileged.

The artifacts found at the Ancient Arrow site were virtually incomprehensible to the research team. There were many mysteries. Why would an advanced culture leave their

artifacts in such a precise and seemingly ordered manner? What was the message they were trying to leave behind? What were their technologies and why did they leave them behind? Did the creators of this site intermingle with the native tribes or remain an isolated culture? Who were they and why were they here in the 8th century? Were they planning to return? These were only some of the mysteries that challenged the research team.

Throughout the seven months of restoration, cataloguing, and analysis, the Ancient Arrow project was a complete enigma. More of the energy went into the safe preservation of the artifacts, rather than attempting to solve the puzzle of their existence, though speculations were a topic of every conversation. Gradually, a hypothesis was structured by the research team that an extraterrestrial culture established an earth colony in the 8th century and isolated itself within the Ancient Arrow canyon. They brought with them a very precise mission to leave behind a massive "time capsule" that would prove to be discovered in the late 20th century. While the exact nature of the time capsule was unclear to the research team, it seemed probable that it was a cultural exchange of some kind and had no invasive intent to earth or its people.



It took a team of researchers nearly two years after the restoration was completed to decipher a partial meaning of the chamber artifacts. The 23 separate chambers seemed to be linked together to form some specific message or purposeful mission. In the 23rd and final chamber, they recovered a small optical disc that was presumed to hold digital information that could be the key to deciphering the artifacts. Scientists eagerly analyzed the disc, but they could not figure out how to access its content.

The ACIO's finest computer experts were called in to try and unlock the encoded disc, but to no avail. Several more months were spent trying every conceivable method to access the contents of the disc, but nothing worked. The Ancient Arrow project, for the first time in nearly a year, had hit a dead-end and funding for the project was rapidly weaned by the ACIO.

After two more months of unsuccessful efforts, it was decided that the technology to access the disc was simply not available. The optical disc and all of the artifacts and findings would be carefully placed in secure storage until the technologies were available to unlock the disc and harvest its content. It was presumed that the disc held star charts, translation indexes, glossaries, and all the answers to the various mysteries of its creators and, perhaps more importantly, their intentions for earth.

While the optical disc was considered to be the key to unlocking the meaning of the time capsule, the ACIO had

little choice, but to place the project into storage and await the arrival of technologies that would permit them to unlock the disc. However, there were two scientists from the research team who theorized that the disc could be unlocked by understanding the meaning of the wall paintings in each of the 23 chambers. In their minds it was not a complex, technological solution, but rather a language or translation solution that would unlock the disc.

After much persuasion, the ACIO agreed to allow the two researchers to assemble a replica of the time capsule's contents. The replica time capsule consisted of detailed drawings and photographs of all the artifacts from each of the 23 chambers, including detailed, high-resolution photographs of the wall paintings. The two scientists would be allowed to continue their research on their own time provided they maintained utmost secrecy and reported all of their findings directly to the ACIO division head and project director.

The optical disc was securely stored away in a vault within the ACIO. The project was officially put on indefinite hold, and all personnel associated with the project were reassigned (with promotions) to different projects. The Ancient Arrow project was not to be spoken of again until which time the technologies нн or some other means нн provided a way to unlock the optical disc and access its contents.

The scientists spent nearly five months in partnership, trying unsuccessfully to decode the Ancient Arrow artifacts and establish the means to unlock the optical disc. During this time, the ACIO regularly experimented with new technologies or methods, and they too, were unsuccessful in unlocking the content of the optical disc.

One day, late in the summer of 1996, one of the scientists (a linguistics expert) had an insight into how to unlock the optical disc by reducing the symbols of the wall paintings to their closest facsimile found in an ancient Sumerian text. While the Sumerian language is extinct, it was sufficiently comprehensible to this scientist that he was able to decode the symbols of the paintings, and, placing the 23 words in the same order as the Ancient Arrow chambers, he was able to finally unlock the optical disc.

The connection between the Sumerian language and the time capsule was the breakthrough the ACIO team had been waiting for. A simple set of 23 words elicited over 8,000 pages of data from the optical disc. Unfortunately, the data was incomprehensible because there was no character set in the computer that could emulate the hieroglyphics and unusual symbols of the language. Thus, a translation index needed to be developed, which took an additional six months.

Finally, once a translation index was programmed into the computer, the data, while it could be printed out or viewed on the monitor in its hieroglyphic form, still required translation to English. And this translation process was extremely tedious and could not be facilitated through computers, owing to the subtlety of the language and its intricate connection to the wall paintings and pictographic representations elsewhere within the Ancient Arrow site.

As partial translations began to be developed, it was determined that even within the optical disc there was a segmentation of the data into 23 units. Each unit appeared to correspond to a specific chamber. As the first two chambers began to be translated, it was further shown that each unit contained philosophical and scientific papers, poetry, music, and an introduction to the culture and identity of its creators.

The creators of the time capsule referred to themselves as WingMakers. They represented a future version of humanity who lived some 750 years in our future. They claimed to be culture bearers, or ones that bring the seeds of art, science, and philosophy to humanity. They had left behind a total of seven time capsules in various parts of the world to be discovered according to a well-orchestrated plan. Their apparent goal was to help the next several generations of humans develop a global culture; a unified system of philosophy, science, and art.

In early 1997, the ACIO scientist who had originally discovered the access code for the optical disc became strangely sympathetic with the WingMakers' mission. He was convinced that the ACIO would never share the discovery with the public, and he was certain that it was too significant to withhold. He also claimed that he was in communication with the WingMakers and that they were watching the ACIO's progress and would, at the appropriate time, make the time capsule and its contents available to the public.

This assertion troubled the ACIO and particularly the Ancient Arrow project director, who eventually recommended a leave of absence for the scientist and was summarily dispatched from the project. The scientist was afraid that his memories would be tampered with or destroyed altogether, and so he defected from the ACIO, quite literally the first to ever do so.

Soon after his defection, the scientist disappeared. However, before his disappearance, some of his materials regarding the WingMakers and their time capsule were given to a journalist that he had selected at random.

The author of this document is that journalist. I am in possession of photographs, music, poetry, artwork, translation indexes, copies of secret documents, and a variety of translated philosophical texts that all stem from the Ancient Arrow project. I've taken every precaution to

remain anonymous so I can't be traced. I'm convinced that these materials are released against the wishes of a secret organization that probably has powers that even our government is unaware of.

Before the ACIO scientist had contacted me, (whom I will hereafter refer to as Dr. Anderson), I felt little or no interest in matters related to time-travel, extraterrestrials, secret organizations, or anything else similar to these issues. When I initially heard the story it seemed preposterous, but I kept my journalistic objectivity, and met with Dr. Anderson and reluctantly concluded that it would be unlikely for an individual to fabricate this story with such detail and supporting evidence, and then desire to remain anonymous.

Dr. Anderson had brought files of photographs and drawings of odd-looking technologies that had strange symbols engraved on their outer casings. Research reports referencing the translation tables, cipher protocols, star charts, and dozens of memos from the ACIO department heads discussing the Ancient Arrow project. Everything, including about 400 pages of philosophical text had an authenticity to it that I was unable to reproach or ignore.

In fairness to those who will suggest I should investigate further in order to get independent corroboration before I present these materials, let me just say, that I'm unable to corroborate his story because of the very nature of the ACIO. However, for whatever reason, I trust Dr. Anderson who gave me these materials. He asked nothing from me. He desired no money or recognition. His only request was that I decide how best to bring these materials to the public. He counseled me not to investigate the ACIO because he was convinced the NSA would use misinformation tactics that would simply waste my time and make the goal of releasing these materials difficult if not impossible.

I've not contacted any other office of the government because Dr. Anderson told me that this would be traced by the ACIO who had high-level operatives in both the NSA and CIA, and, at best, would only invite misinformation tactics from one or both. I'm in possession of certain documents that I'll withhold from the WingMakers' web site, but if anything were to happen to me, I've arranged to have these documents shared with major media companies whom I know. These are my only safeguards in presenting these materials.

My only interest is in the release of these materials to the public, and then they can decide what to do about them. They may desire to pressure their politicians or take other action, it's their choice. I'm convinced that this story is too important to be held in the hands of an elite organization whose only interest is to re-engineer the technologies found in the Ancient Arrow site and apply them for their own agenda; no matter how noble that agenda may be.

I also realize that the Internet Service Provider who is hosting this web site may come under scrutiny, but if any pressure is exerted on this ISP to abandon its hosting service for this site, then this may also cause me to distribute the documents I referred to earlier. Let me be clear, these documents provide incontrovertible evidence of this secret organization known as the ACIO, and its elite directors are named and their real identities exposed.

I've spent the last several months agonizing about how these materials should be presented, and it seemed most appropriate to place them on the Internet to enable a global audience to access them. I have a close friend who created this web site whom I trust completely. Other than that, no one knows what I have done here (including my web site host).

You might ask why I've chosen to reserve full-scale media disclosure of the materials given to me by Dr. Anderson. I can only tell you that I don't want to create a circus atmosphere surrounding this discovery. It may ultimately end-up in the mass media, but for now, my instincts are to keep a low profile for both these materials and myself. In doing so, I hope to preserve some sense of the dignity of these artifacts and let it grow from there.

I've never been involved in any story approaching this magnitude of importance, and I'm certain that if you spend some time on this web site and suspend your disbelief, even for a few minutes, you will see how important a discovery this time capsule is. The best way you can help is to spread the word about this discovery, and open the eyes of your political representatives. If you have web sites of your own, please link to the WingMakers' site.

Dr. Anderson had warned me that the ACIO has an advanced version of a technology based on what he called remote viewing. As I understand it, remote viewing is the ability to ascertain the whereabouts of people through some sort of "psychic insight" by someone trained in this technology. I know this sounds far-fetched, but Dr. Anderson was insistent that they had this capability and that it was one of their most feared technologies by those within the ACIO. In effect, it was known to keep their personnel loyal. Unfortunately, this will force me to stay underground and remain very mobile over the next several months, so don't expect too much change to the web site.

Believe me, I know that this whole story may seem impossible, but I can only tell you that I've seen detailed drawings and photographs of the artifacts taken from the Ancient Arrow site, and these are most assuredly, to my eyes, not of this time or world. They're unlike anything I've ever seen. Either the WingMakers are real, or someone has gone to a lot of trouble to convince me otherwiseK and again, I'm a simple journalist without any ax to grind relative to secret government operations, ETs, time travel, or

alien artifacts.

I'm not here to convert anyone. There is nothing to convert to. I simply want to disclose this material and let each individual absorb it as they choose. I will add additional documents and artifacts from the Ancient Arrow site when I feel it is safe to do so, but for now, there's enough material on this site to introduce anyone to the culture of the WingMakers.

I hope you take the time to immerse yourself in these materials. If you do, you may be surprised at the result.

Anne (not my real name)

Written October 23, 1998

Anne’s Journal Findings

Anne is the journalist who was originally contacted by Dr. Anderson (the defected scientist from the ACIO) to get the story of the WingMakers out to the general public. In this section are some of her initial notes related to her early discussions with Dr. Anderson. It is Anne's goal to update this section with new information as soon as she is able.

Notes from Dr. Anderson of the ACIO
Written May 27, 1998 by Anne

What follows are some of my notes taken while in earnest discussions with Dr. Anderson from the ACIO during the last 2 weeks of December 1997, before he disappeared -- at least off my radar screen.

Dr. Anderson is about 6 feet tall, perhaps 170 pounds, has relatively long black hair, and by all appearances, seems of Peruvian descent or at least from somewhere in South America (though I never asked). I would guess he was about 50 years old with just a few tinges of gray hair.

He called me out of the blue one day in mid-December 1997. His opening line to me was something like, "My name is Dr. Anderson, and I have secret information about the future of humankind that proves the existence of time-travel technology". Being a journalist by profession, it got my attention, though the whole time I spent on the phone with him my skeptical nature was in high gear. I always assume stories of a fantastical nature are false in reality, though the perceiver can think them to be true. And so thatís how I operated with Dr. Anderson. I felt him to be genuine and sincere, but probably misguided or in error.

However, he was convincing enough to secure a meeting with me, and so we met a few days later at a coffee shop near my home. He didnít fit my stereotypical view of a scientist. He was much more sophisticated and even elegant in his demeanor, and looked as much like an executive of a Fortune 100 company as anything else. His charisma and articulate manner immediately impressed me, and I sensed that he was not a man of mental instability prone to wild claims.

He told me that he had no recollection of his original parents, and that a high-ranking member of the Advanced Contact Intelligence Organization (ACIO) had raised him, so his entire life was involved in one way or another with the ACIO. His adoptive father raised him as a single parent. He had been told that his mother had died from breast cancer shortly after he had been adopted when he was only about 2 years old. He had attended the best private schools, and additionally had been provided with special tutors, which he later learned were from the ACIO

additionally had been provided with special tutors, which he later learned were from the ACIO.

For the most part he grew up a fairly normal boy until the age of 14 when he came under the formal tutelage of his future colleagues from the ACIO. By the time he was 17 he had left school and decided to pursue an internship at the ACIO, though he said that at the time, it was simply called the NSA Special Projects Laboratory and was an unacknowledged department of the NSA. His internship lasted for two years and he never pursued a formal degree at a University, though he claimed to have knowledge about physics and the life sciences that is far in advance to the curriculum of the best universities.

He stated that he believed himself to have possessed average intelligence until he began his training and internship at the ACIO. He said that they had technologies that stimulated certain aspects of the central nervous system and brain that increased raw intelligence by as much as 500%. In addition, he claimed that there was a genetic implant technology that increased the ability to memorize and retain information to the point where the entire scientific core of the ACIO had perfect photographic memory. This enabled them to build their group intelligence beyond the genius of any one individual. These technologies -- he claimed -- were of extraterrestrial origin derived from a friendly source that had been visiting earth for thousands of years, but had arrangements with the ACIO dating from 1959 that were secret even from our government and its intelligence agencies.

The alien race, which he called the Corteum, had infiltrated the ACIO in 1958, and though he wasnít specific about how this occurred, he did say that the Corteum are still working with the ACIO to seed technologies on earth that are superior to our native technologies. The technologies to accelerate and enhance intelligence were the first technologies to be transferred and these were to enable the ACIO scientists to assimilate and utilize subsequent technologies that the Corteum brought to the ACIO. In exchange for these technologies, the Corteum were provided safe haven within the ACIO intelligence structure.

In other words, the Corteum were permitted access to all of the information systems of the ACIO, which are considerable according to Dr. Anderson. They were also able to use the facilities of the ACIO including their laboratories, considerable land holdings, and scientific brain power. This unfettered access to ACIO intelligence provided the Corteum leaders with insight into the structure of world government, where the power centers were, who the real leaders were, and how critical decisions were made for the worldís people.

According to Dr. Anderson, the Corteum are benevolent and had no ulterior motives to take over the earth and rule in dictatorship. In fact, they were much more interested in establishing diplomatic ties to the various world governments through the United Nations at the appropriate time, which was considered to be shortly after the year 2011. The existence of the Corteum was kept from the NSA and even most ACIO personnel were unaware of their existence (though I donít know how this was accomplished).

Within the ACIO, there are 14 distinct levels of security clearance. Those who are at level 12 and above are aware of the Corteum Technology Transfer Program (TTP), and they, according to Dr. Anderson, are about 120 in number, and are primarily in India, Belgium, and the United States. There are only 7 who have level 14 clearance, and they are the Directors of Intelligence, Security, Research, Special Projects, Operations, Information Systems, and Communications.

These Directors report to the Executive Director, who is known simply as "Fifteen", which is the unique classification that is reserved for the head of the ACIO. Fifteen, in the eyes of Dr. Anderson, is the most powerful human on the planet, and what I think he meant by "powerful" is that Fifteen is able to deploy technologies that are well in advance to any that our worldís governments have access to. However, Dr. Anderson portrayed Fifteen and his seven Directors as a benevolent force, not a hostile or controlling force.

The eight people who comprise this inner sanctum of the ACIO are in possession of radical technologies that have been part of the Corteum TTP. However, there were also other extraterrestrial technologies that had been derived from recoveries of spacecraft or other alien artifacts, including various discoveries contained in ancient texts that had never been revealed before. All of this information and technology has been collected and developed within the ACIO scientific core -- all of who possess clearances of level 12 or higher.

This scientific core is called the Labyrinth Group, and consists of both men and women who have utilized the Corteum intelligence accelerator technologies to their advantage, and have created a secret organization within the ACIO. When Dr. Anderson was explaining this to me, it got so complicated that I asked him if he could draw me a visual diagram of how all of these organizations worked. (Click here to see my rendering of this diagram.)

The Labyrinth Group consists of all the personnel within the ACIO that qualify for levels 12, 13, and 14 clearance. Fifteen is the leader of this most secret organization. It was split from the ACIO to enable secrecy from the NSA and lower ranking members of the ACIO, which would facilitate the Labyrinth Groupís agenda to create its own applications of the Corteum TTP. The Labyrinth Group is in possession of the pure technologies derived from the Corteum TTP. It takes these technologies and dilutes them to the point where the ACIO or Special Projects Laboratory will sell them to private industry and government agencies, (which includes the military).

This secret organization is the most powerful organization on earth in Dr. Andersonís opinion, but they do not choose to exercise their power in a way that makes them visible. Thus, their power is only discernible to their members. For about 40 years they have accumulated considerable wealth apart from the NSAís oversight. They have managed to build their own security technologies that prevent detection from intelligence agencies like the CIA or KGB. They are, for all practical purpose, in total control of their agenda -- perhaps this is what makes them a unique organization.

Dr. Anderson had a clearance of level 12 and was still kept from vital information that only the Director level was aware. And it was assumed that even Fifteen kept vital information from his Directors, though this was never a certainty. The symbol used by the Labyrinth Group is four concentric circles. Each circle representing a clearance level (12, 13, 14, 15), and each circle had a unique insight into the agenda of the Labyrinth Group, and its coordination with the Corteum.

Fifteen was an enigma to everyone within the Labyrinth Group. He had been a physicist before he became the Executive Director of the ACIO. He was a renegade because he never interacted with the protocols and the political environment of academia. He operated outside of the institutions and was selected to be part of the ACIO because of his combination of brain power,

independence, and relative obscurity within scientific circles. He was one of the first to make contact with the Corteum and establish communication with them. The Corteum essentially appointed Fifteen as their liaison to the ACIO, and Fifteen became the first to utilize the intelligence accelerator technologies that the Corteum initially offered.

These technologies not only enhance cognitive abilities, memory, and higher order thinking skills, but also enhance the consciousness of the individual so that they can utilize the newly gained intelligence in a non-invasive manner. Meaning, they donít exploit their intelligence for personal gain at the expense of others. This apparent increase in both Fifteenís IQ and ethical consciousness caused him to create the Labyrinth Group in order to retain the pure-state technologies of the Corteum TTP from the NSA.

What technologies are released to the NSA are diluted forms of the pure-state technology, which are significantly less potent in their military and surveillance applications. What I expected to hear from Dr. Anderson was a secret organization of intelligent, evil elitists -- individuals intent on exploitation and control. Why else would they want to hide beneath the cloak of such incredible secrecy?

The answer, according to Dr. Anderson, was surprising. The Labyrinth Group view themselves as the only group with sufficient intellect and technology to develop a specific form of time travel technology. They are essentially focused on this agenda because they desire to prevent future hostilities that they believe will occur unless this technology is developed. The Corteum is assisting, but despite their considerable intellects, they also are unable to develop this technology.

What Iím about to tell you will seem impossible to believe, but again, Iím only reporting what my notes say based on my initial conversations with Dr. Anderson. He explained to me that there are as many as 12 different extraterrestrial races currently involved in the past, present, and future of earth and its destiny. The ACIO, because of its mission with the NSA, is the most knowledgeable group about the various agendas of these 12 alien races.

Apparently there is an extraterrestrial race that may have hostile intent and the technological potential to disrupt the human social order and overtake it, as well as earth itself. This concern is what motivated Fifteen to assign the Labyrinth Groupís intellect and collective energy to create the ultimate defense weapon -- which they refer to as Blank Slate Technology (BST) or a form of time travel. I donít pretend to understand all of what Dr. Anderson described regarding BST. My notes are a bit vague because he was talking so far over my head I didnít even know what to write as notes.

When the Ancient Arrow project came under the control of the ACIO, it was -- like all projects -- carefully scrutinized to determine if there were any technology artifacts that could help in the overall agenda of developing BST. When it was determined that the Ancient Arrow project was in fact a time capsule from a future aspect of humanity, the Labyrinth Group seized the project from the ACIO and essentially began a misinformation campaign back to the NSA.

Dr. Anderson was one of two scientists that held a level 12 clearance and was asked to lead in the translation of the WingMakersí language and decode their various communication symbols. In this process, he became aware of how to decode their language and began to understand what

they were trying to communicate. He became convinced that the WingMakers were time travelers and possessed a form of BST. He also became convinced that there were six additional time capsules stored in various places around the globe, and that they held the technologies or insights that would enable the development of BST.

The reason he defected was that somehow in the process of translating the WingMakersí language, he became a sympathizer of their philosophy. He felt that the WingMakers were communicating with him and had selected him as their liaison. And when he acknowledged this to his superiors, he was felt to be a risk to the projectís secrecy. Apparently, when personnel, regardless of clearance or rank become known as security risks they are given a "memory therapy" that essentially removes problematic experiences from their mind. Dr. Anderson felt certain that he was going to receive this "therapy" imminently, and could not fathom the results of loosing his memories of the WingMakers experience. Thus, he defected from the ACIO and the Labyrinth Group. The first to ever do so.

When he had contacted me, he had defected only the day before. He told me that I would have to wait for him to contact me again to set up a rendezvous time and place. Three days later he called and we met that same afternoon. I wasnít prepared to believe him, but I thought it was a provocative story and was worth spending an hour or two investigating.

Anyway, what he proceeded to tell me in that first meeting is largely contained in this journal entry. He showed me photographs and documents from the Ancient Arrow project that appeared authentic to my eyes. He also showed me some of the technologies that were in development by the ACIO concerning holographic fractal objects or HFOs as he called them. These were incredible to observe (and equally impossible to explain) and I must admit that my first impression after seeing HFOs in action was that any organization that could develop this technology was operating at a level well outside of the mainstream. It felt alien to me.

It was then I became at least a partial believer, and called my employer and told them that I needed to take some personal leave. I took one week off and spent most of it with Dr. Anderson asking a thousand questions most of which, for the most part, he had ready answers to. Gradually I became a reluctant believer with a healthy streak of skepticism. At the end of the week he asked me to take some of his materials and publish them. He was operating at a whole different level of experience. There were times that I honestly felt he was an extraterrestrial, and even now Iím not certain that he wasnít. (This from a person who 6 short months ago would have disputed ETs and any other "bump-in-the-night" phenomenon.)

He was convinced that the ACIO would not allow him to defect with his memory intact. He was fearful of their remote viewing technology and was certain that they would try to track him down. He wanted me to have possession of the materials only if I volunteered to do so, and was willing to publish them. And through all of this, he wasnít absolutely certain that the Labyrinth Group and their ET friends, the Corteum, were intending anything bad. He just didnít want his memory tampered with.

I think he was mostly interested in exposing the WingMakersí time capsule and its philosophy and communication symbols. He never seemed that interested in exposing the ACIO and its secret organization the Labyrinth Group. He told me about this entity only to impress upon me that he was part of an organization that had unusual powers and technologies, and to the extent

they wanted to keep things under wrap, they would use their considerable powers to do so. And that was why he had picked me at random to help him in getting this story out.

Dr. Anderson was the most sincere individual I have ever met. Someone I would love to count among my friends. I was so impressed with his manners, communication skills, and intellect. At one time I asked him what his IQ was, and with all humility intact, he simply answered that there is no way to test it. And that the Labyrinth Groupís members are not interested in IQ so much as what he called Fluid Intelligence, or the speed with which alternative, creative solutions to a problem can be generated.

He claimed this was the most important form of intelligence, and without it, one would not be able to time travel. In other words, he was convinced that time travel was not an independent technology, but was integral to the traveler. The time traveler must have a certain degree of fluid intelligence in order to withstand the stress inherent in time travel, and the best way to handle the stress was by having an extraordinarily fluid intelligence.

The thing I found so fascinating about Dr. Anderson was his descriptions of how information about ETs, new physics, cosmology, prophecies, and the galactic hierarchy were hidden from the public, government, and even intelligence organizations. He told me that only one man had ever really tried to write about the NSAís Special Project Laboratory and that was back in 1950, and according to my notes it was written by Wilbur Smith, who I believe was a journalist from Canada. Everything else that has been written is done so on the basis of pure speculation.

Dr. Anderson said that when this paper was circulated it was the genesis to create the ACIO in order to build another layer of what he called unacknowledged departments. He said that unacknowledged departments are rare in intelligence agencies, but those that do exist often telescope into greater levels of secrecy in order to remain hidden from public and private scrutiny.

He also inferred that there were corporate members of the military-industrial complex that were involved in these unacknowledged departments. He claimed that the ACIO or its sister organization, the Special Projects Laboratory, would sell diluted technologies to private corporations and laboratories, which in turn would be commercialized for the military, and in some instances, even consumer use.

Dr. Anderson permitted me to tape-record two formal interviews with him. These are probably the best way to understand his perspective and the story that he has to tell. Even now as Iím writing this letter, I find myself doubting much of what he told me, while at the same time I canít imagine why heíd go to all this trouble if it were just a game or charade of some kind. It just doesnít make any sense in that context. So Iím stuck somewhere in the middle of belief and disbelief. I can only tell you that if only a small percentage of his story is accurate, then citizens and their politicians need to wake up. According to Dr. Anderson, even our highest ranking government officials and military intelligence officers lack access to the information that he was privy to.

But if these unacknowledged secret departments exist and private contractors working on behalf of the military are involved with these secret organizations, some organization should be investigating this. And they should have powers to grant witness protection, immunity, and a variety of other inducements to get these secrets out to the public or, at the very least, our

variety of other inducements to get these secrets out to the public or, at the very least, our government officials.

I have approximately 60 pages of notes from my initial discussions with Dr. Anderson and then five transcripts from the five interviews I conducted. Iíd encourage anyone whoís serious about understanding these issues to read the interview transcripts. Theyíre probably our best records of whatís going on behind closed doors relative to the ET phenomenon, secret organizations, and time travel.

Anne

V

ACIO Memos

WingMakers: Ancient Arrow Project

From the Desk of Jeremy Sauthers, Ph.D.
Director of Special Projects, ACIO

Classified Document No. 040297-14X-P17AA-23

To all Labyrinth Group Members -- FYEO

PROJECT OVERVIEW

Based on all available research of the Ancient Arrow time capsule, WingMakers seem to represent themselves as a future aspect of the human race from a time approximately 750 years in our future. They represent a version of humanity that has comprehension of the universal systems that govern existence, or at least the laws of time and space. This understanding permits the WingMakers to travel back in time and interact with humankind at various points in its evolutionary pathway.

I would speculate that WingMakers have--throughout history--been variously referred to as angels, gods, spirit guides, and, in some instances, extra-terrestrials. They imply that they are adept at subtly interacting with humankind in order to evolve its understanding of the cosmological environment in which life evolves and transforms.

After successfully decoding the first of 23 segments of the optical disc left in the 23rd chamber, I will share a small excerpt of their introduction as it were:

"You may refer to us as WingMakers. We are most often confused with angels, though we are actually quite human--just a future, perhaps more advanced, version. Humans, conditioned as they are, seem unable or unwilling to comprehend the vast diversity of living beings amongst the cosmological planes of existence, and so, somewhat as a defense mechanism, lump together what are distinctly unique beings. The angelic kingdom is a different species of life when compared to the human or the WingMakers' format of existence. WingMakers exist outside of time's focus, while their human, extraterrestrial, and angelic counterparts exist within, and, to various degrees, are bound by the principles of time. Our uniqueness stems from our ability to operate independently of time while remaining human with all the physical and mental characteristics therein."

WingMakers and their existence appear to be woven into virtually all cultures and civilizations upon earth, and appear to be commonly represented through mythological and religious stories. Their stated purpose is to be the Culture Bearers bringing the seeds of language, art, philosophy, scientific reasoning, and spiritual understanding to the human race throughout time. Apparently, they perform this duty without recognition, preferring to be unknown until the time is ripe to present themselves and their specific mission. I think we have to assume, based on the available

data, that WingMakers operate at the pinnacle of human existence since they are interactive time travelers.

Their interaction with humans seems limited to select individuals, who, during their dream state are more accepting of new ideas and insights. These insights often filter into the contactee's waking life in the form of inventions and sudden discoveries. In rare instances, I believe WingMakers will even physically appear, but owing to the time-shift from which they come, their bodies would appear to be constructed of light, and their communication, if there was any, is most likely telepathic.

According to the records of the Ancient Arrow site, it was the WingMakers who originally seeded life upon earth and facilitated life's evolutionary leaps and biological transformations. They (and we, according to them) originated from the star system Pleiades. They came as the human genotype, and brought with them a library of genetic codes that, through experimentation, produced the human species, and of course, most other forms of life on earth.

Through their time-travel technology they have planted time capsules from their future time, which they hope will provide a sense of connection to our future selves and an understanding of human destiny. They seem to be particularly interested in helping present-day humans build a global culture.

One of their more outlandish claims is that they essentially seeded the concept of the Internet for the purpose of developing this global culture. They believe the Internet will somehow become the platform upon which their time capsules will be fully launched into the mainstream of the world's citizens. They predict (and I use this word with chilling precision) that by the time their final time capsule is discovered in 2023, the Internet will be the focal point of the new global culture and it will become the gateway to a connected "intra-galactic, digital nervous system".

They refer to this global culture as the Sovereign Integral, which is difficult to translate into English. However, Drs. Stevens and Whitehall believe it means that the global culture of earth will be both developed and distributed through the Internet, and that this global connectivity will enable earth to be integrated with other planets in our galaxy through an extension of this network. They use the example of earth as being a node on a cosmological network, and the Sovereign Integral is simply the earth's global culture presented to the galaxy in a way that it can harmonize with the other planetary "nodes."

I know this seems like science fiction, but then, I remind each of you that we are talking about a group of advanced humans who have developed interactive time-travel technology that has alluded us for over 30 years. The artifacts in the AA time capsule, and indeed, the time capsule itself, are clear evidence of this group's advanced technology, and I believe their predictions should be taken as more than mere speculation or clairvoyance.

Our biggest concerns, relative to the time capsule itself, have to do with the accuracy of our translations. Their language incorporates visual art, music, poetry, and various hieroglyphs and symbols that collectively communicate their thoughts and ideas. In other words, their language is a multidimensional puzzle, and we are convinced that they are communicating much more than mere words and standard ideas.

A recent issue that has arisen concerns project security. Several of our linguistics specialists have become obsessed with decoding the messages in the time capsule, and have been asked to leave the project out of concern for their stability. Anything -- no matter how subtle -- that could compromise the project's security, has been dealt with in an expedite manner.

However, this heightened sense of security also has its peculiar issues. All of you are aware of the Judas Effect, as described by Col. Richards. When security reaches a certain tempo and pitch, its breach is almost predictable, because those in the inner circle cannot effectively deal with the pressures. Unfortunately, because of the breadth of this project, we have had to bring in personnel with clearances as low as 6x.

We are using our memory protocols with good results, and document-management systems have never been more secure, thanks to the Minyaur technology, but nonetheless, we all have to remain extremely vigilant to maintain utmost security befitting a 12x project. In the time I have been the Director of Special Projects, I have never seen a project worthier of our collective vigilance.

Enough about my concerns. Let me go into some detail about our findings to date.

If our interpretation is accurate, the WingMakers have placed 6 additional time capsules strategically located on the planet, which will be discovered in a certain sequence, probably by ordinary citizens entirely unaware of what they are stumbling upon. We assume these "discoveries" are actually orchestrated by the WingMakers. At this time, it is impossible to determine whether these locations can be discerned through the existing Ancient Arrow site. There remain dozens of petroglyphs and hieroglyphic symbols yet to be deciphered -- any number of which could point the way to the other time capsules.

From everything we are able to discern, there appears to be no intended threat by the WingMakers to national security, social order, or economic stability. However, all we know at this time is that the Ancient Arrow site is imbued with wall paintings and various artifacts, most of which have yet to be understood by our technicians and decoders. Our only success to date was the unlocking of the optical disc that appears to be their "calling card". At best, we know how they want to be thought of. Culture Bearers is the closest definition we have been able to apply to their intentions thus far.

Dr. Stevens is quite convinced that the WingMakers interacted with a pre-historic Native American tribe known as the Anasazi, which were known to inhabit that area of northern New Mexico. Carbon dating places the paints used on the cavern walls at approximately AD 840, which coincides with the flowering of the Anasazi culture. It is interesting to note that, according to Dr. Stevens, the Anasazi Indians mysteriously disappeared about 200 years later. We cannot say if there is any connection or cause for alarm.

Having decoded most of the text contained on the optical disc, we have concluded that if their intentions are hostile, WingMakers could, at their complete discretion, time-travel to any of our military installations and deliver a fatal blow to national security. Their signature technology appears to be time-travel, not weapons of mass destruction, and as we all know, there is no imagined technology more advanced than interactive time-travel.

We are trying to ascertain if any of the artifacts could also be a communication or signaling device that would draw the WingMakers back to our time. The odd thing is, however, that they could be visiting us every day and then re-writing history so we forget their visit. It is a virtual certainty that they are aware of our discovery of the time capsule, and may be aware of much more. It is even considered a possibility that they are helping us in the discovery process. There have been several events where a certain insight came upon the research team that seemed inexplicable, but then, it is easy to be paranoid when dealing with such an awe-invoking technology as BST.

The materials within the time capsule seem to indicate a race of cultured people who are relatively small in number. If our deciphering tables are as accurate as we believe them to be, WingMakers are a select tribe or faction of humanity in the middle part of the 28th century, who have combined science, philosophy, and art into a unified "religion" and language. They are unique among their peers, and it would seem they are the equivalent of a secret society, not unlike the Chakobsa (perhaps even like us -- though they're much better artists).

I will provide another excerpt from the optical disc, which provides a bit more insight on the mission of the WingMakers. This particular excerpt was translated from the text of the optical disc, and represents one of our first breakthroughs in deciphering their language with alphabetic granularity. Of course, we cannot say with any certainty that the translation is one hundred percent accurate, but we believe it is close.

"Culture-building is the primary focus of the WingMakers because it is understood to have such a significant bearing on the world of spirit and cosmological transformation. Culture-building, by definition, integrates the values of individualism with the value of oneness. It is the goal of life, as it is related to a species, to evolve itself where it can be conscious of its diverse perceptions and expressions, and integrate them into a cohesive, all-inclusive culture.

"Humankind deeply desires such a culture; a global culture that recognizes and appreciates its constituent parts. This is one of the primary reasons that communication technologies have evolved so quickly upon earth in the 20th century. Through these technologies, the global culture can be more rapidly developed and experienced. And through this global culture, humankind will become increasingly sensitive to the spiritual inclinations of oneness. Not only oneness within the human species, but within the whole of life that embraces and envelopes the human species.

"WingMakers are aware that humankind is intricately connected to all other species and forms of life within the universe of wholeness. This connection is known as the Mind of God. It is more than simple inter-dependency as depicted in a food chain or ecosystem. It is the accumulative knowledge of Prime Creator achieved through absorbing the life experience of all life forms. This all-encompassing knowledge is shared willingly to all life forms, but is only comprehensible to those who have achieved an ability to step out of time.

"All of life, even the so-called evil and negative aspects, are part of an incalculably complex, but single-minded, cosmological organism devoted to the transformation of evolving life forms so that they can comprehend their intimate connection with all of life, and their oneness with Prime Creator.

This is the fundamental system that overarches all other systems of the multiverse, and it is for this fundamental reason that life exists."

I think you will agree that these do not seem like the words of a warring race or hostile force. Indeed, they seem indicative of a philosophical group who has a very specific mission and the technology to see their mission through to completion. There are over 8,100 pages of text embedded within the optical disc, organized in 23 sections to coincide with each chamber of the AA site. Thus far, we have been successful in translating about 440 pages or about 5%.

What we have translated is very encouraging. There are no references to anything that could be construed as hostile or aggressive in nature. To the contrary, its content is similar to what is included in these selected excerpts. It is very philosophical in nature; there are references to the new physics of time-travel and some interesting exposition about how the individual soul interacts with the multiverse or cosmological order. Much of the poetry, music, and visual art appear benign, but seem to have a powerful effect on those of the research team who were developing the translation tables.

We are still testing our hypothesis in this matter, but our preliminary suspicions are that the WingMakers use an encoded language that has an effect on the subconscious mind of building holistic sensory perception in the cerebrospinal system. Which is to say that two of our best 12x linguistic experts claim to have improved mental acuity, visual perception, intuition, and creative skills as a direct result of working on the project. It is as though the very process of deciphering their language equips the mind with a new form of intelligence that can best be described as holistic and penetrating at the same time -- characteristics we have been trying to genetically engineer for over 15 years in the AdamSon Project.

While we would like to retain the same experts on the project to expedite the translation, we have made a difficult decision to rotate the linguistics and decoding team every six months in an effort to reduce the undesirable side-effects of this new form of intelligence, which is zealousness. It seems that as the researchers' new intelligence is activated or somehow generated through the process of decoding the encoded language of the WingMakers, they become fervent believers in the perspective of the WingMakers and they lose their objectivity, and, as a consequence, become security risks.

We have used the MI technology to remedy this situation with the effected personnel, but as we all know, this technology is not perfect, and memory reconstruction has been known to be successful under deep hypnosis. For the time being we are holding this course of action with extreme caution, and all effected or potentially effected personnel under 14x are under constant, invasive surveillance.

Other contingencies -- less favorable to personnel -- are being discussed and will be used only under specific scenario triggers, which are still in the process of being agreed upon. Bill Ornstein, who most of you know, was the technical lead on the AdamSon Project, has proposed an excellent array of research tests that, we hope, can pinpoint the causative factors -- both physiologically and psychologically. I have already signed off on the budget and determined it as a 12x classified project reporting directly to me. Dr. Ornstein is developing the project's scope and sequence documentation and it may be ready for distribution at our next meeting.

Now, back to the WingMakers, we believe their time-travel technology may be a synthesis of human consciousness and a bio-computer whose neural net is able to adjust dimensional sequencing with such precision that they can open, and, more amazingly, maintain a time window for an indefinite period. One thing all the scientists agree upon, is that the Ancient Arrow site was not created in a week's time. Dr. Arnison concludes that the site would have taken -- even with advanced excavation technology and a crew of 50 workers -- a minimum of three months to create.

The 23 chambers of the AA site are carved using some form of a sound resonator technology, but in order to hollow out these chambers without collapsing the canyon wall would have required a slow and careful process. Also, there is no evidence of rock-chips left in the area, so it would have required them to bury the excavated rock some distance away as there are no suitable sites nearby to dispose of that amount of refuse.

We believe one of the artifacts left behind in chamber 6 is an example of their sound resonator technology used to carve rock with sound frequencies. We have been successful thus far in activating its lowest frequencies, and we are quite certain that it is not equivalent to our ELF technology, and has limited military applications. However, we will continue the testing to see if we can access its high frequency range where it is assumed the tool cuts through rock or even metal alloys.

None of the artifacts uncovered appear, to our investigation, to be a time-travel device. However, as said earlier, it is premature to draw closure on the peculiar nature of these artifacts. We are still searching for technologies, or combinations of technologies that will permit us to unlock these spectacular and enigmatic artifacts. We are relatively certain that these artifacts pose no threat to national security. They have all been thoroughly examined and are benign in weapons' grade material, at least, as we know them today.

Molecular scans show evidence of trace amounts of human DNA -- not on the casing of the artifact, but inside. It is assumed that the artifacts are composite technologies using molecular-scaled CPUs, but we've been unable to ascertain how to disassemble any of them without potentially destroying them. Some of our research staff are growing impatient, and advocate sacrificing one of the artifacts for the purpose of looking inside in order to assess re-engineering pathways and enable us to better understand the remaining 22 artifacts. But that decision needs to be weighed very carefully. Up until now, we have remained patient. I think, however, that the time is approaching when we need to take additional risk.

In total, there are 23 artifacts, one in each of the 23 chambers. We have kept all of this technology within the Labyrinth Group; no private-industry partners have been exposed to these technologies thus far. However, preliminary discussions are ongoing with Bell Labs' Cogent Group, and Incunabula Documents have been distributed to its Director of Research, Dr. Vaunderman. His team is expert in sound resonator technologies, and have been used by the ACIO in three previously classified projects with great success. Budgets are being developed over the next 30-days, and it is assumed that research would commence shortly thereafter.

If BST is hidden in any one or combination of these artifacts, it is our top priority to access this technology and learn how to apply it. However, as we all know, the likelihood an advanced race -- human or otherwise -- would

ever disclose its time-travel technology is extremely remote.

One more excerpt is probably relevant to this briefing memorandum. Again, it is from the same section of the optical disc referred to earlier, but is a more recent translation.

"It is the drama of life--as it unfolds in human culture--which reflects inwardly upon the cosmological multiverse. Human culture deeply effects the spirit world, and as your Einstein predicted, ripples touch the entire cosmos. It imprints upon the world of spirit a vital energy. An energy of love, passion, involvement, creativity, and perhaps most important, a sense of personal expression and bold individuality. This energy is precisely what balances the energy that drives a species to seek oneness with its Creator.

"The energy of the multiverse is like a giant funnel that delivers a species into the Mind of God, the only vessel of Prime Creator, who is otherwise unclothed and invisible. This funnel creates an overbearing drive for oneness and re-connection with the Mind of God in a developing species. In this drive for oneness, beings can forget their individuality. Their unique life experience could be forsaken for oneness if not for the experience of the physical, mental, and emotional involvement in building a separate, species-based culture.

"WingMakers have strategically placed time capsules upon earth that, when discovered, will facilitate the development of a global culture that represents humankind and earth, rather than a specific geography, race or philosophy. In parallel with this goal of culture building, is the goal to introduce new paradigms of existence. In the case of our first time capsule, it will introduce indisputable evidence that a time-shifted civilization visited earth and left its calling card. It will also--because it is the first one to be discovered in contemporary times--lead to the discovery of additional time capsules placed elsewhere on the planet by the WingMakers.

"These time capsules will eventually act as a communication bridge between contemporary humans and their future selves. The WingMakers will act as the responsible elder brother who returns to help the next two generations of humans build a global culture that prepares the human species to take its next evolutionary leap. This new leap will include the design and development of a whole new species based on the human genotype and soul.

"The underlying purpose of existence is to expand and diversify life forms in order to enable Prime Creator its fullest expression and perception of life. The human species is but one of a countless number of sentient life forms that unerringly grow and expand in diversity throughout the cosmos. It is but an atom in the Body of the Collective God. Within its consciousness, humankind is limited by its perception of the universe of wholeness by its over-reliance on the five senses. These senses are powerful forces that focus the human instrument on a separate reality much like a diver's mask can focus the diver on the underwater world.

"The time capsules we have left behind provide technology, art, and philosophy, indeed, an entire language that will, in time, develop two additional senses of the human instrument. The genetic composition of the human species was conceived to have 7 senses. You have, in recent times, begun to refer to the 6th sense or the sense of intuition. There is a 7th and most powerful sense, and it is the sense that is linked to time-travel, which

is linked to space travel.

"However, before these two additional senses of the human instrument can be fully activated, there must be a global culture representing a unified and fully integrated earth. Our mission is to develop the specie's genetic capabilities to include these two new senses while simultaneously ensuring that a global culture is developed that unifies the human species under one leadership, one culture, and one pre-eminent philosophy.

"If this sounds like an improbable goal, we can assure you of its success because we live in the time when it is so. And if you need further proof of our mission, simply learn our language, and you will have your proofŠ"

If the AA site is indeed a massively constructed time capsule from our future selves, it is the single most important discovery we have made. Which is why this project is being handled by the Labyrinth Group exclusively. Even our interactions with the Cogent Group have been entirely code-Fresnel compliant and our SOP misinformation procedures are being used to further safeguard the project's anonymity. Complete procedures have been developed on how best to inform other departments of the military and government (if deemed necessary), but at this time, no one outside of the Labyrinth Group's directorship level and scientific core have knowledge of the nature and implications of this project.

The entire project has been given a security envelope consistent with its 12x classification. Contingency plans for misinformation campaigns targeting public, media, government, intelligence, and foreign relations, as well as personnel risks, have all been developed and are ready to deploy should scenario triggers require their deployment. All ACIO directors should be fully aware of these contingency plans and their related scenario triggers because I need complete, absolute support if it becomes necessary to execute a contingency without discussion. Fifteen has already signed-off on delegation authority. A full oral briefing will be presented on May 5th in the Orion Room at 8am, which will provide a complete description and provide a forum for your questions. Please come prepared with appropriate questions and plan for an all-day session. (Email RSVP to Natalya.)

This briefing memorandum is to ensure all of our directors are informed on a consistent basis. Questions should be held for the May 5th meeting. Thank you.

Regards,

J. Sauthers

Managing Director, Special Projects ACIO

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WingMakers: Ancient Arrow Project

William Stevens
Chief Scientist

Classified Document No. 021797-12X-LG10

TTP Committee Members & LG Pleiade -- FYEO

WingMakers' Artifacts Overview

INTRODUCTION
This memorandum will focus on two objectives: 1) Placing the artifacts found at the Ancient Arrow site in the context of current BST initiatives, and 2) Describing the presumed purpose of the various artifacts found within each of the 23 chambers.

I think for purposes of this memorandum, it would be better to begin with the description of the artifacts and then follow-up with a description of how we of the scientific core contemplate how the artifacts may be utilized in our current BST initiatives.

CHAMBER PAINTINGS
Attached you will find high-resolution, fully cropped, photographic copies of each of the 23 paintings discovered within the Ancient Arrow site. As most of you know, these paintings have not been fully decoded at this time. We've successfully decoded about 65% of the glyphs and symbolic structure of the paintings, but we believe that the glyphs represent only one, albeit significant, element of the total story behind each of the chambers.

The paintings have incredible detail and their coloration is brilliant. Each of the chamber paintings has a similar color palette and artistic style. We have done a painstaking analysis of both contemporary and historical artists who have composed or painted in a similar style, and we have found none. This style is truly unique.

While none of our scientists within the Labyrinth Group can claim to be an art critic, everyone who has seen the paintings first-hand have been utterly amazed at their color and detail. If you look closely at any particular area of the painting you will see details emerge that draw the eye further into the painting. I think one of the best ways to describe them is that they have a hypnotic effect on the viewer, even when viewed through photographs, but particularly when seen in person within the chambers themselves.

About a third of the glyphs contained on the paintings can be traced to four different, extinct languages: Chakobsan, Anasazi, Sumerian, and Mayan. However, the remaining glyphs have absolutely no corollary to any other

pictographic language that we are aware of. Also, the glyphs found at the AA site were completely different than those found within the chamber paintings. It is interesting to note that the technology artifacts within chambers 2 and 5 contained glyphs represented in paintings found in chambers 1 and 7.

There are also representative glyphs that are of a universal nature i.e., the spiral and concentric circles. These glyphs, while they seem similar to those found on various rock structures in Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico, they are more subtle in their line and the many have an incredibly detailed set of lines surrounding them that seem to be part of the glyph as well. These lines have not been decoded, though Dr. Owens is convinced they are an integral part of their language.

(Please note the attached samples with their closest corollaries in the Barrier Canyon and Classic Freemont styles.)

We are certain that the paintings were completed using unspecified paints and an application technique requiring special tools. Chemical analyses of the paints show conclusively that hybrid compounds of selenium, gypsum, and jemsonite were used in all of the paintings. The same polymer coating that was applied throughout the interior of the AA site was also applied over the paintings. This was done in a single layer, and has cohesion about 100 times greater than our best derivatives formulated at our Donner Lab.

The paintings were produced with an unusual, if not haunting, precision. They are perfectly rectangular, with sharp edges that seem meticulously prepared as if purposeful in its mathematical precision. However, we've not found any recognizable pattern in their geometric proportions or mathematical disclosures.

Many of the paintings include depictions of the stars. We initially thought these were arbitrary representations, but Drs. Nolan and Richards have suggested otherwise. The consistent and telltale sign of the constellation Taurus and of particular interest, the 7th, or the lost cluster, of Pleiades is represented. The significance of this is yet determined, but Owens believes it may relate to the WingMakers place of origin and time of entry to earth.

TECHNOLOGY ARTIFACTS

As you know, the disappointing news is that the technology artifacts seem impregnable to our probes. It is as if the WingMakers wanted us to start our analysis on the paintings and their cultural artifacts, and leave the technology alone. However, we continue to probe with ever-increasing persistence. The Corteums are bringing a new technology that may help, but it will be about another three months before we will be able to experiment with it.

For now, let me explain our findings, as minimal as they are. Since my last update, we have continued to make good progress in decoding the optical disc, though it is a slow, methodical process. We believe our accuracy rates are extremely high, though we have yet to determine how the glyphs factor into the translations from the paintings and the AA site itself.

In the construction of the technologies, the most common metal is a form of synthetic beryllium, and the most common mineral is quartz or a synthetic variant. This synthetic quartz is extremely conductive and has properties that seem responsive to human touch and thought. Spectral analyses of the

quartz artifacts demonstrate that it is an amplifier of thought waves, but we cannot program the amplification. It is completely spurious and unpredictable.

Under extreme magnification, the quartz is impregnated with a form of nano-technology that we've never seen before. This technology appears to act as the digital nervous system for the artifact, while the synthetic quartz acts as its power supply and amplification system.

Human genetics have been implanted into all of the quartz artifacts, however, we're uncertain to what extent this is part of the smart system and how much of this is related to a personal recognition system that activates or channels the energy of the artifact based on genetic interleaving as we prescribed in our AdamSon Project.

Note: Dr. Anderson has chosen to withhold the rest of this memorandum at this time...

WingMakers: Ancient Arrow Project

William Stevens
Chief Scientist

Classified Document No. 021797-10X-L11

Language Analysis

Over the past six months, a research team consisting of our best linguistics and decoding experts have painstakingly analyzed the available data from the Ancient Arrow site looking for patterns that would enable us to construct our translation indexes for the WingMakers' language, or pictography.

Their wall paintings are clearly designed to convey a set of messages, and we know believe that their purpose may be to facilitate the unlocking of the optical disc, particularly since there appears to be no technological solution. Hence our efforts have been to try and construct a translation index so we can make some sense of the symbols and stories that are encoded within the paintings themselves.

We also believe that the order of the paintings may have significance, so we are carefully reconstructing what we believe to be the original ordering of the 23 chambers. If the sequence is an important factor, and we believe it is, then we need to carefully assess the order in which these chambers were originally created. Presently, we have eight possible sequence scenarios for their creation, and we are working to narrow that to two or three if possible.

The factors and relevant variables in our analysis are the following (in no particular order of importance):

- The wall painting's apparent story
- The wall painting's symbols
- The wall painting's colors and relative shapes
- The wall painting's star patterns
- The wall painting's geographical landmarks
- The wall painting's subject matter
- The wall painting's relative size
- The wall painting's relative order in the 23 chambers
- The wall painting's position on the chamber wall
- The wall painting's relative distance from each other
- The possible relationship between the wall painting and the artifacts in the chamber
- The possible relationship between the symbols within a particular wall painting and the pictographs and petroglyphs painted or carved around the Ancient Arrow site.

Each of these factors is being weighted for their relative importance and impact in the design of our translation indexes. One thing that seems quite certain is that nothing has been constructed arbitrarily in the AA site. All the chambers, wall paintings, artifacts, pictographs, etc. seem to be designed as part of a master plan, and we're operating under the assumption that this master plan is a time capsule or communication bridge of some sort.

We are three months into the development of our translation indexes, and our programming is proceeding smoothly. Our only glitch arises from the number of variables, which places our odds statistically speaking at about 1 in 6.5 million. As you know, these aren't good odds, even with our WSX technology. But the weighting of the translation indexes will at least enable a priority ordering which will provide the focus we have, to date, lacked.

From my past memo, you'll remember that most of our efforts these past six months were directed at the restoration of the site to its original condition. After a thorough cleaning, the wall paintings are remarkable for their brilliant color and detail, probably due to the arid environment and the fact that the paint materials themselves are chemical compounds our scientists have never seen. Presumably, these paints have superior, molecular bonding properties. We assume they're a derivative technology from the WingMakers.

Now that site restoration is complete, our efforts are 100% focused on developing the translation software. We expect to be finished in approximately 45-60 days. Once the software is ready, we'll begin the process of elimination and priority weighting for the translation indexes. With a little luck, we'll be ready to test our first programs in early May. We're optimistic that our tests will prove successful in unlocking the optical disc.

One note of caution, however, if we are successful in unlocking the disc and acquiring its contents, we should not assume that our translation indexes will be effective inside the disc. It is our hypothesis, that the translation indexes to acquire the content will be different from the indexes required to read the content. Obviously, this is speculation at this time, but I want to manage your expectations a little bit; this could be a long decoding process.

For whatever reason, the WingMakers have encoded all of their communication and set-up technology barriers that make it virtually impregnable. I can't imagine what more we could do to acquire the content from the disc, but as always, if any of you have suggestions, please forward them to me.

That's it for now. Hope this memo finds you all in good health.